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WHY HENRY JONES DID NOT GO TO CANADA.

I HAD a call from Colonel Fred the other day. Fred has been in the Southwest for the last three or four years. He went there as soon as his regiment was mustered out at the close of the war. I had not seen him since we parted at the Jersey City Ferry, before the battle of the Wilderness, — yes, before Gettysburg, before Antietam, before the seven days' fight near Richmond, away back in that dreary past which seems now so long ago, and is growing so dim and shadowy. The events which he brought to my mind are more dim and shadowy still.

We had been chatting together over a hundred matters, when I chanced to speak of Charleston, S. C., and asked him if he had been there.

"Yes, Ned, I was, when I came up the coast with Sherman after we took Savannah; and more than that, I found something there you may like to see."

He opened a well-worn pocket-book and took from it a scrap of newspaper. It was simply an obituary notice worded as follows: "Killed on the 13th, at Atlanta, Major James Seagrave, 21st S. C. Regiment." I read over one or two

lines which followed, about "dying in the arms of victory," "the Vandal hordes of the invader," and other like flowers of Confederate rhetoric, till my eye rested upon the concluding sentence: "Major Seagrave is the last of his family."

"Well?" said I, not at all knowing what to make of it. Then the Colonel took out of another division of his pocket-book a *carte de visite* which he handed me. It was the half-length photograph of an officer in Confederate uniform. The moment I saw the face I knew it (I had reason to), and the whole story I am about to tell came back to me.

"I thought you'd know it," said the Colonel. "It gave me a start when I came upon it, though I had been through almost everything and grown tolerably hardened against surprises."

"Where did you find it?" said I.

"O, in Charleston, in one of those fine old stately houses which our shells knocked so cruelly to pieces. I was strolling through the streets when the fancy took me to go into this house. It stood alone somewhat, and I hoped to get a

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look out toward Sumter and Wagner from the roof. It was fearfully riddled, and the work of devastation had been completed by plunderers. Window-sashes, balusters, even the stairs, had been torn away for fuel, and I had to climb up by a sort of Jacob's ladder, more picturesque than convenient. However, I got aloft on to the roof and had my view. As I was coming down again, I looked into one of the large, dismantled rooms. Of course all the furniture was gone, but there was a heap of odds and ends on the floor, such as you would make by emptying a trunk of the rubbish one puts away. I just looked it over for a souvenir; I would n't take anything of value, — I never could do that, — but some abandoned trifle I like to pick up at such places. There was a little, shabby-looking book in the heap, — 'The Poetry of Flowers,' or some such title. The binding was all loose and some leaves had been torn out. I looked at the fly-leaf. It had, in a school-boy hand, this inscription: 'Lucy, from James, Christmas, 18—.' I was just about to throw it down, when these two, the photograph and the scrap of newspaper, dropped out. When I saw our friend's name here and his pleasant-looking countenance, I felt as if I had rather a right to those documents, if to nothing else. So I just took possession. I picked up a ragged veil also, which the owner could have had no further use for, — it was much more hole than veil, — but left it. I am sorry I did now; it was made of that very fine linen thread *which the Fayal women use*, and it afterwards occurred to me that it had a history in connection with the other trifles."

What that history was I then and there learned from Fred's lips; and the next day I bade the Colonel good by, and he went off to Omaha and I to my office in Jauncey Court, Wall Street.

After he had gone, I fell a-thinking over old times, and the matters which the sight of that picture had brought to mind. I do not think harm can come to any living being from my mentioning them now, but for a season they

were very religiously kept buried in secrecy.

Well, in the year when they happened, the Colonel was practising law in a seaport town in Massachusetts. I call it Massachusetts, for as that has the most people in it of any New England State, the reader who may happen to have an idea of the true facts in the case will not so readily guess what place I mean. If I should say Rhode Island, for example, it would be like crying, "You burn," when the hidden article is just under one's nose. So I say, in Massachusetts. I was a student in the Colonel's office. I do not like to say I was studying law with him, because I am not sure that I was. But I was in his office; and my status, profession, calling, style, or title was certainly "student"; i. e. one who has an opportunity of studying. I had an opportunity of doing many other things, that I liked equally well. The Colonel was not so much my senior as one might suppose from our relation; but he had gone early into the law school, where he graduated, while I travelled into various regions and saw "men and cities," till quiet and a seaside retreat like Russellville became a pleasant contrast. There was a charming society there then, and Fred had an unlimited right of entry into it. Of course as an old chum he took me with him, and a nice time I had. It makes me sad enough to go back there and see all the fine young fellows settling into middle-aged business men; and as for their wives, when they trot out for inspection certain miniature copies, who are already beginning to walk and talk like the lovely girls we used to dance with and drive to Aramouska and Hardhead Beach, why I feel my bachelor loneliness inexpressibly forlorn. So I go back there very seldom. But at this rate I never shall get to my story.

So to make a beginning; the time was just after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill. That event created no little excitement in our place. As in most other New England towns, the antislavery sentiment was pretty decid-

ed there ; but there was another cause which made the new law especially obnoxious. Owing to the peculiar religious tenets of a large majority of the inhabitants, or to its out-of-the-way situation, it had become a sort of city of refuge for the errant black population. The *élite* of these went into domestic service. The rich merchants of the old families were never without a full retinue, — Hetty or Matilda presiding in the kitchen, Solomon or Augustus serving you in the dining-room with unrivalled dexterity, respectfulness, and zeal, and Tom or Edward as proud of the family turn-out as ever in his plantation days he had been of “Mas’ Colonel Wilton’s grays.” There were many of them who had acquired considerable property, and, take them altogether, they were not a troublesome population. I think they suited the easy-going, unbustling habits of the place. A great many things were done well in Russellville, but nothing that I ever remember was done in a hurry. The chief business of the place was one which revolved in orbits of three or four years. There were spring and fall spasms of activity, but these were provided for by long and constant preparations. This suited the negro race well, for they, as a rule, do not like to be hurried. Another thing which suited them was that they encountered less of prejudice than elsewhere. The citizens had many of them sailed over distant seas and become familiar with all sorts of complexions. Even the stay-at-home inhabitants were wont to see the Maori of New Zealand and the Kanaka of Hawaii side by side in their streets with the hardly less swarthy Manuels and Josés of Fayal.

No wonder that the Fugitive Slave Bill caused a stir. With diabolical ingenuity its provisions seemed framed to afford the minimum of protection to the sought and to give the maximum of facility to the seekers. There was a good deal of wild talk among those most interested, especially when it was rumored that the law was to be first tested in our vicinity.

Fred and I debated the matter con-

stantly. I do believe that I got my first clear idea of a legal principle by the effort I made to find a loophole through which to drag any accused fugitive. I owe my present valuable practice mainly to the waking up it gave me. Fred felt as strongly as I did, but reasoned more coolly. However, days passed on. One or two public meetings were held, of which came only rather vague resolutions. The Russellville people were not given to very vehement talk, except when going alongside of eighty barrels of best sperm oil in that utterly unmanufactured state in which it might be met with on the off-shore ground. Even then they usually *did* more than they talked. They were commonly diffident on occasions when mere talk was the current commodity. Matters quieted down, not however till more than one man of property and standing had delivered the dictum that “on the whole it would not be *best* to try to take Paul Duffy or John Higgs away into slavery.”

These things happened in the summer time, when we kept the office windows open and the blinds closed. I remember that, because I was looking through the blind toward the harbor, on the very morning of the day when my story begins. I saw that one of the government coast-survey steamers had come in and was anchored directly opposite our front windows. I suppose the same thing had happened a dozen times before, without our thinking twice of it. This time it made me uncomfortable. It did seem as if she had her broadside bearing right upon the very blind I was peeping through. I was afraid Fred would laugh at me if I said anything, but I could n’t keep in, and at last I broke out with, “Fred, I say, *can* that survey steamer be in here for any mischief?”

“Nothing more than usual, I fancy. After standing off for a week near the old South Shoal, you would be glad to come even to Russellville, if you were a navy man.”

“But, Fred,” said I, “I do not like her looks.”

"No more does any one else, especially old Wheeler, her captain. He confided to me the other day that an uglier old tub did n't float the seas, and that he was in mortal terror whenever the weather was heavy, lest she should n't float the seas any longer. She is bad as she is ugly, so you have warrant for your dislike."

"But, I say, I *do* feel that she means mischief about the F. S."

(We always used initials when speaking of the thing.)

"Nonsense, my boy! she has been in here a dozen times this month; just remember your law: *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. Things we don't see are in the same category as things that are not; so just compose your mind over Fearne and do not bother me."

I made the required effort, but as my usual seat was where I *could* look out of the window if I *wished*, I managed to see a tall man, clad somewhat after an un-New England and anti-Russellville pattern, standing at the corner opposite. Then he lounged down the street to the wharf. In a little while he came back talking earnestly (I saw him gesticulate) with two of the naval officers, who had just come ashore. I was on the point of breaking out once more, when one of the sheriff's officers made his appearance in our doorway.

"You ain't a United States Commissioner are you, Mr. Clay?" said he to Fred.

"No, I'm a notary public and commissioner for several States, if that will do!" replied Fred.

"Not this hitch," said the constable, and was off again in something of a hurry. Our constables were the only Russellvillians who ever did hurry, and were notoriously slow in serving process and arresting rogues.

I was trying to put this and that together, when there glided, rather than walked, — she came so noiselessly, — a woman into our office. She shut the door behind her nervously, and looked first at Fred and then at me. She was a neatly dressed and well-looking colored girl,

what used to be called a bright mulatto; and she was manifestly in great agitation. She seemed to know us two, and to be reassured, though I did not recognize her. Fred laid down his book, and offered her a chair; and presently she found her tongue.

"O Mr. Clay," she said, "I've seen him, — Master Seagrave, with whom Henry used to live. Henry — Henry Jones was his boy, and he's below on the street. You know me, Mr. Clay, — Martha Jones, Henry's wife, — the waiter at Mr. C——'s. I lived next door to General Seagrave's until I came North with my mistress. They got me away from her at Newport, and that was why Henry came North too; and now Master James has come after him. I know he has, and I've come to you to see if you can help me; for I ca-can't let Henry go back." And here she broke down into a regular sobbing fit.

There was a red flush came to Fred's forehead and his lips were set in an ominous way; much as he must have looked when he led that charge at Mission Ridge, I fancy. He spoke very calmly and gently though, and told Martha to go directly up to Mrs. C——'s and take a note which he wrote on the spot. As soon as she was gone, he turned to me and said: "I want you to take this notice of trial in *Withers v. Sikes*, and find Carter as soon as you can. He is the only United States deputy marshal in town. Tell Carter he must serve it before six o'clock to-night on Sikes. That will require him to start immediately, in order to get to Mittemam, and that will put *him* out of the way. The other officers understand very well that they won't find it for their good to touch any United States writs. We shall gain twenty-four hours, and in that time a good deal may happen."

After I was gone, Fred started at once for the Ambler House, where Seagrave would be likely to put up. When I got back to the office, I found Fred gone. I was a little vexed, for I had seen Carter, and had the satisfaction of

hearing him say that he should not be able to return the notice into our office before the night of the next day. However, my business was to sit still and keep shop till one o'clock. So I picked up Fearn, but the "remainders" in my brain were very remotely "contingent," I fear. As the clock struck twelve I heard a step on the stairs. A tall man came into the office, and glanced about in a hesitating way. He looked like a sailor on shore; that is, he had that peculiar way of wearing the clothes of a landsman, which only a sailor has. First, he asked if I was Mr. Clay. Then he took a seat, and said perhaps I would do as well. I told him I would take any instructions necessary, if he would tell me his business. He wanted to make his will. He was going to sea to-morrow, — boat-steerer in the *Pallas*, on a three years' voyage. He had only one person to leave his property to, and that property consisted of his voyage. I said, "Why not give an order on the owners, in the usual way?" Then he told me his story. The intended devisee of his will was his sister. She was here in Russellville, living a life of shame in one of the low dance-houses with which the *Alsatia* of the town swarmed. He would not give her anything unless she reformed, and he was afraid to trust her with an order. He had arranged with the owners to have a certain amount paid her if she would break off her evil life, but now he wanted to give her his all if anything happened to him. Then he went into some provisions. She was to have all, out and out, if she reformed; otherwise, it was to go into the savings bank, and she to have it if she reformed later on. If she died first, then it was to go to the Seamen's Bethel. I did not feel quite up to such a will, but I took it all down carefully, and said I would put it in Mr. Clay's hands. He then asked me if I would bring the will to his boarding-house at nine that night for him to sign. He was going on board at eleven, for the ship was out in the stream, and would sail at daylight.

I had a good chance to study his

face well. He was tall and not bad-looking, only with a scar on his forehead, just over one eye, running down into the eyebrow. He looked as if he had been rather "hard," as we used to say. And he told me frankly of his own accord that he had been so, and that he should not go to sea any more, but for this sister. He had met her at Billy Brown's, and the shock had made him resolve to lead a straight life. He had run away from home as a lad, and this sister had been better educated than himself. She had an uncle who would receive and provide for her if she would go back. He seemed to have a wonderful regard for her, though he was evidently cut to the heart by her disgrace. Said he: "I told her if she would only go back to uncle's (he is her uncle, not mine; she is my half-sister), I would get work on a farm, and as soon as I could make a home she should come and live with me."

"But you've shipped for the voyage," I said.

"O I'll manage all that, — that's none of your affair. If I send back my advance to the owners, that's all right, and the bloody outfitter will make it up off the next ship."

So I let him go, and went up to the hotel to dinner. In the hall by the clerk's desk stood Fred, talking to a man the very image of the client I had just left. He was dressed differently, — as a gentleman, but rather "loud" in the pattern of his vest and pantaloons. But his face, hair, whiskers, and expression were just those of the man I had left. There was the very scar on his face, cutting down into the eyebrow and starting up toward the temple; only I thought over the right eye instead of the left. Fred merely nodded to me as much as to say he did n't care to speak to me now, and I took the hint, — being used to Fred's hints and ways, ever since we fraternized as Sophs, in Stoughton 16, in our college days.

When I got back to the office Fred was not there, but in about ten minutes he came in. I said at once, "Was that Seagrave?"

"Yes," said Fred, "it was"; and there he stopped.

I saw I was not to talk any more; so I gave him the paper of instructions for the will, answered the questions Fred put to me, and in wonderfully few words he got the matter all straight. Then he set to whistling and drawing the will. When he had finished he merely said: "You go with me to witness it, and we can pick up two others at the boarding-house."

Then he began to whistle again, till I got so nervous that I could stand it no longer, but went out for a walk. I came up behind two of the steamer's officers, and overheard one of them say: "It will come off, for Jim has telegraphed to Boston for the marshal to come down in the morning train. I wish we could get the steamer out into the shoals again, I don't like the business, but we shall have to obey orders. The old tub is enough of a prison-ship now without having to take runaway niggers." So I turned the corner and posted back to tell Fred. Fred merely nodded and said nothing. When we shut up at six, Fred said, "Call at my room at half past eight, for that will business, and don't be late; I'm not going up to tea."

I was n't late, on the contrary was rather early; and just as I got to Fred's door it opened, and out came two men I knew by sight. One was a colored boatman, who owned a very fast yacht sail-boat, and was one of the most daring men on the water we had in all the harbor, strong as a lion and taciturn as the sphinx. The other was the notorious Bill Brown,—dog-fancier, prize-fighter, gambler, and sailor dance-house keeper. Fred detained me for a moment, and then we started. He would not talk at first, but, as soon as I began to speak, interrupted me to give me instructions how to witness the will properly. I had witnessed dozens and knew all about it, but Fred went on laying down the law as minutely as if I had just come into the office, and was as green as a court satchel. I was beginning to be a little annoyed when we

reached River Street. However, I had my revenge when we went into the sailor boarding-house, and were shown up into our client's room. Fred had no sooner looked him in the face, than he turned perfectly pale. I had forgotten to tell him of the wonderful likeness to Seagrave. However, when Curwen—that was his name—spoke, the different sound of his voice seemed to reassure Fred. Sitting in the room with Curwen was a woman. She was tawdri-ly dressed,—like the women you see commonly about the low haunts of sailors, but was strikingly handsome. She had evidently been in tears. Curwen turned to us as we entered, and said huskily, "This is my sister, gentlemen," and then added: "I've gained my point at last, but O Helen, Helen, it is too late; I can't give them the slip; there's black Bill Baker and a dozen others of the sharks watching round this house, and I don't leave it except to go aboard the Pallas. If Helen had only come round an hour ago, we'd have been off where all the land-sharks in Russellville could n't find us. So just let me sign the will and I'll leave it with you, and poor Helen will know where to find a friend when I'm gone."

Fred produced the paper and then said: "I must have two more witnesses. Your sister here is a party and cannot sign. The witnesses must see you sign it and must sign it in your presence."

"What's to be done? There's nobody in the house I'd be willing to have sign this," Curwen said; "and the folks are all abed. As for having any shark up here, I'll go without first."

Then the sister spoke for the first time. "There is Charley Wilcox and Hank Smith both over at Bill's, and they are sober enough to sign. I can get them in a moment."

"What!" said Fred, like a flash,— "what! is there a way over to Bill Brown's place from here?"

"O yes, there's an alley-way easy enough as far as Bill's, but there's no road out of that for men that have to get on board ship at midnight. You

could n't get off that way if you tried. O John, John!" she cried, bursting into passionate weeping, and falling on his lap.

By the light of the candle on the table, I saw Fred's face all at once clear up wonderfully.

"Miss Curwen," he said, and he could not have addressed a duchess more courteously, "can we not get over to Bill's place and have a look into the dance-hall without being seen ourselves?"

"Yes," said she, — and she seemed to gather strength and meaning from his look, strangely, — "I can take you right into one of the bedrooms."

"And we can have any one in to sign that we please?"

"O yes."

"Then," said Fred, "show us over, please, and may be we'll see our way through this business."

She took the candle and led us down a back stairway, and along a covered alley-way, and up into Bill Brown's place. We could hear the sound of a fiddle and the shuffle and tramp of the dancers. The girl led us into a little bedroom, and blew out the candle as she did so. Then she opened a closet door, and opposite us was a window through which came the light from the dance-hall. It was covered with a thin stuff through which one could, unseen, see all that went on. The floor of the hall was some feet lower than that of the rooms, so that we looked down on the noisy crowd. At the other end was the bar, and in front of it stood Bill Brown, talking eagerly with a man whom I recognized as Seagrave. A fine bull terrier of pure breed was between Bill's feet, and was evidently the theme of discussion. Fred turned to Helen Curwen and led her back into the room, and then, shutting the closet door, said scarcely above his breath: "I want you to go into the hall, see that gentleman talking to Bill, and come back to me. Take a good full look at him, but keep perfectly cool; can you do it? Your brother's liberty and yours depends upon it."

She was gone in a moment. I slipped to the hall window and saw her come into the room by another door, saw her thread her way with perfect ease and grace among the dancers, repulsing one or two of the half-tipsy sailors who tried to draw her into the dance. She passed right before Seagrave, gave him a saucy smile and then drew Bill Brown aside and whispered to him a moment. Then lingering a little she contrived to catch Seagrave's eye again and give him another look. The next minute she was back in the room. She could not speak, she was almost fainting, and her breath came and went as if she would break into hysterics. Fred's voice calmed her.

"Do you see your way now?" he said.

"Yes, I do, but there is no time to lose. I swore to John on my bended knees to-night, that, if he would only get me out of this place and take me home, I would never go back to that awful life; but John, dear John, for both our sakes I'll do no wrong thing, but you must let me manage just this once more, and then I'll be just a child to do whatever you say."

"Let her go, Mr. Curwen," said Fred. "Men's lives are hanging on this thing."

She drew herself up, gave a sort of shudder, and the next minute she was back in the ball-room. I remained in the closet watching her. Fred drew Curwen into the outside passageway, toward the boarding-house. I saw her go up to Seagrave, and put a hand lightly on his shoulder. Of course I could not hear what was said, but after a moment she turned to the bar and made a sign to Bill. Two glasses of liquor were set before them. He sipped a little, but she made him empty the glass. I thought she would have gone on drinking with him; but no, she appeared to be simply talking. Presently she led him across the hall. I could see his face as he passed before my window, and his eyes were already vacant, and his step mechanical. By the time she got him into the room, he

fell helplessly upon the bed. Then she lighted the candle, and signed to me to leave the closet and close the door. She took a long look at his features as he lay there, and a shiver passed over her whole frame as she murmured, "So like John, — so like!" Then she summoned Fred and Curwen and me, and we just lifted him like a log, and carried him through the alley-way into the boarding-house, and up into the chamber. I think we all took in the situation, and there was hardly a word more uttered. "I'll go back to the room at Bill's; you won't keep me long, John, we must be quick," was all Helen Curwen said. The rest of us hardly spoke.

Then Fred and Curwen and I undressed the sleeper, — who lay like a log, the drugged liquor had such a hold upon him, — and dressed him up again in Curwen's suit. We laid him on the bed, and then made our way down stairs. Curwen's voice was heard bidding us good night. Then he called to the landlord to see the gentlemen out. These were his lawyers; he had been making his will, and now he was going back into Bill's for a spell, but when the boats went off, he'd be in his room.

It was then toward ten, and the clear air felt inexpressibly refreshing; the thought of it comes back to me as I write, — how good it was!

"Now," said Fred, "I've done with you, Ned, to-night; just stop at Brace's, the black boatman's, and tell him I'll not want him to-night, and then go up to the hotel, and if you're not too sleepy wait for me."

I did so, but I got tired of waiting, and went to bed at last. The next morning when Fred came down to breakfast, he asked for Mr. Seagrave. "Gone to Boston in the early train," was the answer, at which Fred expressed some astonishment. About noon, as we were walking up street, we met one of the owners of the Pallas.

"Do you get the Pallas off to-morrow?" said Fred, "I've a little matter of business with one of your boat-

steerers, Curwen, and should n't like to have him slip me."

"You'll have to wait a while, then," said the chuckling ship-owner, delighted at catching a lawyer napping. "The wind came out of the nor'-nor'-east this morning, and by ten o'clock the Pallas was clear of the land, and the pilot out of her. Curwen they had to take aboard drunk, though. By the time he turns out, he'll be off on blue water."

It was only the other day that I heard the *finale*. Fred never breathed a word of it till last week, when he told me all.

Helen Curwen took her brother out of the dance-hall as soon as the ship's company of the Pallas went off, at eleven. Bill Brown was as much deceived as any one; he never doubted but that it was Seagrave, and, as Curwen was shamming drunk, it was natural enough for Helen to insist on taking him home to his hotel. He only wondered why she did not return. She told him that she had got her brother shanghaied away to sea, because he would force her to return home, and I think, if Bill still lives, he supposes that she went away as Seagrave's mistress. They went together, John and she, and are now living happily in the West. Where, is no matter.

"But, Fred," said I, after he had told me all this, "why did Seagrave never come back to plague us. I have been in a cold sweat many a night at the bare thought of it."

"All that was cared for. I met the crew as they were going down to the boat that night. I told them that I had some papers belonging to Curwen to give him, and made one of the others pledge himself to watch the poor fellow, and give the letter to him as soon as he came to. I said he might do himself a mischief if he did not get it. I never heard the particulars, but the letter was to the effect that he, Seagrave, had killed a man in a brawl at Bill Brown's, and, as the man was very like him in size and face, he had been smuggled off to sea, and the man's

death concealed. He would get a letter at Fayal containing a draft, enabling him to get his discharge from the ship, and telling him if it would be safe for him to return home; but he must let nobody know that he was other than Curwen the murdered man. I also told him that Curwen was the brother of the girl he met at Bill Brown's, and had been trying to get her away from him when the affray occurred. I advised him to sail for England from Fayal, and then to go direct to Charleston. I did not sign this letter for obvious reasons, but it did its work. I told him again, in a P. S., on no account to let it be known that he was not Curwen till he was clear of the Pallas."

"But, Fred," said I, "how could you plan out the thing so skilfully?"

"My dear boy," said the Colonel, "I did n't. It was just like one of our battles, the thing did itself. My plan, up to the moment I saw the likeness between our client and Seagrave, was to get him made drunk at Bill Brown's, and then be taken to Noman's Land, and kept till we could get Henry Jones and his wife to Canada. I had ar-

ranged with Brace to take him, and had given Bill Brown a hint that Seagrave would pay up handsomely if he was made drunk at his house. I told him that a sporting bet between us rendered it necessary that he should be got out of the way for a week. I saw Bill that night, and told him that the bet was off, and Seagrave might go home when he got ready. My plan was a desperate one, but I was driven to it, for Seagrave had hinted to me that poor Henry was to be made an example of when taken back to Charleston, to stop any more running away.

"How Seagrave managed to pass for a boat-steerer I don't know; but he had been to sea in his own yacht a good deal, and could manage as a seaman indifferent well. When the Pallas came home, I put a question or two about Curwen; but all the officers seemed to remember was that he was ailing most of the run out, and they were glad to discharge him at Fayal when he paid up his advance."

I wish I could find out whether the Pallas was one of the stone fleet sunk in Charleston Harbor.

WAS REICHENBACH RIGHT?

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:—

DEAR SIR,—A manuscript, of which the following is an exact copy, was found among my late husband's papers a few weeks since. I have myself transcribed it, since some portions might have been quite illegible to any one else. He died on the night of November 14, 1867, after a painful illness of eleven months, beginning on the morning of December 20, 1866, when we found him in a swoon upon the floor of his laboratory, with the gem, or magnet, of which he speaks, clenched fast in his hand.

I know not whether his narrative is of any value to science; but the fact that the bare possibility of its being so induced him to give up to it all his brief intervals of ease from wearing pain, constrains me to make it public. The magnet is still in my possession; and, should any one wish to examine it, you are at liberty to give my address. By my husband's express desire no one except myself has been allowed to touch it; and, I feel bound to add, it has revealed to me—nothing.

The tale is certainly a strange one; yet my husband was never a credulous person; indeed I always thought him rather sceptical than otherwise, and I am positively sure, from my own knowledge, corroborated by the testimony of his physicians, that he was not, at the time of his death, or during his illness, insane or even delirious.

Very respectfully yours,

SARAH L—.

I HAVE a discovery to announce, or perhaps I should rather say, a revelation to make, of a nature so startling and strange that I feel, in common mod-

esty, almost constrained to bespeak for it the incredulity of a discriminating public.

Indeed, were not my secret too tre-

mendous for a mind of ordinary calibre to keep without danger to itself, I should be sorely tempted not to reveal it at all. But, as it is, I have been forced, in sheer self-defence, to choose the lesser horn of a terrible dilemma, and to brave the risk of being called a lunatic, rather than that of becoming one. For, reader, I am sane enough as yet. I see, as clearly as the most sagacious man among you, the utter incredibility of the tale I have to tell. I feel, as keenly as the most sensitive, its seeming absurdity. I can call to my lips at this moment the very smile, half-pitying, half-derisive, wholly sceptical, with which I should listen were you the narrator; yet let me beseech you to be wiser and to suspend your judgment, or if you must call me a lunatic, if you *will* write me down an ass, at least hear me to the end. With so many secrets clustering, loosely hidden, all above and around us, and so many eyes peering eagerly into the dark profound, what wonder if some eyes, more piercing, or more fortunate than the rest, should now and then catch glimpses of its marvels.

I am, as you may have already guessed, an amateur naturalist, — a simple student, not in any sense a master, of nature's mysterious lore, feeling always the keenest and most insatiable curiosity about all things in heaven and earth, yet possessing few books, compared with my wants at least, and fewer instruments of science, and therefore obliged to rely, in my researches, upon a vigilant system of keeping my eyes open.

In pursuance of this system I set myself, in common, I suppose, with many others, to look for meteors upon the night of 12–13th of November, 1866, with what success most will feelingly remember. *Amateur* naturalists, however, soon get accustomed to failures and disappointments; and so, though I found myself the butt of the breakfast-table upon the morning of the 13th, I yet persevered, somewhat drowsily indeed, and with a slightly diminished expectation, though with undiminished

curiosity and interest, in watching the stars out again upon the evening of that day.

My post of observation was a good one, — a small, isolated structure which I had built, for the sake of quietness and safety, upon an eminence in my little park; for the reader must know that I am blest — and bothered — with a wife, a mother, and a maiden sister, each of whom outvies the others in the possession and exercitation of sensitive nerves, delicate olfactories, and a horror of dust, and neither of whom, though regarding a Leyden jar as an infernal machine, and sulphuretted hydrogen as an intolerable stench, would yet feel the slightest hesitation about scrubbing out a powder-magazine, or “putting to rights” a package of nitro-glycerine.

So in pity to the nerves and the olfactories, and in wholesome dread of the dusting, I had built this little hermitage, — “office,” my good country neighbors called it, — with a room at the base for my small stock of chemicals and apparatus, and an observatory at the top for my small telescope, and tabooed even the door-key from the touch of feminine fingers. It was christened, with a touch of malice, the “Blue Chamber”; but Bluebeard took good care that Fatima should never get in.

It is solemn work always, this watching the stars alone at midnight. I could never do it upon the commonest occasion without a subduing sense of awe and reverence akin to devotion; but now (whether it were a prescience or no I cannot tell) there came over me, at the very outset, a strange thrilling acceleration and accumulation of this feeling. The radiant stars blazed momentarily with a sublimer radiance, the solemn depths of space spread deeper and more solemn, the faint far nebulae dawned more awfully mysterious, till I was fain to cry out, with the dreamer of the German poet, “Hide me! O, hide me, from the persecution of the Infinite!”

As the night wore on, and constellation after constellation rose grandly above the bare tree-tops, I was not,

perhaps, the only watcher who turned with swimming brain and bounding pulse and eager gaze towards the charmed region of Gamma Leonis; but I was, probably, the only one, on this side of the ocean, who was not doomed to turn away again, when the first streaks of dawn put out the stars, in bitter disappointment. For, from those immeasurable depths, into which my eyes were seeking with such aching intensity of gaze to penetrate, there came to me, with the faint gray of that unwelcome dawn, a swift and sudden messenger.

A distant point of light, a nearer flash, a hiss, a roar, a stunning concussion, and there lay, half-buried in the earth beneath my window, a strange gray mass, glowing at its surface with the intense heat evolved by the sudden cessation of its motion, chilled at its core with the insufferable cold of the drear abyss in which for ages it had moved, and holding, locked up in its weird bosom, the secret which the whole scientific world was at that moment breathlessly seeking to penetrate.

What was it? Whence had it come, and how? If the dumb matter could but speak, what problems might it not solve, what mysteries reveal! And matter could speak, somehow, to those who had ears to hear. It spoke to Galileo, and assured him that the earth did move; to Copernicus, and taught him the true theory of the solar system; to Newton, and revealed to him gravitation. Perhaps it was speaking now, telling with dumb, awful tongue the story of the birth or death of worlds. O for the mysterious sixth sense of genius, with which to hear and understand!

It was several hours before the stone — a small aerolite of from twenty-five to thirty pounds' weight — could be with safety lifted from its bed; and meanwhile I was consumed with impatience to examine it, — impatience for which, even in this view of the subject, I could scarcely account. I had often seen and examined meteorolites before, and knew, or supposed I knew, just what I should

find; but there was a strange, almost uncanny influence about this one, which seemed to draw and hold me like a magnet.

An eager, passionate curiosity, at once stimulated and held in check by an awe which amounted almost to terror, possessed me. To seize upon the stone, to break it up and subject every minutest atom to the most rigid scrutiny and analysis, to wring from it, as it were, by every ingenious and persevering torture which chemistry could invent its mighty secret, was the impulse of one moment; to shrink from it, as from some unknown, unutterable horror, was the impulse of the next.

If it were possible for a medical student, not yet completely inhumanized, to dissect a living human body, — to pursue the fleeing life through shrinking nerve and bleeding artery, through panting lungs and throbbing heart and quivering brain, to its last, inmost citadel, resolved with pitiless unflinching hand to strip off every covering till he could cry, in remorseful triumph, "*Eureka! here is the spirit!*" — I suppose he might set about his task with much the same mingling of curiosity, horror, and compunction with which I shut myself up in my laboratory and began my investigation.

For, singular and superstitious as it may appear, I had come by this time, almost unawares, to look upon the stone as a living, even in some sense a sentient being, and to refer the weird influence which seemed to pervade it rather to a person than to a thing. And, strangely enough, as I pursued my analysis, though I found only the substances combined in the proportions common to aerolites, this feeling deepened and strengthened. Day after day I set about my task with an intenser awe and a keener curiosity. Bit by bit I examined the stone; had it been possible I would have taken it atom by atom, so sure was I that this dread something lurked there, so fearful lest, for all my pains, it should elude my vigilance.

And, stranger still, it was no longer

the establishment or refutation of any theories about the meteors which engaged my attention; it was no longer even the meteors themselves which interested me. They might be generated in the earth's atmosphere, or projected from the volcanoes of the moon; they might be the residuum of creation, swept aside and left to float at random, or the stokers of the universe, appointed to keep up the sidereal heats by perpetual concussions,—the wrecks of elder worlds, or the primordial utricles of worlds unborn,—I cared not which. A more momentous subject seemed to engage my attention, a nearer, more thrilling, I could almost have thought more *human*, revelation, to await me.

Slowly, with infinite care and pains, I approached the completion of my task, till but a single fragment of the meteorolite remained for examination. This, with a certain unreasoning impulse, akin perhaps to that which prompts a child to put aside its choicest sweetmeats till the last, I had purposely reserved.

It was a small, irregular piece broken off from one side of the mass, of an ashy-gray color, sprinkled all over with shining metallic points, and covered on one side with the dingy black enamel which had formed the coating of the whole. Piercing this enamel and running diagonally nearly through the fragment was a small round orifice, perhaps half an inch in diameter, lined apparently with a vitreous coating, but having its edge clear and sharp as if cut with a drill. This orifice would of itself have attracted my attention, and the added fact that some particles of iron from its vicinity proved very strongly magnetic, will sufficiently account for my feeling that here, if at all, would be found the key I sought.

Dreading alike success and disappointment, I spent several hours in irresolution, and finally decided, about five o'clock upon a stormy December afternoon, to make a night of it, and settle the question once for all. Out of regard for the weak nerves of my feminines, I seldom visited my labora-

tory after dark, and indeed had never done so since the fall of the aerolite. Possibly, therefore, this may not have been the first occasion of its exhibiting the singular property I am about to describe, though the fact stated may account for my never having noticed the exhibition before.

If my reader has studied Reichenbach, and believes in him, he will not, perhaps, be surprised. I had got a smattering of Reichenbach, as of most things, but felt, and rather prided myself upon feeling, a profound contempt for mesmerism and all the other "pseudo-sciences." Judge, therefore, of my astonishment, upon returning to the laboratory about eight o'clock in the evening, to find it illuminated by a pale, lambent, auroral light, which seemed to find its source and centre in the fragment of aerolite upon the table.

A vague sentiment of apprehension and terror seized me. For weeks I had been expecting something out of the common way,—watching and waiting for some unusual phenomenon with a craving which *would* not be denied; yet the Witch of Endor herself could scarcely have been more amazed when Samuel responded to her incantations than was I when the wonder came.

Man of science, quintessence of the nineteenth century, and therefore superior to all forms of superstition though I felt myself to be, it is nevertheless a fact that the old, unreasoning dread and horror of the supernatural—in the very form too which Homer, and Job before him, so graphically described—came over me: "the hair of my flesh stood upright," and my knees shook under me.

But, after a moment's struggle, the "spirit of the age" triumphed, the amateur naturalist asserted himself and began to ask questions. Was Reichenbach right after all? Was man really in sympathy with all the great secret forces of nature? And was I one of the favored "sensitive" few to whom the demonstration of this sympathy was permitted? It was worth prov-

ing at any rate. I closed the door, locked it, according to my wont; and, with a resolute effort, walked deliberately up to the table.

A delicate lambent flame, like far-off summer lightning, played above the surface of the stone, and — it proceeded from the orifice. Curiosity mastered fear. I took up my mallet, and with one sharp blow shivered the fragment into a hundred pieces. A vivid coruscation blinded me; a swift, sudden thrill, like an electric shock, ran through every nerve; and again that shuddering horror crept over me like a paralysis.

I know not how long it may have been before I recovered myself sufficiently to investigate the startling phenomenon. When I did, I saw lying upon the granite slab before me, amid the gray bits of crumbling stone, what seemed a jewel of marvellous clearness and brilliancy, sparkling and gleaming with opalescent light, and illuminating the whole room with a strange, unearthly radiance.

A nearer view showed that the gem was cut or moulded into the likeness of a human head; and also that the metallic dust around was gathering itself into magnetic figures. The jewel was, then, as I had suspected when first I saw the light, a magnet, moulded, upon Knight's principle, from some unknown crystalline substance of wonderful power into this whimsical shape. By whom, and where?

The face lay upturned towards me, — a glorious face, instinct with beauty and intellect, ineffable, yet wearing a weird, awful, lost expression, — the face of an archangel ruined. Was it a likeness of the maker? Who, what, where was he?

A mad, tumultuous curiosity overcame the last remnant of awe. I snatched up the magnet to look closer: again that strange, electric thrill, a thousand times intensified; then a swift, intolerable pang, followed as quickly by a vague, numb nothingness, as if the living *I* were being somehow blotted out, — a dizzy, dreadful sense of whirling mentally backward through

incomputable ages, of drawing æons of æons nearer to the dim, awful dawn of time, of rising through immeasurable heights, of sinking again in depths unfathomable; and I — or rather not I, but some strange entity which enveloped and pervaded and usurped me — awoke in another world.

Yes, reader, another world. "Whether in the body or out of the body," as the rapt apostle phrases it, I know not; but certainly in the spirit, and with other bodily organs, if not my own; as clearly, as vividly, as *wesentlich*, as — I cannot say as at the present time, for since this strange experience I have seemed to be living in a world of shadows, — but as ever in my earthly days I saw and felt and heard the things and people of earth, I now saw and felt and heard the things and people of another world.

I said "awoke"; yet there was really no break in the conscious continuity of my existence, only a swift darkening and fading out of the things visible, as happens to one in a sudden vertigo, followed by as swift a shining forth of the things invisible, — things so new and yet so old, so strange, yet so familiar, that in speaking of them, I feel straitened for language in which to express myself.

If I could but talk to you as those strange beings talked to each other! But vagueness in all things is, I believe, a condition of our earthly existence. Let me, then, — clearly if I can, vaguely if I must, — convey to you some of the impressions which this world, these people, this phase of existence, made upon my mind.

First, and most puzzling perhaps of all, was an odd sense of double consciousness, a conception of myself as a sort of inner self, dead, for the most part, to all feeling save the intense curiosity which had been its last earthly emotion, watching with cool, keen, passionless scrutiny the workings of another nature, itself yet not itself, endowed with higher powers and more varied capacities, instinct with intenser life, thrilling with more potent energy,

scheming, working, hoping, despairing, enjoying, and suffering, after a fashion which, by comparison, dwarfed my grandest earthly experiences into the merest child's play.

This strange duality at first absorbed me completely. My connection with this other nature was so perfect that I could not at once determine whether I were the possessed or the possessor, yet so subtle as to defy all my attempts at understanding it. All sensation, all perception of outward things, came to me, as it were, sifted through an outer consciousness; yet I still felt my own personal identity most clearly and sharply defined, was conscious of thinking my own thoughts, drawing my own conclusions, and even in a certain stoical, passionless way of living my own life, and comparing it with its past.

The barest possibility of such an awful nearness to another spirit would once have filled me with horror, while the reality now seemed only to inspire me with keener curiosity. It was as if the emotional part of my nature were blotted out, and the intellectual alone remained; as if the man were dead, and the amateur naturalist alone survived; or rather, as I presently came to think, as if the other nature were too near akin to inspire awe.

And this latter feeling linked itself strangely with a vague, tormenting suggestion that I held within myself the key to all this mystery; and that by one vigorous effort of will, or possibly of memory, I might clear it up forever.

But the vigorous tide of life into which I was plunged, surging on so resistlessly, the strange, new world around, pressing in by such broad and easy avenues, and appealing so urgently to my ruling passion, left little time for merely introspective speculation.

With regard to these, as indeed, to everything within the reach of human ken, I soon found I had the power of drawing upon the knowledge and experience, vast beyond all previous conceptions of the strange *Mitgeist*, whom, lacking a better name, I shall call, in Socratic style, my demon.

Through this channel mysteries were opened to my cognizance—physical, psychical, spiritual—the mere remembrance of which at this time causes my flesh to creep, and my very inmost soul to shrink and tremble. Beyond the threshold of these dread arcana, I do not propose to penetrate; pausing there, I shall still, I feel, tax your credulity and my own overtaken strength almost beyond endurance. Thus much I have said by way of explaining the source of a knowledge which else could have been attained, by human faculties, only with the most patient, long-continued, and laborious research.

Yet when I came to exercise the new faculties so suddenly conferred, and to separate and examine the sensations they conveyed, I found them, as I have hinted above, not altogether new, but rather the expansion of powers and the refinement of sensations already familiar.

I was conscious, for instance, of breathing an atmosphere composed of pure oxygen in some unknown allotropic form; and the certainty that it was oxygen, together with the knowledge of its chemical differentiation from either the common form or ozone, was conveyed to me in some way through the sense of smell, though not as an odor.

Again I could have pronounced with absolute certainty upon the truth of the undulatory theory of light, from an impression produced upon the optic nerve, though this perception was something quite distinct from an act of vision. And this same perception, by the by, revealed itself, to my great delight, as a link whereby to grasp the whole chain of subtle connection between light, heat, electricity, motion, gravitation, &c., and to enable me to perceive, with the clearness of positive experience, that these are, in reality, what our men of science are even now attempting to demonstrate, one force, (*force* is the word, gentlemen, unless you dare substitute WILL.) exhibiting itself in so many differing yet perfectly interchangeable modes.

I needed no proof at the time of a fact as patent to my senses as the existence of matter; and, even now, I think, did time and strength permit, I could supply Messrs. Tyndall and Faraday* with a hint or two from my experience; but that must wait.

I could multiply instances, through all the round of sensational experience, to show you how this life, which seemed, and was too, so much broader, fuller, and more perfect than our own, — fresh as infancy, ardent as youth, vigorous as manhood, experienced as age, — was yet as familiar to my human cognizance as manhood or youth; how this strange new world, so facile and friendly, laying open its secrets at a touch, yielding up its treasures at a wish, seemed, after all, only an older, a vaster and better educated earth.

Metaphysicians, I believe, are accustomed to consider a man's inability to conceive of a mode of intelligent existence essentially and totally unlike his own as an infirmity, — a proof that he is not endowed with the creative faculty. That man lacks, and will always lack, this faculty I should be the last to deny; but, in the light of my own strange experience, I have come to regard this supposed proof of it as rather the instinctive acknowledgment of a great truth, the intuitive recognition of the fact that all created intelligences are in reality formed, corporeally and spiritually, after one perfect model, — a model dimly hinted at in all mythologies, and more perfectly revealed to Moses in his sublime vision of our earthly Genesis. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness"; and if man, the inhabitant of a world comparatively obscure and insignificant, how much rather the dwellers in nobler and vaster orbs.

Yet, evident as this appears to me in theory, I found, it must be confessed, something altogether startling and strange in its realization; and I remember recalling, with a queer feeling of patronizing corroboration, a passage I had met with somewhere in my read-

ing to this effect: "Perhaps, if transported to another planet, we should feel more amazement at meeting there with beings like ourselves than in encountering the strangest and most grotesque forms that could be conceived of."

And, certainly, this was my own experience. The familiarity was at first far more astonishing, as well as more puzzling, than the strangeness. Gorgons and chimeras would scarcely have surprised and confounded me so much as these exaggerated likenesses of my kind; the "desolate tracts of space," upon which Dr. Whewell so admiringly expatiates, would scarcely have seemed so eerie as the wonted, earth-like aspect of the world around.

And yet there were not wanting modifications, sufficiently startling, of what we are accustomed to consider the laws and conditions of nature. A foreign country is queer enough; fancy a foreign planet, — a world from which the sun shrinks away a hundred millions of miles farther into space, where Jupiter swells to the size of our full moon, and the rings of Saturn parade their majestic splendor for the unassisted eye; a world where gold is as hard as steel, and mercury as dense as gold; where water supersedes glass, and is, in its turn, superseded by peroxyd of hydrogen (HO₂), no longer nauseous and abominable, but to the adapted taste and need of its consumers wholesome and refreshing; a world where the most numerous class of mammals is a sort of cetaceous pachyderm; where the prevailing type of fish life is, to speak Erinically, crustacean, and by far the larger proportion of vegetables diatomaceous.

Fancy, O shade of Cuvier, if thou hast not already beheld it, an animal with the fur and blubber of a seal, the frame and strength of an elephant, and the intelligence and docility of a horse. Fancy, O dear and revered Agassiz, another and a vaster Amazon, swarming with innumerable and enormous species of Entomostraca, — Cyclops rivalling in size and strength the "obscene giant" from whom they take their name, and

* Faraday was living when my husband wrote this. — SARAH L.—

Daphnia as large as snapping turtles ! Fancy, O patient Carpenter, forests of Licmophoræ waving their quaintly graceful fans forever to and fro, and fleets of Naviculæ which might serve for literal ferry-boats.*

Such, reader, was this world in which I found myself,—a world quaint and strange in all these minor details, yet familiar in the grand general features of plant and animal, of atmosphere and continent and ocean ; beautiful, far beyond my feeble power of description, with the exquisite, consummate beauty of order and fitness and proportion ; yet seeming, withal, to my unwonted sense a little tame,—lacking—educated out of, as it were—a certain savage freedom and piquancy of expression which our little planet still possesses. For nature, with us, is still the teacher, the tyrant, the mistress, the sphinx—gracious and beneficent in the main, turning on us the bewildering sweetness of her woman's face, yet crushing back presumption with an iron hand, setting up relentlessly in the path of the too aspiring her stern "thus far and no farther," revealing ever and anon her brute's claws, and avenging her outraged majesty with strange vindictiveness ; while nature, with them, was the servant, the slave, the beast of burden,—obedient, submissive, obsequious, curbed and harnessed and driven about at will, yet, after all, wearing her fetters with a certain sinuous, mocking grace—as who should say, "They bind me only while I will be bound"—which made even her tameness terrible.

But, if the world was wonderful, what shall I say of its inhabitants ? How

* With regard to these last, I was interested to discover abundant confirmation of a pet theory of my own,—that they are really vegetable magnets, and their strange mechanical motions due to the passage of electric currents. I also learned that there had been observed through a course of ages a gradual deterioration in some of the higher forms of organic life, and a total extinction of many species in others ; but, though this fact, with an inquiry into its causes, would once have interested me greatly, so absorbed was I in consideration of the dominant race,—of their intense vitality, their marvellous intelligence, and exhaustless energy,—that I could give to it but a momentary attention.

shall I describe to you a race, human, if one may say so, and mortal too, as we ourselves, yet possessing an organization exquisite and enduring far beyond our happiest experience, with every faculty trained to what seemed its highest perfection, and every sense educated to its subtlest refinement ; a race to whom our most strenuous exertions would have been as the mere involuntary instincts and intuitions of their transcendent powers, our highest attainments the mere alphabet of their magnificent lore, our noblest aspirations the mere forgotten taken-for-granted *faits accomplis* of their grand achievements ?

And yet I pitied them !

Magnificent creatures, though they were, glorious alike in physique and in intellect, dazzling and abashing my feebleness at every turn, with the variety and perfection of their powers and attainments, amazing me with their almost absolute mastery of nature, bewildering me with their apparent annihilation of the bounds of time and space,—I was yet touched with an awful, inexpressible feeling of compassion to observe in them, looming through the brightness like the first faint shadow of a coming eclipse, the same subtle, inexplicable, thrilling prophecy of ruin and desolation which I had noticed in the features of the magnet and *felt* in the body and the spirit of my demon.

And this sad prophecy I found again reiterated in the name which, with some horrible foreboding instinct, they had given, or been made to give, to their planet ; a name conveying, I know not what eerie, unutterable idea of destruction and perdition, best rendered, perhaps, though untranslatable, by the Greek word *ἁπολεία* ; a name than which none could have been chosen more seemingly inappropriate, since *nothing could have been imagined more apparently fixed and stable than the state of the world to which it was applied.*

With us it has passed into a proverb, that "extremes meet." I know not how far the rules of earth may apply in matters super-mundane ; but if it is

possible for order to trench upon the confines of disorder anywhere, I should say it may have done so here, for certainly the one extreme had been produced to its farthest limit. We call mathematics, mechanics, &c., exact sciences. The Apoleians had reduced all science to exactness; or, at least, so nearly so that they were enabled in nearly all matters, purely intellectual or scientific, to make use of a language of symbols as universal and as accurate as that of algebra or the calculus; with what result in the way of time and brain saving can be better imagined than described. If Comte and Cousin could express themselves as clearly as Newton and Leibnitz, who knows but they might agree as well? And what an enormous economy of "gray matter" would accrue to their bewildered followers.

Time and strength would alike fail me in the attempt to describe to you a tithe of the triumphs over difficulties—social, scientific, intellectual, and practical—which these wonderful beings had achieved. We call ourselves lords of creation, whilst we are still the playthings of the elements and the victims of the very reptiles which crawl at our feet. We boast of chaining the lightning and harnessing the vapors, because with painful effort and clumsy contrivance we can coax the one to carry a message and the other to drive a wheel. They had asserted the rights we only claim, and made themselves in very deed and truth the lords of creation, by conquering the brutes and subduing the elements. They had reduced the whole animal kingdom, including even their own grosser nature, to a state of the most abject submission; established a system of inter-zonial ventilation, by which the climates of their planet were equalized, and the showers and dew dispensed almost at pleasure; utilized upon a grand scale the motion of the winds and tides; taught the magnetic currents to bear their messages without the hindering help of batteries and wires; and compelled the great physical forces of electricity,

gravitation, &c., to do for them the drudgery we clumsily and painfully exact from men and brutes.

Released thus from the manual, and even to a great extent from the super-visional, labor which still absorbs us so completely, they were left free to attack the great social, political, and scientific problems, which with us are still in abeyance; to strike the even balance of supply and demand; to devise and establish a system of self-government which admitted no chance of degenerating into either anarchy or absolutism; to demonstrate how the greatest good to the greatest number is still perfectly consistent with the pursuit of individual happiness and the freedom of individual will; to acquaint themselves with the laws of their own physical, psychical, and spiritual being; to study the past history and present condition of their own planet; and even to make some acquaintance with their neighbors.

Newton immortalized himself by discovering gravitation; indeed, I believe he gets credit with half the world for inventing it. Somebody is losing a grand chance of doing the like with its opposite; for the scientific world in general is already beginning dimly to suspect the existence of a force—as potent and all-pervading—hitherto disguised under the names, or rather the adjectives, centrifugal, negative, expansive, explosive, and elastic.

In Apoleia I found the existence of this force clearly recognized, and its methods so thoroughly understood that it was made the agent of some of the grandest operations there, and especially used as a medium of communication with the three beautiful satellites by which the planet was attended.

Calculating with the nicest exactness the amount of repulsion required to take them within the sphere of lunar gravitation, the Apoleians had constructed machines for its generation, or rather development (which I understood about as clearly as the Camanches do the Pacific Telegraph), and invented a system of ethereal navigation, as regular

and reliable as our ocean steamers, and apparently far safer. By this means the satellites, being in physical constitution very like their primary, had become mere outlying provinces, one of which, I was amused to learn, had been used for ages as an asylum for incurable egotists, egotism being regarded in Apoleia as the most dangerous and disagreeable form of insanity. Would Luna be available for any such use, I wonder?

The extension of this system of ethereal navigation to more distant worlds — with some of which what was styled a “magnetic sympathy” had already been established — was, I learned, one of the great problems of the age. The chief difficulties in the way of its solution consisted, so far as I was able to understand, in the immense amount of repulsive force required, and the intense darkness and cold of the interstellar spaces, coupled with some apprehended difference in the electrical condition of the planetary photospheres, which would make their passage, by beings un — what shall I call it? We have no word but unacclimated — dangerous, if not impossible.

Now, whatever I may do myself, I do not of course expect my readers to receive anything merely upon Apoleian testimony; and, though I seemed to understand it at the time, I confess I do not now see clearly how the hypothesis of planetary photospheres can be reconciled with the recent discoveries in spectrum analysis; but these beings certainly spoke of theirs as familiarly as we do of our atmosphere; and doubtless, upon the mere ground of credibility, a belief in the existence of gaseous envelopes intensely susceptible to electric influences, surrounding all the suns and planets, and exchanging, so to speak, their light and heat, is quite as tenable as the notion of millions of millions of globes of incandescent matter can be.

And, certainly, whether the Apoleians were right or wrong about photospheres, their knowledge of the laws and relations of light was far in advance of

ours, and the perfection and power of their optical instruments such, that they were even enabled to become tolerably conversant with the condition of their sister planets.

When I became aware of this, I was of course very curious to learn the extent of their acquaintance with the state of things upon earth, — a curiosity I was instantly enabled to gratify. And here let me say, though I was as perfectly cognizant of these beings as of the men and women now around me, they seemed to be quite unconscious of me; and even in regard to my demon, whose faculties I could use, and upon whose knowledge and experience I could draw at pleasure, I never could be quite sure whether he was aware of me or not. As, for instance, now, when, at the instant I wished for it, a telescope (I suppose I must call it a telescope, though it seemed much more like a pair of spectacles) was adjusted and my native planet singled out for observation, I could not positively determine whether he was obeying my suggestion, or following a coincident impulse of his own.

But my native planet — the third from the sun, with its one satellite, — there could be no mistaking *its* identity; yet what had befallen it? This world of waters, with its dank, hot, vapory atmosphere, its long, low reaches of sandy beach, in lieu of continents, its wave-washed islands without inhabitant, — so barren, so desolate, so drearily unfamiliar to my sight, and yet so strangely familiar to my thought, — where had I seen it? what was it like? could this be Earth? Slowly and with a terrible effort, — an effort which, explain it how you will, was distinctly one of *memory*, — the truth dawned upon me; and, with a thrill of inexpressible awe and wonder I recognized it. It *was* Earth, indeed; but, reader, it was the Earth of the Devonian period! And those æons of ages teeming with life and beauty and enjoyment, whither had they flown? what had become of them? Was the great clock of time tolling its hours over again?

Was the past repeating itself? Or had Eternity, Saturn-like, devoured its own offspring?

Turning in hopeless bewilderment from a problem I dared not attempt to solve, I essayed to gain some further knowledge of the pursuits of the Apoleian *savans*; and here again my demon, though himself intensely absorbed in another occupation, seemed to obey instinctively my slightest suggestion.

Astronomers and mathematicians I found intently occupied in computing the elements and determining the orbits of some recently discovered members of a *system of universes*, in which our *Via Lactea* was believed to hold a conspicuous place; and I further learned that the existence of numerous similar systems, indeed of a system of systems, had been fully demonstrated.

Chemists and physicists were all absorbed in the attempted resolution of primordial elements, and the recombination of the ultimate atoms into new forms, in imitation of a process which had recently been detected, by a method analogous to spectrum analysis, in the light of some nascent nebulae; and the successful termination of their experiments was expected to herald a new era in the agricultural condition of the planet.

Physicians and physiologists were exploring the innermost recesses of the living Apoleian body by the aid of a sort of photo-microscope which enabled them to witness, and even, in some degree, to regulate, the most delicate processes of vital action, without the slightest inconvenience to the subject,—a vast improvement, certainly, upon Monsieur Magendie's dying puppies.

As to the scientific *dilettanti* of the planet, I found them, as is common with these gentry, somewhat ponderously amusing themselves—in this case by means of incomprehensible paraphernalia of lenses, batteries, and magnets—in playing tricks upon the inhabitants of adjacent worlds. Have *we* any such mischievous neighbors, I wonder, and may the superhuman phenomena of spiritualism be charged

to the amateur naturalists of Venus or Mars?

But the problem of problems, the solution of which all Apoleia awaited breathlessly, as we but lately awaited the laying of the ocean cable, was one the nature and object of which I found myself, at first, totally incompetent to understand.

And yet I was, as it were, enveloped, surrounded, permeated by it; for my demon seemed to be the very soul and centre of the undertaking, literally to live and move and have his being in it. I have no words to describe to you the indomitable will, the unwearied patience, the exhaustless energy, the unflagging zeal, the utter and intense consecration and cumulation of every faculty, which this strange being brought to bear upon it; and when, dimly and by slow degrees, the nature and intention of the stupendous project dawned upon me, language would be equally powerless to express my amazement and consternation.

A mad, presumptuous, hopeless, heaven-daring scheme, it yet seemed to be, somehow, the very outgrowth and culmination of Apoleian civilization. For the Apoleians were, emphatically, what we should style, in modern earthly parlance, a race of humanitarians. If I were to attempt to convey to you a notion of their sociology, I should describe it, in a word, as philanthropy run mad. Every possible and impossible scheme, for the removal or amelioration of every conceivable and inconceivable ill which Apoleian flesh was heir to, seemed to have been tried. All systems of religion, politics, and philosophy were brought to this test, and accepted or rejected as they stood or fell before it; and no Apoleian *savant*, statesman, or theologian might presume to rest in peace upon his couch of compressed hydrogen, while so much as a crumpled rose leaf, real or metaphorical, disturbed the repose of the merest boor upon the planet. And the Apoleians were still more emphatically a race of theorists and experimenters. As no problem was

counted by them too difficult for solution, so no hypothesis was deemed too improbable for experiment and no experiment too daring for attempt. Theories the wildest, schemes the most illusory, were coolly submitted to this crucial test, and exploded without causing in their projectors a visible tremor. And the Apoleians were also, in the fullest acceptance of the word, a race of re-formers. Prying with curious eyes into the very innermost of Nature's secret laboratories, their busy brains essayed to improve upon her most ingenious processes, and their itching fingers to remodel her most intricate machinery. The equilibrium of climates and the resolution of elements are but samples of the heights they aspired to scale, and the depths they attempted to sound, in these daring efforts at readjustment.

And this new scheme, furnishing, as it did, ample room and verge enough for the broadest philanthropy, the wildest hypothesis, the most daring experiment, the most radical and far-reaching reform, seemed, as it were, to have taken the race by storm. Its *modus operandi* I never even attempted to investigate, but its nature and object I may, perhaps, be able to make clear to you.

In Apoleia the sun was considered, not, as with us, the mere torch and fire-place of the system, but the glorious centre and source of all light and life and beauty and enjoyment, — the home of immortal youth, eternal vigor, unending felicity. Gazing upward, day by day, at its ineffable splendors, rapt Apoleians deemed themselves to be looking straight into heaven. And such a heaven! No shadow ever dimmed the glory of those radiant plains; no tempest ever ruffled the clear serene of that calm atmosphere; no sting of pain, no blighting breath of care, no pang of sorrow, ever pierced those battlements of light to wound the happy dwellers there. That glorious sun-life was the motive of endeavor, the goal of aspiration, the ultimatum of desire, — a fruitful theme for the profoundest speculation of sages, the fairest dreams of poets,

the loftiest inspiration of prophets and divines.

Good Apoleians were believed to reach it, when they died; but death in Apoleia was not the near and patent thing it is with us. Methuselah, in his thousandth year, would have passed for a youth among those ancients. Death was a very angel, making his visits few and far between; and so, in place of regarding him, as we do, with alternate horror and forgetfulness, they would have come to watch for him with a ceaseless longing, but for one thing, — low be it spoken, — *all Apoleians were not good*.

Here was the respect which made calamity of what had else been a happy release. Here was the rub, but for which they might have become a race of suicides.

Looking upon the sun as the visible heaven of the system, they had come by a natural consequence to regard heaven as a place rather than a state; and yet that glorious sun-life, as it was a life of physical, must be also a life of moral and spiritual, purity and perfection; and if so, many of the race would be excluded from it even after death.

Here was a flaw in the creative scheme, calling loudly for the exercise of Apoleian philanthropy, challenging boldly the attacks of Apoleian reform. The manifest remedy, of course, was to *make* everybody good; but how? Legislation they had tried *ad nauseam*, and it had failed them utterly; moral suasion they had also tried, with little better success; they had small hope from the "foolishness of preaching"; and so they put them all aside for a scheme in which there were only physical impossibilities to encounter.

The problem was briefly this: to neutralize or overcome by slow degrees the action of the repulsive (centrifugal) force, and so let the planet down by easy stages, in gradually narrowing circles, to the sun!

The nearer contemplation of that glorious life, the closer and more direct action of that subtle vivifying magnetism, would surely work a change in

the spiritual nature (for the Apoleians held that the spiritual was only a refinement of the physical) of the whole race; and the final passage of that radiant sea of purest matter, the sun's photosphere, would purge and purify, like a refiner's fire, the grosser elements of both the planet and its inhabitants, and fit them respectively for absorption into the substance and participation in the life of the central orb.

And, after all, it was but anticipating the final inevitable catastrophe; for the Apoleians held both our nebula hypothesis and our Spencerian theory of a chain of sequences (with the slight improvement of tying the two ends together, and thus manufacturing a miniature infinity); and having, moreover, an Encke of their own, reasoned thus: "Apoleia had sprung from the bosom of the sun; all events moved in circles, eternally repeating themselves; the known existence of a resisting medium involved such a necessity; therefore Apoleia was destined to return again to the place from whence it came. It was a consummation devoutly to be wished, and the more imminent the more devoutly; but it might be ages in arriving. The resisting medium was, certainly, fearfully attenuated, the circle of sequences tediously slow in its revolutions. Why wait for them?"

The effect of such reasoning upon such minds may be imagined, but scarcely described. The whole people set themselves, as one man, to solve the mighty problem; and it was counted a happy augury that none were more eager in their interest, or more strenuous in their exertions, than the ne'er-do-weels for whose benefit it was proposed.

Hypothesis after hypothesis was framed and exploded; plan after plan was projected and abandoned; experiment after experiment was tried and proved abortive; the brains of the race were racked to the verge of insanity; the nerves of the race were strung to their utmost tension. It was a very war of the Titans,—intellect *versus* force, i. e. WILL *versus* WILL; and the

struggle had been going on for ages, when my demon suddenly came forward with a scheme, which, certain conditions fulfilled and certain dangers avoided, was conceded on all hands to offer a reasonable prospect of success.

From that hour he was the acknowledged autocrat of the planet. Kings bowed before him and nations did him reverence, sages were his slaves, and statesmen the veriest creatures of his will; all wit and wisdom, all power and wealth, were placed at his command, and right royally did he use them. Clear-headed and single-eyed, without a sign of self-assertion, or a thought of self-aggrandizement, he held resolutely, utterly, magnificently to his purpose.

The details of the scheme, as I said, I never attempted even to investigate. The slightest effort in this direction utterly bewildered and confounded me.

Thus much only I know, that its successful prosecution involved, at the outset, the necessity of tunnelling the planet; and that for this end, as might be supposed, machinery the most elaborate, forces the most potent, care the most vigilant, energy the most unflagging, watchfulness the most incessant, were required and employed.

Ponderous engines ripped open the very bowels of the planet, powerful acids noiselessly dissolved its firm foundations, mephitic gases extinguished its nether fires; and thus day after day, year after year, as it seemed to me, the work went on, until at last, suddenly, unexpectedly, as it appeared, to every one, the supreme moment for testing the success of this part of the experiment arrived.

Some powerful agent was to be employed, some potent energy released, which had never been tried before. All Apoleia held its breath, and awaited, in speechless, agonized suspense, the dictum of its presiding genius. *He* had never been so calm, never so confident. Coolly, almost gayly, he gave the final orders; and I, his other, inner self, could *feel* the thrill of triumphant exultation with which he hailed in advance the victorious result. It came,—

with a roar which might have startled the universe, with a shock which must have shaken the system to its centre, with an explosion which shattered Apoleia and her satellites into fragments, and sent them wandering forever and forever, in helpless, hopeless, aimless, useless confusion, through the realms of space !

Was Reichenbach right ? Had I — through the agency of some strange being who, ages before, had formed and informed that magnet — witnessed the catastrophe which produced the asteroids ? Or, was it indeed an act of memory, — memory which had slumbered for ages ? Was he — was I — some previous existence ? — or —

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER the funeral of Rosa it was as if but a ripple had been made by the casting of a pebble in the stream of Swatara life. Everybody returned to work as if nothing had happened. Yet Max Boyd shed tears in secret when he had rendered the little service he could render the afflicted family. There were flowers ordered by him from the city with which the coffin was garnished without and within ; he seemed to himself to have come quite near to Mrs. Holcombe in her sorrow, and the thought did him good. He stood in greater need than Christopher of sustained human relations. He liked to think of Mrs. Holcombe as a mother, and the sympathy he gave her was of special service to himself.

Mr. Elsdén's plans and operations could not, of course, be in the least degree disturbed by an event like Rosa's death. He sat in his office, and made his calculations as though THE CALL could never come to him, and he did not withdraw from John Edgar the encouragement of his expectation. It was impossible that any person or influence bearing in the least degree on the life of John should be regarded with indifference by him, and he was aware, of course, that the event which had happened might in some unforeseen way affect the future of Miss Edna.

He was more mindful therefore of John ; his self-confidence was to be sustained, his self-respect increased, his hope encouraged, the evidences of his success multiplied. So it was that the machinist had honor of the superintendent before his fellow-workmen, and was seen by Max Boyd walking arm in arm with Mr. Elsdén. Edna's lover, it was to be observed, was worthy of her, and his worthiness must be attested amply, before his aspiration became publicly known. It would then occasion no surprise.

It was not immediately after the death of Rosa that John felt himself capable of resuming work with the same spirit which had urged him on before. Nevertheless the treatment of Mr. Elsdén proved to have been the best, for it was successful. Edgar began to think of himself, habitually, as an inventor and a gentleman. A change for the better was perceived even in his person. He cared for himself more and more, and as intelligently as it was possible for him to care. But though he was constantly in the workshop, his thoughts were always wandering to the bishop's house, and thence to the house not made with hands which had received the fair child. It was not difficult for him to think of Rosa as living under the conditions of an angel.

Strange though it may seem, how-

ever, it now appeared to him that the work he had assigned to himself could more readily be performed than it could have been while Rosa was living. For he had felt, from the moment when his thoughts were directed in the channel through which they now constantly passed, that there was something like hostility in his heart towards the guardians of Edna. Anything like an endeavor on his part to secure her rights to her, if rights she had, must seem to them the work of an enemy.

He determined still to speak to Doctor Detwiler, who, at least, knew about her life with Annie Gell, and with this intention went one day to the doctor's office at an hour when he would be most likely to find him there.

A conversation with John Edgar was the thing which the doctor greatly desired, for he had perceived indications which troubled him, in the workshop and in the parsonage. He had seen John poring over the books which Edna had lent him, studying Rolfe's notes by the way. And Edna had told him, when he asked who was going to be her market-man and dispose for her of the stores she had gathered, that John had promised to do it. When he asked, "Why did you employ him?" she had answered, "There was nobody else to do it"; and on his suggestion that it was strange she should have gone up to the mines in search of an assistant, he had been surprised by the spirit with which she answered that he had proved her friend before now, and that she had no better. These trifles of speech, with the notable fact of the box of materials presented by Mr. Elsdén through Edgar, had made him desirous of a quiet talk with the latter, and so he considered it fortunate that he was in his office when John came down.

The doctor shook him by the hand cordially, and said: "What is the matter with you, my good fellow? You look as hearty as a bear."

"I am," said John, "only there was n't much doing, so I thought I would loaf."

"Good. Sit down. Mr. Elsdén gives a first-rate report of you, so I suppose you are on the high road to fortune. Keep straight ahead, then, and don't slip off into by-ways."

"That's the road for me to travel, I know it well enough," said John, expanding, in the genial atmosphere of the office, in a noticeable manner.

"You feel sure of yourself, then. Keep a sharp lookout, and you'll make a good drive, I don't doubt."

"I don't know about that, sir, but I've got the reins in my own hands, I know."

"All the better, then, since you're on the up-hill road, and a pretty rough one at that."

"But I should hate to think I was n't ever coming to a smooth road, Doctor."

"Nonsense," said Detwiler; "what do you want of smooth roads? Well and good if you happen to strike one, but you're not a girl. You have something to do, I take it, besides looking out for an easy way."

"I should hope I would n't be so beggarly poor as I am just now, much longer," said John, conscious of uprising antagonism. The doctor, in fact, was treating him as though he were not in Mr. Elsdén's confidence, and had not won the heart of Edna Gell, — two circumstances which made him Detwiler's equal any day.

The doctor, thinking that it was quite too probable that his suspicions in regard to the way in which matters stood between Edna and John were warrantable, answered with the greatest deliberation, intending that his words should convey the utmost meaning possible. "Don't you know, Edgar, that poverty is the very best thing in the world for you?"

"I know it is not," he answered, curtly.

"I devoutly hope that you will never find out a short cut to wealth," said Detwiler.

"Why?" The doctor had spoken so kindly that John would have felt ashamed to betray the anger he felt. He had learned that he must control

himself if he would be the companion of gentlemen.

"Because you would get lazy. And there would be plenty of harpies around to suck the blood out of you then. You can guess what would follow."

"You think," said John, reddening, "that I'm never going to conquer that cursed —"

"I know that you are going to fight like a hero, and that you will be obliged to fight, probably, as long as you live. Is n't that occupation enough for a man? I think you will carry the day, for you are a born fighter."

"You have as good as taken my head off," said John; "only you have n't!" he added, with a self-assertion that would have been absurd, had it not been pitiful.

"I have told you the truth, though," returned the doctor, drily; then he stopped. John should himself direct the conversation, for it was evident that he had come to talk.

"Have you seen that little picture of Miss Rosa," he asked, advancing bravely.

"Yes, and how good it is!" The doctor took a quill from his pen-rack, and dusted his writing-desk therewith.

"I have been fooling away with my pencil to see if I could do anything like it. I can't; yet I taught Miss Edna all she knows about drawing."

"You!" The exclamation probed John's vanity, and touched a nerve of pride.

"She says so," he answered quickly.

"O, of course she says so! But you do not suppose that she sees the facts as we do, — as I do, I mean, for it seems you do not agree with me."

"I never thought that I could do much for her, or that I had done much. But she — It makes no difference who taught her, or who did n't; if she chooses to feel grateful to me, I am not going to complain, sir."

"I don't like the way you talk, John," said the doctor; "it would be insufferable in any young man. It sounds exactly as if you might be capable of making *use* of the silly, kind feeling she

is perhaps generous enough to express to you."

"I don't think it would be likely, sir, I would be saying anything to you about her that she'd think insufferable."

"No matter what she would think about it. I'm old enough to be father to both of you, and that's what I think."

"It is a great pity that she lost her father so young," said John, quickly, thankful that the doctor had assisted him by introducing that word.

"On the contrary," said Detwiler, "she has suffered no loss. Better guardianship she could not possibly have had than she has found in Bishop Holcombe and his wife."

"You think poverty a fine thing, doctor, by the way you talk about fortunes lost."

The words were spoken with so much significance that, although the doctor abhorred the necessity, he felt himself compelled to ask John what he meant.

"If a thing is your own you want it, I suppose. If you don't ask for it, most likely you are ignorant that it belongs to you. Your crust, if it's *yours*, is sweeter to you than another man's loaf, though he says you're welcome."

The doctor reflected, and dared not ask this time to what all this talk might have reference. He determined to ignore for the present the possibility of any hidden meaning in the words.

"Any one of us," he said, "would be glad to help a woman, especially, if she was young and pretty; particularly to a better fortune, if we felt we had the right. But even if we felt that we had it, we might be greatly mistaken. Very few of us really have the right to seek the portion we might choose."

"I suppose you are right, sir," John said, stiffly.

"Yes, for that would imply a divine right, which nothing short of a divine power could confer."

John was silent.

"Even she herself could not give it. There are two sides to every such question."

This subject must not be dropped at its present stage ; the doctor was manifestly bent on pushing it.

"I don't understand you, sir." John looked about uneasily, and wished that Detwiler could know exactly how things stood between himself and Edna ; he felt also that he had lost an opportunity of asking at the right moment, "Who was Edna's father? Tell me, if you know."

"I understand you, though, I'm afraid," the doctor said. "I am afraid that you have the greatest hope in your heart that can enter it. No, I should not say that. There is a greater hope even than that,—one that will make you take hold of life, sir, with nobler determination. I am not blind ; I can see all that you see, and a great deal beyond."

"Has she—told you anything?"

"No. I wish—I wish she had!"

"Well, if you know all, sir, what do you think of it?"

"Badly."

"You think I am such a poor devil!" said John, breaking out passionately, after a brief silence. "You will not see that I—I am not what I was."

"I believe you will be an honorable, upright man, sir. But do you know where you are? You are in Eden, and you must go out." There was pity, tenderness, authority, in the voice of Detwiler speaking these words. He added in another tone, as if suddenly he was himself rising to a height he had never attained before, "Poor fellow! you will have plenty of company outside."

What was the doctor thinking? what was he about to require? Edgar waited, alarmed and awed, to know.

"You have been thinking that you would marry this dear girl, some day. Speak, 'fore God!"

"Yes, I have."

The doctor turned his eyes away from the young face before him. Not often had his strong heart been so troubled ; rarely had his face expressed so much as was now visible upon it.

"I dare say that, for anything like the future before you which you could

clearly see, you would be willing to work," he said. "And I know you would n't count dear any labor or pain. I know to what a noble pitch such a prospect would keep you tuned. You had a right to aim high, John ; no right to aim low. But what would be right for you to do if your interest were the only thing to be considered, don't you see it would be damnably wrong when somebody else was to be thought of?"

John looked at the doctor without speaking. He felt as if the life were being crushed out of him. Springing to his feet he walked across the office with rapid strides. He gasped for breath.

Detwiler went on, as if heartlessly regardless of all he saw.

"You thought that you were getting saved yourself," said he, his face paling with emotion and his voice betraying it ; "but dare you look forward and face what may arise in another generation, and call you cursed? What have you felt since you were able to understand your feelings but this, that there was a chained devil in you which you must watch, hour by hour, never knowing the moment when he might spring upon you? And there's a young girl,—a child I have always considered her till now,—she sees what your trouble is, and because it is in her to help every weak, suffering thing she sees, she is ready, before she could possibly have what she for her part might need, to give herself to you. And you—you are willing to accept such a gift! Look here! Are you willing that twenty years from now a son of hers should go through what you've gone through, and must go through, for you have n't finished your fight yet, and you know it! Are you such a dastard that you are willing? I tell you plainly, Edgar, you have no more right to marry *any* girl, I don't care who she is, or how low down you go to find her, than if you had leprosy. A man's fitness for a relation so sacred is n't determined entirely by his desires."

"Go on, sir," cried John, white with rage.

"I intend to do so. You have no more right than—I have. I told you

you would have company outside of Eden. I went out years ago. If I had dared (listen to me! no man but yourself has ever heard this of me),—if I had dared, there was a lady whom I would have asked to marry me. I do not know what she would have answered; but I should at least have had the satisfaction of letting her know that she was all woman could be to man. That is as much as any girl can be to you; yes, and a thousand times more, for you have many chances and ambitions where I had n't one. I came and buried myself in these hills, as you might say, to save my life. In more ways than one I've saved it. No woman whom I love, I said, shall suffer as my mother suffered, killed outright by anxiety. I tell you, as surely as Jesus conquered his temptations, you may conquer this."

It was evident that the doctor's words, so rapidly spoken in that low voice of his, which was so powerful in carrying conviction, had produced an effect. But what effect? Edgar did not reply, and he went on.

"Have I given the death-blow to your hopes, poor fellow? See, then, how unworthy you would have been in this respect to unite her fortune with yours. Be all that you would have been for Edna's sake, and much more for her sake. Show your love for her by forbearing to curse her children's children."

"I am not going to make a fool of myself," Edgar began.

"You shall not tell me to-day what you will do. I am not prepared to think you are ready to take all that the Almighty has prepared for those who defy him."

"I don't see that it's a question between the Almighty and me," replied Edgar, sullenly, preparing to leave the office, for the doctor had risen with the evident intention of going about his business.

"You must settle it with Him then. He has made his laws; break them if you think you'll gain anything by it. But I'll answer that you find it a losing business in the end. Good by, then. If I have said the cruellest things you

ever heard, I am still your best friend, Edgar. I'm no harder on you than I have been on myself. Let's do the best we can with what we have, and thank God if he has taught us anything that will make us better doctors of other poor mortals."

If John Edgar could go away and forget the voice that spoke those words, and the steady gaze of the doctor's eyes, he was a poorer mortal even than he deemed himself.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN had gone but two thirds of his way home when he heard himself called; it was a well-known and a well-liked voice that startled him with, "Hallo, there!"

It was Max Boyd who called. When he saw Edgar hurrying along with that dark look on his face, he thought it a sufficient reason for arresting him. There was an imperious spirit in Max which needed no more than to see a person bent on a mode of action to make him insist on being told the why.

"What is your hurry? How are things working, Edgar?" he asked.

"O, fine! Is that you, Mr. Boyd?" and then John walked on all the faster that he had been hindered.

"But wait a moment, will you? I have something you would like to see. You were telling me about that picture. See! I have one—two."

He took the drawings from his wallet, as he spoke: one was of Rosa Holcombe, the other of himself.

Edgar's eyes had an ugly, amazed glare. He took the drawings, and his first impulse was to tear them into fragments; but he gave them back, after a moment, unharmed. A glance had sufficed him.

"How much did you pay for them?" he asked.

The poor girl had turned in this direction, had she, seeking to make money which should diminish her debt? He would soon put an end to all this. But though he accounted for the work instantly in this manner, he was sur-

prised when Maxwell answered: "Dirt cheap, I think. Ten dollars apiece."

"Twenty dollars!" said Edgar.

"She's a deuced proud little girl, though, John."

"Working for your money is a proof of it," he answered, bitterly.

"Good as any. If she had n't been so proud she would have insisted on making me a present of the pictures. I knew it when she sat working that way."

"She is n't rich," said Edgar; "but I would n't have expected her to sell Rosa's picture."

"I would pay. Else they would have thought that I expected to be remembered because I happened to be mixed up in that dreadful accident. You can't tell what folks will think. I consider such a picture as that cheap at any price."

"Ah! I am going home this way, sir," said John; "it's a short cut, and I feel too tired for anything. Good night."

"That's an unsociable trick," Max called after him; but John, without waiting for an answer, had already plunged among the elder-bushes, and was out of sight.

And now concerning these pictures.

Maxwell Boyd had preserved some of the flowers which had lain on Rosa's coffin; he had arranged them in a wreath, and placed them under glass, and had brought them thus preserved to Mrs. Holcombe. In other ways he had shown his sympathy, so that he was gratefully remembered in the bishop's house.

Not many days after the funeral, he was walking in the neighborhood, when he met Edna. She carried a basket and a spade, and had evidently been planting some prized shrub or vine beside Rosa's grave.

Max asked if he might carry the spade, and then, as he walked along with her, he talked about Rosa. *One of the hands*, he said, had told him about the excellent likeness she had made of her sister. She was then a real artist, for none but a true artist

could have done so much without instruction. He would like very much to see the portrait if Miss Edna would be so kind as to show it to him.

There were two points presented in these words which made an impression on Edna: first, the manner in which young Mr. Boyd spoke of John Edgar,—"one of the hands"; second, that in speaking of herself he had called her an artist.

Of course John *was* one of the hands. And certainly, if any one had a right to speak of him so, it was one of the gentlemen in whose service he was employed. She had heard him spoken of also as an artisan. Mr. Boyd called her an artist; and she felt the difference implied in these words.

"Who was it told you?" she asked, although she knew so well who must have told him.

"Edgar," he said. "He ought to be considered a very good judge; don't you think so? He draws well himself."

"Yes."

"Things a good deal more complicated than faces though," he said. "He brought me a very elaborate drawing one day, and I was completely taken in by it. He knows a great deal. It was an engine, and, I supposed, as complete as anything could be; but he told me it would n't go, and could n't be made to go, any more than a wooden horse if it was built. Then he added a line and a curve or too, and said that, made up on that pattern, there was n't anything running that could equal it for power."

Edna's eyes shone with pleasure to hear this praise. "I can believe it," she said.

"I wish I could see that drawing of yours," said he.

"I have one here which I made this afternoon," said Edna. She stopped to take the paper from her pocket. They were standing under the shadow of a great pine-tree. It seemed to Max the perfect hour of a perfect day. He stood there to examine the picture, then he sat down on the mossy bed which covered the old tree's roots. Edna had drawn Rosa as they had so often seen

her, running like a fawn across the bridge. The figure was full of life and motion; the breeze was in her hair.

"O, this is perfect!" exclaimed Max; "but how could you bear to draw her — there?"

"It is just as I see her all the time," said Edna. "I thought maybe if I put it on paper I — The other one, the one he told you about, was finished from something begun in sport before we — lost her."

Then — it seemed at first as if to divert her thoughts — Max asked her if she had tested her skill in trying to produce other faces, and ended by saying that he would give a great deal to know what she could do with his. When she seemed surprised at his words, he explained that he had promised to send his classmates photographs of himself, but the negative from which copies were to have been made for them had been destroyed by fire. There had been no artist at Emerald all summer; if she should succeed, he could send the drawing to town, and copies could be made from it.

Edna reflected, and presently said, "I will try it." She had thought, "He will pay well; the practice will do me good. I shall have all the more to give to Mr. Holcombe when I go away."

"To-day?" he asked, delighted at his success in obtaining her consent.

"I don't believe my hand is steady enough to-day," she said. "I have been digging with the spade, and the ground was stony. I will try to-morrow, if you like. You might come to Mrs. Holcombe's."

But Max thought it unlikely they would want the work going on at the house at this time, and suggested the church. No, Edna said, it could not be there; Mrs. Holcombe would not be as well pleased. But she was thinking less of Delia than of John Edgar when she said this.

"Very well, at the house then, if Mrs. Holcombe is willing. I will pay you ten dollars for the picture. Shall I pay now?"

He was very ready indeed, but Edna

said not till the work was finished, and thought it was a very high price to pay for a small piece of work like that.

But Max said he had n't specified the size. Then he added that she might finish it in three lines if she could. "Only be true," he said. "I wish I owned this lovely little picture," he added, studying it line by line.

"If you would like you may have it," Edna said, with hesitation, thinking again of John.

"Thank you; at the same price?"

"That is dear Rosa's face. But I do not think they would want to see her so. I would be glad to give it to anybody who ever saw and loved her. I think it must do any one good to have it; as I am sure it did everybody good just to look at her."

"I must pay for it though," Max said, as he laid the leaf in his wallet. "And I will come to-morrow afternoon, if that is convenient to you."

"Yes." Inaudibly Edna continued, "And so I shall be paid like one of the hands."

Perhaps something like this thought was passing through Maxwell's mind, for he said, awkwardly enough: "Perhaps you don't like to think of my giving you money for the work. I have some grand books which I would like to share with you, if you would accept them."

It seemed as if Edna had a little surprise to master before she could answer.

"No, no," she said, "money will be better than anything, just now, for me. I am much obliged to you for wanting a picture, though it will be a poor one." As she spoke she seemed to resolutely put down the confusion she felt, and to ignore it as she looked at Max with a critic's eyes.

"I dare say it will be a poor one for the reason that it will be a good likeness," he said.

"I think I may do pretty well, because it is so necessary I should feel sure of my ground," said she.

"And you do feel sure of it?"

"I could draw your face, without a sitting."

"But you will let me come?"

"You had better come," said she, picking up her basket and spade, and looking homeward.

"You have capital practice," said he, rising and taking the spade from her hand and swinging it over his shoulder. "There's Edgar himself,—you might draw him a dozen times and get a different likeness each time. He is more like a chameleon than any living animal I have seen. I know him pretty well, but I suppose if I should say what I thought of him, the men who have known him all his life would laugh in my face."

"Don't they understand him?"

"No."

"Could n't they be made to?"

"Honestly, I should hope not. There are too many things left at loose ends in him. When they're all caught up and secured, he will do to talk about, if that ever happens."

A crimson glow overspread the face of Edna Gell.

"He makes fun for you," she said.

"He does, indeed. But he will come out right one day."

"I must leave you," said Edna.

They had approached the bridge when she thus dismissed him. He gave her back the spade. "To-morrow, then?"

She hesitated a moment, thought of the patron he was like to prove, and said: "Yes, to-morrow."

But going homewards alone she thought: "Poor John! he has nobody to stand by him but me. Well then, he has me."

When Maxwell sat down in Mrs. Holcombe's best room on his return from the bank the next afternoon, he had that lady for company, and a very serious artist to perform the stipulated work. If he had engaged Edna's services simply for his own entertainment, because he was curious to learn the extent of her skill and had little to amuse him in those rather dull days, Edna had undertaken the work with the intention to do her best and take the wages stipulated. And if there was any em-

barrassment to be felt in the progress of the work, she was not the one to feel it. It might have been a block of wood, or any other inanimate object, that she was portraying. Surprised at this, he presently fell into a deeply reflective mood, which made her say, "Talk to — mother."

Thereupon he did so. He had picked up several odd names in the neighborhood recently, and of these he began to speak, one after another. They were like so many signs in a book, he said, which he did not understand. Delia, who did understand them, explained, and so an hour and a half passed on, and the work was done. Edna had succeeded in making a spirited sketch, and was satisfied that Mr. Boyd should take it with him when he rose to go.

"You have paid ten times what it is worth," said Mrs. Holcombe, when he presented Edna with the stipulated price.

"A small sum to pay for so good a picture, and a small sum to pay for the privilege of the hour I have spent here."

As Max said this, he felt a sudden moisture in his eyes. He had no sweet home memories; his childhood had been bleak, dark, and cold, his remembrance of his mother was full of pain. The kind words, the kind voice, the noble presence of the bishop's wife, the thought of that moment when it had fallen to his lot to make known to her the death of her child, drew him irresistibly towards her. He went away thinking more seriously than he had thought before of the good service it was within his power to render this household, of the means of education he might put within Edna's reach, of the adornments he would like to bring into the little house so fragrant with mignonette, of the pictures he would fain hang upon the walls.

As he walked homeward, he remembered John Edgar; and, as he told him later, when John was returning from the doctor's office, wanted to show him at once the likeness of himself which Edna had drawn. It would give

John a pleasure to see such good work; and he was curious to know the expression that satisfaction would find. He did not show his purchase to Christopher on his return; — Christopher would not care for such a trifle. If it had been his own work, however, he would have been quite sure that his brother would not have considered it a trifle. Maxwell was in fact quite certain, and well might be, that he sufficed for the heart, as business did for the brain, of Christopher.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE path which John Edgar took, when he left Max on his way home from Emerald, led him half a mile out of his way, but it brought him near to Mr. Holcombe's.

There was an evening meeting in the meeting-house, and he thought that he might possibly meet Edna on the road. He hardly knew why he wanted to see her just then. He was thoroughly angry with the doctor, and with Boyd, — and perhaps with Edna also. But for one thing, he would ask her about these drawings she had sold Max. Though he knew she was working for money, it displeased him that she should have been willing to take Maxwell's portrait. She had sat and studied him sufficiently to make his picture lifelike. That was in fact the chief cause of his displeasure. If he should meet her, because of this displeasure he would find it more easy to ask her about that mystery of her parentage, and to place her under a great debt of discovery to him.

As he walked along thinking of Edna she suddenly stood in the path before him. She had come from the meeting-house before the service was over, — it was so warm there, and her head ached, she said. But the truth was she had become uneasy in thinking about John; he might need her, and she had come out on purpose to seek for him. Her sense of the fact that he did need her, that since she had given herself to him things were going well with him, whereas before that they

had for the most part gone wrong (he was constantly telling her so, and the evidence of her own eyes corroborated his words), had made her life seem more important, had given it a new significance; and when she saw that he was not in the congregation she was troubled, and so finally walked out to learn where he was, and almost at once came upon him.

It warmed her heart to see him, for she thought he could not have come in that direction at that hour unless it was to find her. By the dim light she eagerly scanned his face, and saw that, though it looked disturbed, his eyes were not drunken. And so she was doubly glad.

"Are you going to the meeting?" she asked him.

"No," he said, "I am going to walk with you, if you will let me."

"Not down here, then; I don't like to walk by the creek. It makes me sick even to hear the sound of the water."

"Then we will go up the road. Will you take my arm? it is rough walking. Are you tired?"

"I could walk all night." So she took his hand, and they walked along together.

"You must tell me one thing, Edna," said John, after they had gone a short distance, for he had a great deal to say, and no time to lose; "what have you been drawing Maxwell Boyd for?"

"O, have you seen it? I was going to tell you. For pay, of course; just as you work for him. You are one of the hands; well, so am I."

"It is n't the same thing at all," said he, "and I wish you had not done it. I wish he had his ten dollars back. You can't ask him for the picture, I suppose, but you can return his money."

"Why do you wish me to do it, John?"

"Because, I think it is the right thing to do. If you are in need of the money, why should you not ask me for it? I have more than I shall use. And besides, if you do not wish to ask me, though all I have is yours, dear Edna,

it would be better for you to ask for your own."

"Ask for my own, John! what do you mean?"

"I am going to tell you. But it is not an easy thing to say. Come in here; this is the mouth of Pit Hole; we can sit here and rest, and I will tell you all about it."

But at the entrance of the old mine Edna hesitated. What was he going to tell her? Something that she did not know about herself?

"Will you come in?" he said. "I made a seat in here, and was going to tell you if you found yourself tired away from home, up here, you could step in and rest."

That acknowledgment of his thoughtfulness of her led Edna in.

"What is it you are going to tell me?" she asked, sitting down beside him. "Is it about myself?"

"Partly. But first I will tell you of a piece of good fortune I have had myself," said Edgar, finding it difficult to advance on the other line of speech. "I have a prospect of being taken into partnership in business by a gentleman. It depends on myself altogether, — on what I am able to do; so you see I shall be very hard at work now all the time. I can't tell you more about it just now, but I shall be able to pay every debt which you feel has been contracted for you by the kindness of other people."

"O John, how good you are!"

"But you know it is all I am living for, Edna, to serve you," he said, recollecting the doctor's words, which had implied that it was Edna's pity for him which had made her willing to live for him.

A few weeks before Edna would have answered, "And you are all I have to live for"; but since Rosa's death it had been revealed to her that there was a great deal in Mr. Holcombe's house for which she could and must live.

"If it had been me instead of Rosa, though, John, you would have borne it, and done just as well," said she. "And after a while, when all these good things

came to pass which you expect, you would have found somebody else, just as dear and a great deal better than I."

"Do you really believe that? Don't you know better? Don't you know that you are my angel? that I'm not the same man that I was before — before you promised? Edna, you must stand by me, and I will stand by you. You know what I am; you knew what I was that morning."

"John, John, do not talk so. I always see you when I look forward. There is nobody else in the world for me but you."

"Do you love me, Edna?"

"Yes, John, I do love you."

"Will — you kiss me Edna, as a sign that you do love me, and that nothing shall come between us?"

She bent down and kissed his hard hand.

"Nothing shall come between us," she said. She was so quiet, so composed, that he in turn became so. "You were going to tell me something about myself, John," she said. "What is it? what have I to ask for that is mine?"

"You have your father to ask for, Edna, and the property which belongs to you."

"I do not understand you, John. Whom shall I ask? Do you know? Shall I ask you?"

"I only know that you would be likely to get what you asked for. Mrs. Holcombe, I should think, would be the one to ask. She would be likely to know more about it than anybody. Annie was her friend, — was n't she?"

"Yes, her friend. But, John, if there was anything belonging to me, they would have told me. They would have told me long ago."

"Perhaps not. If they would, why did n't they, or why don't they?"

"Do *you* think they would keep back anything from me that was mine?" exclaimed Edna, after a short pause, in which her surprise had been growing into amazement. "Annie would have known, they would all have known, if

there was anything. Do you expect me to believe that they have all cheated me and wronged me? I do not, I cannot."

"I don't know what to think about it, that is the honest fact; ask Mrs. Holcombe, and then *perhaps* you will know more than I do; but, if you fail, I shall feel bound to go on with the investigation, as the guardian of your rights."

"Go on where? what with? Tell me all, tell me everything, dear John. You can't think how you have surprised me."

"I'll tell you that your father was a gentleman," said he.

"Do you suppose I did not know that?"

Nothing could have pleased John as did these words. How near the girl who was convinced that her father was a gentleman had allowed him to come to her!

"If you were my wife I should have everything made clear," said he. "I would ask questions of persons I thought most likely would be able to answer them. But you see, my darling, I can't go very far now even for you; people might think I was doing it for myself. But I know better. I know that if you had your rights, everything would be changed between us. Money changes everything."

"Not hearts."

"They say, hearts most."

"I don't believe it. But if you think there is a danger of that John, I shall never ask any questions. I don't want my heart to be changed about you. I know that nothing but you yourself could ever change it. And if I ask any question, it will be for you. I ought to go home. They will wonder where I am."

"But, Edna, before you go, promise me that you will ask."

"About my father?"

"Yes."

"Of Mrs. Holcombe?"

"Yes."

"But I could not ask for rights which I know nothing about."

"Well, ask that question and see what comes of it."

Edna reflected. At last she said, leading the way out of the mine: "John, if I do, it will be the hardest thing I ever did, and for your sake. I never could ask her to tell me what she has not thought best to tell me for my own sake. I think you could not ask me to do anything I ought not to do. If you should be mistaken, and I should let her think that I suspected she had kept back what she ought to have told me, it would be a great affliction to me. But I am going to trust you, dear."

Those last words John did not like to hear; they implied that the trust was an effort on Edna's part.

"My girl, you may," he said; and as they came out under the starlight he kissed her, not modestly on the hand, but bravely on the cheek, and so saw himself justified, and the day's humiliations atoned for.

All night Edna was thinking: "He could not have been so much in earnest about it if he had not known enough to make him sure. And he would not have urged me to ask, if he had not seen it was the best thing to do. I will do it for his sake."

And the next morning, while Delia was packing dried fruit in a jar and Edna was arranging the dishes on the kitchen shelves, she asked about her parents, and said that she would like to visit the place where she was born, that she might see the people who remembered her father and mother. Did Mrs. Holcombe ever see them? And did she remember them well? And did she, Edna, favor either of them?

Yes, — her father, Delia told her. Edna had always felt, she said, that she was more like her father than her mother; and Delia told her she was right, that she did much more resemble him. And he was a gentleman? O, yes.

As Delia answered these questions, she thought, "The child perhaps already knows all that I could tell her!"

"He must have been a poor man,

though," said Edna. "But then," she added, repenting that she had given her doubt even this much expression,—"but then he was a gentleman, and I always believed he was. O, I forgot"; and she walked hastily out of the room, as if she had left some work which must be at once attended to.

When she came back again, she made no further allusion to this subject; other thoughts had occupied her since she went. The doctor, on the lookout for her, had seen her as he drove past on the opposite bank of the stream, and had called to her, "Get your bonnet and come with me a mile or two," and she had gladly accepted his invitation. After what she had said to Mrs. Holcombe, the one desirable thing seemed to be to get away out of sight, the further the better. If there was nothing to tell, she had wronged her best friends by consenting to adopt the suspicions of others; if there was anything to tell, she did not want to know that the telling cost Mrs. Holcombe anything.

The doctor was in his usual cheery mood; it was exaltation of desire and purpose to ride by his side in the early morning along the mountain road. They had not gone far when he began to talk about her speculations,—wanted to know how they prospered, and she told him about the drawings. She told him, chiefly because she was a little disturbed by what John had said last night about taking money of Mr. Boyd, and she wished to know how the doctor would look at the transaction. He seemed greatly pleased, and said he should ask Boyd to let him look at the drawing, and was interested to know what she had made out of his handsome face. Then he told her that he had great expectations in regard to Faulkner and the sale of her little farm; he thought the last time he saw him Faulkner seemed inclined to close at seven hundred. That was the highest he would go. "Suppose we just drive round that way and see if he has gone to sleep over it," said the doctor.

"Do!" exclaimed Edna; and all the rest of the way she was from time to

time thinking what she would do supposing Faulkner should pay her seven hundred dollars for her land. But she had other thoughts too, that occupied her during that drive.

They visited Faulkner, and he haggled with the doctor for an hour, but finally came to terms; for the day had arrived when he must go to work on those fields of Edna's if he intended them to give him a crop the next year. The doctor urged him up to six hundred and ninety-five, and there he stopped, and could be urged no further.

"Take it," said Edna to the doctor; and so the bargain was sealed, and Faulkner promised to come down for the papers which the doctor, Annie Gell's executor, would have ready for him next day; he would bring the payment with him in full, he said, or else Boyd's bank would cash his note.

Going home the doctor asked her what she would do with so much money, and she answered, so promptly as to prove to him that the point had been for some time settled in her own mind, "Give it to Mrs. Holcombe."

"Well, we must see about that. I am your guardian, you know," he said.

"But you know," she answered, "I owe them everything."

"Yes, I know that. Well, we'll see about it," he said again.

Edna did not tell him that it seemed to her a small thing to give all she had into Mrs. Holcombe's hands, since she had, urged by a suspicion, asked her those questions in the morning.

"There's one thing I wanted to ask you," he said; "do you see much of John Edgar nowadays?"

"I saw him last evening."

Edna was glad that the doctor had asked the question, and, if he went a great deal further than this, she resolved she would answer him. She would feel easier if he knew all that had passed between John and herself.

"Is he doing well? I hear he is,—better at least than he was."

"O, yes," said Edna; "he is doing very well."

"I know he says so; but we cannot always take a person's testimony in such a matter. He has had such a poor record so far, that really it would be almost a miracle if he reformed entirely. I don't know that it is possible for him to reform. Such a fever in the blood as he has is likely to break out at any time."

"But good nursing and care keeps down a fever, and breaks it up, I have heard you say. It is better than medicine and all the doctors."

"That is true," said the doctor, gravely, "but I don't know what kind of nursing he would be likely to get."

"He might have a friend who could serve him."

"No, Edna, it is not likely; he will gang his ain gait, now straight, and now crooked, and all the watching of the best nurse that ever was would n't hinder that fever from getting the upper hand of him now and then."

It seemed a long time that the doctor drove along in silence; at last he said, "Edna, look in my face."

His eyes filled with tears as she did so. "Tell me all about it, darling," said he. But she was silent.

"Well, I cannot pry into your secrets, but *he* has told me that he means to marry you. I can't believe it, though. I don't see how it could happen. I don't intend to believe it, for he was never very careful about what he said since I knew him. If it is really true, you will tell me when you want me to know; meantime, I shall dismiss a thing so incredible from my mind."

"Why is it so incredible?" asked Edna.

"Why? Because you are Edna."

"But is there any other reason?" She was thinking that, if there was any secret to be told which she had a right to know, the doctor might be able to divulge it.

"There are more reasons than I can give just now. But you shall know them yet." The doctor gave Lightfoot a cut, and then occupied himself in restraining her. "You must have felt very lonely, and longed for a friend," said he. "But, my child, the thing I do not understand is how you should ever have allowed him to see that he had any right whatever to speak to you as — as a lover, if he has."

"Can I help it if you do not understand it?" said Edna. "It is not a mystery to me. If he seems worthless to you, he does not seem more so than I have appeared to myself."

"But your worthlessness is becoming less and less apparent to you, and will do so. You are a child; you have been in a dream. Think of Mrs. Holcombe the wife of old Lawson! what kind of marriage do you suppose that would be? Well this one would be about equal to that, according to my way of looking at things. Six months ago John would have told you I was his best friend. I know I am his friend. I know I am yours. I shall keep your secret. But there is one thing you must promise, Edna; you will invite me to your wedding. You will hide nothing from me. Everything shall be aboveboard."

He repeated that question, and came back to it when he saw that she had not answered it, until she had given him her promise. "Now I can rest," he thought. "Edna will not deceive me."

THE TRUE STORY OF LADY BYRON'S LIFE.

THE reading world of America has lately been presented with a book, which is said to sell rapidly, and which appears to meet with universal favor.

The subject of the book may be thus briefly stated: the mistress of Lord Byron comes before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slanders and aspersions cast on him by his wife. The story of the mistress *versus* wife may be summed up as follows: —

Lord Byron, the hero of the story, is represented as a human being endowed with every natural charm, gift, and grace, who by the one false step of an unsuitable marriage wrecked his whole life. A narrow-minded, cold-hearted precisian, without sufficient intellect to comprehend his genius or heart to feel for his temptations, formed with him one of those mere worldly marriages common in high life, and, finding that she could not reduce him to the mathematical proprieties and conventional rules of her own mode of life, suddenly and without warning abandoned him in the most cruel and inexplicable manner.

It is alleged that she parted from him in apparent affection and good-humor, wrote him a playful, confiding letter upon the way, but, after reaching her father's house, suddenly and without explanation announced to him that she would never see him again; that this sudden abandonment drew down upon him a perfect storm of scandalous stories, which his wife never contradicted; that she never in any way or shape stated what the exact reasons for her departure had been, and thus silently gave scope to all the malice of thousands of enemies. The sensitive victim was actually driven from England, his home broken up, and he doomed to be a lonely wanderer on foreign shores.

In Italy, under bluer skies and

among a gentler people, with more tolerant modes of judgment, the authoress intimates that he found peace and consolation. A lovely young Italian countess falls in love with him, and breaking her family ties for his sake, devotes herself to him, and in blissful retirement with her he finds at last that domestic life for which he was so fitted.

Soothed, calmed, and refreshed, he writes *Don Juan*, which the world is at this late hour informed was a poem with a high moral purpose, designed to be a practical illustration of the doctrine of total depravity among young gentlemen in high life.

Under the elevating influence of love, he rises at last to higher realms of moral excellence, and resolves to devote the rest of his life to some noble and heroic purpose, becomes the savior of Greece, and dies untimely, leaving a nation to mourn his loss.

The authoress dwells with a peculiar bitterness on Lady Byron's entire *silence* during all these years, as the most aggravated form of persecution and injury. She informs the world that Lord Byron wrote his autobiography with the purpose of giving a fair statement of the exact truth in the whole matter, and that Lady Byron bought up the manuscript of the publisher and insisted on its being destroyed unread, thus inflexibly depriving her husband of his last chance of a hearing before the tribunal of the public.

As a result of this silent, persistent cruelty on the part of a cold, correct, narrow-minded woman, the character of Lord Byron has been misunderstood, and his name transmitted to after ages clouded with aspersions and accusations which it is the object of this book to remove.

Such is the story of Lord Byron's mistress, — a story which is going the length of this American continent and

rousing up new sympathy with the poet, and doing its best to bring the youth of America once more under the power of that brilliant, seductive genius from which it was hoped they had escaped. Already we are seeing it revamped in magazine articles, which take up the slanders of the paramour and enlarge on them and wax eloquent in denunciation of the marble-hearted, insensible wife.

All this while it does not appear to occur to the thousands of unreflecting readers that they are listening merely to the story of Lord Byron's mistress and of Lord Byron, and that even by their own showing their heaviest accusation against Lady Byron is that *she has not spoken at all*; her story has never been told.

For many years after the rupture between Lord Byron and his wife, that poet's personality, fate, and happiness, had an interest for the whole civilized world, which we will venture to say was unparalleled. It is within the writer's recollection, how, in the obscure mountain town where she spent her early days, Lord Byron's separation from his wife was for a season the all-engrossing topic.

She remembers hearing her father recount at the breakfast-table the facts as they were given in the public papers, together with his own suppositions and theories of the causes.

Lord Byron's "Fare thee well," addressed to Lady Byron, was set to music and sung with tears by young school-girls, even in this distant America.

Madame de Staël said of this appeal, that she was sure it would have drawn her at once to his heart and his arms: *she* could have forgiven everything; and so said all the young ladies all over the world, not only in England, but in France and Germany, — wherever Byron's poetry appeared in translation.

Lady Byron's obdurate cold-heartedness in refusing even to listen to his prayers or to have any intercourse with him which might lead to reconciliation, was the one point conceded on all sides.

The stricter moralists defended her,

but gentler hearts throughout all the world regarded her as a marble-hearted monster of correctness and morality, a personification of the law unmitigated by the gospel.

Literature in its highest walks busied itself with Lady Byron. Wilson, in the character of the Ettrick Shepherd, devotes several eloquent passages to expatiating on the conjugal fidelity of a poor Highland shepherd's wife, who, by patience and prayer and forgiveness, succeeds in reclaiming her drunken husband and making a good man of him; and then points his moral by contrasting with this touching picture the cold-hearted, pharisaical correctness of Lady Byron.

Moore, in his "Life of Lord Byron," when beginning the recital of the series of disgraceful amours which formed the staple of his life in Venice, has this passage: —

"Highly censurable, in point of morality and decorum, as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame * * *, it was (with pain, I am forced to confess) venial in comparison with the strange, headlong career of license to which, when weaned from that connection, he so unrestrainedly and, it may be added, defyingly abandoned himself. Of the state of his mind on leaving England, I have already endeavored to convey some idea, and among the feelings that went to make up that self-centred spirit of resistance which he then opposed to his fate, was an indignant scorn for his own countrymen for the wrongs he thought they had done him. For a time *the kindly sentiments which he still harbored toward Lady Byron, and a sort of vague hope, perhaps, that all would yet come right again*, kept his mind in a mood somewhat more softened and docile, as well as sufficiently under the influence of English opinions to prevent his breaking out into open rebellion against it, as he unluckily did afterward.

"*By the failure of the attempted meditation with Lady Byron*, his last link with home was severed; while, notwithstanding the quiet and unobtrusive life

which he led at Geneva, there was as yet, he found, no cessation of the slanderous warfare against his character ; the same busy and misrepresenting spirit which had tracked his every step at home, having, with no less malicious watchfulness, dogged him into exile."

We should like to know what the misrepresentations and slanders must have been, when this sort of thing is admitted in Mr. Moore's *justification*. It seems to us rather wonderful how anybody, unless it were a person like the Countess Guiccioli, could misrepresent a life such as even Byron's friend admits he was leading.

During all these years, when he was setting at defiance every principle of morality and decorum, the interest of the female mind all over Europe in the conversion of this brilliant prodigal son was unceasing, and reflects the greatest credit upon the faith of the sex.

Madame de Staël commenced the first effort at evangelization immediately after he left England, and found her catechumen in a most edifying state of humility. He was metaphorically on his knees in penitence, and confessed himself a miserable sinner in the loveliest manner possible. Such sweetness and humility took all hearts. His conversations with Madame de Staël were printed and circulated all over the world, making it to appear that only the inflexibility of Lady Byron stood in the way of his entire conversion.

Lady Blessington, among many others, took him in hand five or six years afterward, and was greatly delighted with his docility and edified by his frank and free confessions of his miserable offences. Nothing now seemed wanting to bring the wanderer home to the fold, but a kind word from Lady Byron. But, when the fair Countess offered to mediate, the poet only shook his head in tragic despair ; "he had so many times tried in vain ; Lady Byron's course had been from the first that of obdurate silence."

Any one who would wish to see a specimen of the skill of the honorable poet in mystification will do well to

read a letter to Lady Byron, which Lord Byron, on parting from Lady Blessington, enclosed for her to read just before he went to Greece. He says :—

"The letter which I enclose *I was prevented from sending, by my despair of its doing any good*. I was perfectly sincere when I wrote it, and am so still. But it is difficult for me to withstand the thousand provocations on that subject which both friends and foes have for seven years been throwing in the way of a man whose feelings were once quick, and whose temper was never patient.

"TO LADY BYRON, CARE OF THE HON.
MRS. LEIGH, LONDON.

"PISA, NOVEMBER, 17, 1821.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of 'Ada's hair,' which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl,—perhaps from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why ;—I believe that they are the only two or three words of your handwriting in my possession. For your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word, 'Household,' written twice in an old account-book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons : firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable ; and, secondly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

"I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her ;—perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness ;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period,

rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

"I say all this, because I owe to you, that, notwithstanding everything, I considered our reunion as not impossible for more than a year after the separation;—but then I gave up the hope entirely and forever. But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connections. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember that, *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

"Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things, viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you

also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

"Yours ever,

"NOEL BYRON."

The artless Thomas Moore introduces this letter in the "*Life*," with the remark:—

"There are few, I should think, of my readers, who will not agree with me in pronouncing that, if the author of the following letter had not *right* on his side, he had at least most of those good feelings which are found in general to accompany it."

The reader is requested to take notice of the important admission that *the letter was never sent to Lady Byron at all*. It was, in fact, never *intended* for her, but was a nice little dramatic performance, composed simply with the view of acting on the sympathies of Lady Blessington and Byron's numerous female admirers; and the reader will agree with us, we think, that in this point of view it was very neatly done and deserves immortality as a work of high art. For six years he had been plunging into every kind of vice and excess, pleading his shattered domestic joys, and his wife's obdurate heart, as the apology and the impelling cause; filling the air with his shrieks and complaints concerning the slanders which pursued him, while he filled letters to his *confidential correspondents* with records of new mistresses. During all these years the silence of Lady Byron was unbroken, though Lord Byron not only drew in private on the sympathies of his female admirers, but employed his talents and position as an author in holding her up to contempt and ridicule, before thousands of readers. We shall quote at length his side of the story, which he published in the first Canto of *Don Juan*, that the reader may see how much reason he had for assuming the injured tone which he did in the letter to Lady Byron quoted above. That letter never was sent to her, and the unmanly and indecent caricature of her, and the indelicate exposure of the

whole story on his own side which we are about to quote, were the only communications that could have reached her solitude.

In the following verses, Lady Byron is represented as Donna Inez, and Lord Byron as Don Jose ; but the incidents and allusions were so very pointed, that nobody for a moment doubted whose history the poet was narrating.

"His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known —
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equalled by her wit alone ;
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groaned,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way, by all the things that she did.

"Her favorite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity ;
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy, — her morning-dress was dimity,
Her evening, silk, or in the summer, muslin
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

"Some women use their tongues, — she looked a
lecture,
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,
And all in all sufficient self-director,
Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly ;

"In short she was a walking calculation —
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their
covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or Cæleb's wife set out in quest of lovers.
Morality's prim personification,
In which not envy's self a flaw discovers.
'To others' share 'let female errors fall,'
For she had not even one, — the worst of all.

"O, she was perfect, past all parallel
Of any modern female saint's comparison ;
So far above the cunning powers of hell
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison ;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by Har-
rison.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her
Save thine 'incomparable oil,' Macassar.

"Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Insidious in this naughty world of ours, —

Don Jose like a lineal son of Eve
Went plucking various fruits without her leave.

"He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning or the learn'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dreamed his lady was concerned ;
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o'erturned,
Whispered he had a mistress, some said *two*,
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

"Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities,
Neglect indeed requires a saint to bear it,
And such indeed she was in her moralities ;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mixed up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

"This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard,
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days so unprepared,
That you might 'brain them with their lady's fan,'
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

"'T is a pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education ;
Or gentlemen, who, though well-born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation.
I don't choose to say much upon this head ;
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all ?

"Don Jose and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other not divorced, but dead ;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward sign of inward strife,
Until at length the smothered fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

"For Inez called some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad* ;
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad*.
Yet when they asked her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct, which seemed very odd.

"She kept a journal where his faults were noted,
And opened certain trunks of books and letters,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted.
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted) ;
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

"And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes ;
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses killed, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more.
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaimed, 'What magna-
nimity !'

This is the longest and most elaborate version of his own story that Byron ever published ; but he busied himself with many others, projecting at one time a Spanish Romance, in which the same story is related in the same

transparent manner; but this he was dissuaded from printing. The booksellers, however, made a good speculation in publishing what they called his domestic poems, — that is, poems bearing more or less relation to this subject.

Every person with whom he became acquainted, with any degree of intimacy, was made familiar with his side of the story. Moore's biography is from first to last, in its representations, founded upon Byron's communicativeness and Lady Byron's silence; and the world at last settled down to believing that the account so often repeated and never contradicted must be substantially a true one.

The true history of Lord and Lady Byron has long been perfectly understood in many circles in England, but the facts were of a nature that could not be made public. While there was a young daughter living, whose future might be prejudiced by its recital, and while there were other persons on whom the disclosure of the real truth would have been crushing as an avalanche, Lady Byron's only course was the perfect silence in which she took refuge, and those sublime works of charity and mercy to which she consecrated her blighted earthly life.

But the time is now come when the truth may be told. All the actors in the scene have disappeared from the stage of mortal existence, and passed, let us have faith to hope, into a world where they would desire to expiate their faults by a late publication of the truth.

No person in England, we think, would as yet take the responsibility of relating the true history which is to clear Lady Byron's memory. But, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, all the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to sleep, no public use would have been made of them; but

the appearance of a popular attack on the character of Lady Byron calls for a vindication, and the true story of her married life will, therefore, now be related.

Lord Byron has described, in one of his letters, the impression left upon his mind by a young person whom he met one evening in society, and who attracted his attention by the simplicity of her dress, and a certain air, of singular purity and calmness, with which she surveyed the scene around her.

On inquiry, he was told that this young person was Miss Milbanke, an only child, and one of the largest heiresses in England.

Lord Byron was fond of idealizing his experiences in poetry, and the friends of Lady Byron had no difficulty in recognizing the portrait of Lady Byron, as she appeared at this time of her life, in his exquisite description of Aurora Raby.

"There was

Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her class, —
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,
A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

"Early in years, and yet more infantine

In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.

All youth, but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave, as pitying man's decline;
Mournful, but mournful of another's crime,
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more.

"She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,

As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew;
Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne,
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength, most strange in one so young!"

Some idea of the course which their acquaintance took, and of the manner in which he was piqued into thinking of her is given in a stanza or two.

"The dashing and proud air of Adeline
Imposed not upon her; she saw her blaze
Much as she would have seen a glow-worm shine;
Then turned unto the stars for loftier rays.
Juan was something she could not divine,
Being no sibyl in the new world's ways;
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

"His fame, too, for he had that kind of fame
Which sometimes plays the deuce with woman-kind,
A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
Half virtues and whole vices being combined ;
Faults which attract because they are not tame ;
Follies tricked out so brightly that they blind ;
These seals upon her wax made no impression,
Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

"Aurora sat with that indifference
Which piques a *preux* chevalier, — as it ought.
Of all offences that 's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a thought.

"To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as urbanity
Required. Aurora scarcely looked aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
The Devil was in the girl ! Could it be pride ?
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity ?

"Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight, but select, and just enough to express,
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more than less.
Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than guess)
So far relaxed her thoughts from their sweet prison,
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

"But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,
Which showed such deference to what females say,
As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact, too, tempered him from grave to gay,
And taught him when to be reserved or free.
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

"Aurora — who, in her indifference,
Confounded him in common with the crowd
Of flatterers, though she deemed he had more sense
Than whispering foplings, or than wifings loud —
Commenced (from such slight things will great
commence)
To feel that flattery which attracts the proud,
Rather by deference than compliment,
And wins even by a delicate dissent.

"And then he had good looks ; that point was carried
Nem. con. amongst the women, . . .
Now though we know of old that looks deceive,
And always have done somehow, these good looks
Make more impression than the best of books.

"Aurora, who looked more on books than faces,
Was very young, although so very sage,
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
Especially upon a printed page.
But virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
Has not the natural stays of strict old age ;
And Socrates, that model of all duty,
Owned to a penchant, though discreet, for beauty."

The presence of this high-minded, thoughtful, unworldly woman is described through two cantos of the wild, rattling "Don Juan," in a manner that shows how deeply the poet was

capable of being affected by such an appeal to his higher nature.

For instance, when Don Juan sits silent and thoughtful amid a circle of persons who are talking scandal, the poet says : —

"'T is true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence ; she perhaps mistook
Its motive for that charity we owe,
But seldom pay, the absent.

"He gained esteem where it was worth the most,
And certainly Aurora had renewed
In him some feelings he had lately lost
Or hardened ; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine that I must deem them real.

"The love of higher things and better days,
The unbounded hope and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the world and the world's ways,
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindled manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

"And full of sentiments sublime as billows
Heaving between this world and worlds beyond,
Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
Arrived, retired to his. . . ."

In all these descriptions of a spiritual, unworldly nature, acting on the spiritual and unworldly part of his own nature, every one who ever knew Lady Byron intimately must have recognized the model from which he drew and the experience from which he spoke, even though nothing was further from his mind than to pay this tribute to the woman he had injured, and though, before these lines, which showed how truly he knew her real character, had come one stanza of ribald, vulgar caricature, designed as a slight to her.

"There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seemed the cream of equanimity
'Till skimmed, — and then there was some milk
and water.
With a slight shade of blue too, it might be
Beneath the surface ; but what did it matter ?
Love 's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,
And, being consumptive, live on a milk diet."

The result of Byron's intimacy with Miss Milbanke and the enkindling of his nobler feelings was an offer of marriage, which she, though at the time deeply interested in him, declined with many expressions of friendship and interest.

In fact, she already loved him, but had that doubt of her power to be to him all that a wife should be, which would be likely to arise in a mind so sensitively constituted and so unworldly. They however continued a correspondence as friends; on her part the interest continually increased, on his the transient rise of better feelings was choked and overgrown by the thorns of base, unworthy passions.

From the height at which he might have been happy as the husband of a noble woman, he fell into the depths of a secret adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society.

From henceforth, this damning guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish and insane dread of detection. Two years after his refusal by Miss Milbanke, his various friends, seeing that for some cause he was wretched, pressed marriage upon him.

Marriage has often been represented as the proper goal and terminus of a wild and dissipated career, and it has been supposed to be the appointed mission of good women to receive wandering prodigals, with all the rags and disgraces of their old life upon them, and put rings on their hands and shoes on their feet, and introduce them, clothed and in their right minds, to an honorable career in society.

Marriage was therefore universally recommended to Lord Byron by his numerous friends and well-wishers; and so he determined to marry, and, in an hour of reckless desperation, sat down and wrote proposals to two ladies. One was declined. The other, which was accepted, was to Miss Milbanke. The world knows well that he had the gift of expression, and will not be surprised that he wrote a very beautiful letter, and that the woman who had already learned to love him fell at once into the snare.

Her answer was a frank, outspoken

avowal of her love for him, giving herself to him heart and hand. The good in Lord Byron was not so utterly obliterated that he could receive such a letter without emotion, or practise such unfairness on a loving, trusting heart without pangs of remorse. He had sent the letter in mere recklessness; he had not seriously expected to be accepted, and the discovery of the treasure of affection which he had secured was like a vision of lost heaven to a soul in hell.

But, nevertheless, in his letters written about the engagement, there are sufficient evidences that his self-love was flattered at the preference accorded him by so superior a woman and one who had been so much sought. He mentions with an air of complacency that she has employed the last two years in refusing five or six of his acquaintance; that he had no idea she loved him, admitting that it was an old attachment on his part; he dwells on her virtues with a sort of pride of ownership. There is a sort of childish levity about the frankness of these letters, very characteristic of the man who skimmed over the deepest abysses with the lightest jests. Before the world, and to his intimates, he was acting the part of the successful *fiancé*, conscious all the while of the deadly secret that lay cold at the bottom of his heart.

When he went to visit Miss Milbanke's parents, as her accepted lover, she was struck with his manner and appearance; she saw him moody and gloomy, evidently wrestling with dark and desperate thoughts, and anything but what a happy and accepted lover should be. She sought an interview with him alone, and told him that she had observed that he was not happy in the engagement, and magnanimously added that, if on review he found he had been mistaken in the nature of his feelings, she would immediately release him, and they should remain only friends.

Overcome with the conflict of his feelings, Lord Byron fainted away.

Miss Milbanke was convinced that his heart must really be deeply involved in an attachment with reference to which he showed such strength of emotion, and she spoke no more of a dissolution of the engagement.

There is no reason to doubt that Byron was, as he relates in his *Dream*, profoundly agonized and agitated, when he stood before God's altar, with the trusting young creature whom he was leading to a fate so awfully tragic; yet it was not the memory of Mary Chaworth, but another guiltier and more damning memory that overshadowed that hour.

The moment the carriage doors were shut upon the bridegroom and the bride, the paroxysm of remorse and despair — unrepentant remorse and angry despair — broke forth upon her gentle head.

"You might have saved me from this, madam! you had all in your own power when I offered myself to you first. Then you might have made me what you pleased; but now you will find that you have married a *dévil*!"

In Miss Martineau's *Sketches*, recently published, is an account of the termination of this wedding journey, which brought them to one of Lady Byron's ancestral country-seats, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

Miss Martineau says: —

"At the altar she did not know that she was a sacrifice; but before sunset of that winter day she knew it, if a judgment may be formed from her face and attitude of despair when she alighted from the carriage on the afternoon of her marriage-day. It was not the traces of tears which won the sympathy of the old butler who stood at the open door. The bridegroom jumped out of the carriage and walked away. The bride alighted, and came up the steps alone, with a countenance and frame agonized and listless with evident horror and despair. The old servant longed to offer his arm to the young, lonely creature, as an assurance of sympathy and protection. From this shock she certainly rallied, and soon. The pecuniary difficulties of her new home

were exactly what a devoted spirit like hers was fitted to encounter. Her husband bore testimony, after the catastrophe, that a brighter being, a more sympathizing and agreeable companion, never blessed any man's home. When he afterward called her cold and mathematical, and over-pious, and so forth, it was when public opinion had gone against him, and when he had discovered that her fidelity and mercy, her silence and magnanimity, might be relied on, so that he was at full liberty to make his part good, as far as she was concerned.

"Silent she was even to her own parents, whose feelings she magnanimously spared. She did not act rashly in leaving him, though she had been most rash in marrying him."

Not all at once did the full knowledge of the dreadful reality into which she had entered come upon the young wife. She knew vaguely, from the wild avowals of the first hours of their marriage, that there was a dreadful secret of guilt, that Byron's soul was torn with agonies of remorse, and that he had no love to give to her in return for a love which was ready to do and dare all for him. Yet bravely she addressed herself to the task of soothing and pleasing and calming the man whom she had taken "for better or for worse."

Young and gifted, with a peculiar air of refined and spiritual beauty; graceful in every movement, possessed of exquisite taste; a perfect companion to his mind in all the higher walks of literary culture, and with that infinite pliability to all his varying, capricious moods which true love alone can give; bearing in her hand a princely fortune, which with a woman's uncalculating generosity was thrown at his feet, — there is no wonder that she might feel for a while as if she could enter the lists with the very Devil himself, and fight with a woman's weapons for the heart of her husband.

There are indications scattered through the letters of Lord Byron which, though brief indeed, showed that his young wife was making every effort

to accommodate herself to him, and to give him a cheerful home. One of the poems that he sends to his publisher about this time, he speaks of as being copied by her. He had always the highest regard for her literary judgments and opinions, and this little incident shows that she was already associating herself in a wifely fashion with his aims as an author.

The poem copied by her, however, has a sad meaning which she afterwards learned to understand only too well.

"There's not a joy the world can give like that it
takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
dull decay ;
'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone
that fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone e'er youth
itself be past.

"Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck
of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of
excess ;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points
in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never
stretch again."

Only a few days before she left him forever, Lord Byron sent Murray manuscripts, in Lady Byron's handwriting, of the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, and wrote : —

"I am very glad that the handwriting was a favorable omen of the *morale* of the piece ; but you must not trust to that, for my copyist would write out anything I desired, in all the ignorance of innocence."

There were lucid intervals in which Lord Byron felt the charm of his wife's mind and the strength of her powers. "Bell, you could be a poet too, if you only thought so," he would say. There were summer hours in her stormy life, the memory of which never left her, when Byron was as gentle and tender as he was beautiful ; when he seemed to be possessed by a good angel, and then for a little time all the ideal possibilities of his nature stood revealed.

The most dreadful men to live with are those who thus alternate between angel and devil. The buds of hope and love called out by a day or two of

sunshine are frozen again and again till the tree is killed.

But there came an hour of revelation, — an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and the accomplice of this infamy.

Many women would have been utterly crushed by such a disclosure ; some would have fled from him immediately, and exposed and denounced the crime. Lady Byron did neither. When all the hope of womanhood died out of her heart, there arose within her, stronger, purer, and brighter, that immortal kind of love such as God feels for the sinner, — the love of which Jesus spoke and which holds the one wanderer of more account than the ninety and nine that went not astray. She would neither leave her husband nor betray him, nor yet would she for one moment justify his sin ; and hence came two years of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes, for a while, the good angel seemed to gain ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence.

Lord Byron argued his case with himself and with her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind. He repudiated Christianity as authority, asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called "the impulses of nature." Subsequently he introduced into one of his dramas the reasoning by which he justified himself in incest.

In the drama of *Cain*, Adah the sister and the wife of Cain thus addresses him : —

"Cain ! walk not with this spirit,
Bear with what we have borne, and love me — I
Love thee.

Lucifer. More than thy mother and thy sire ?

Adah. I do. Is that a sin too ?

Lucifer. No, not yet ;

It one day will be in your children.

Adah.

What !

Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch ?

Lucifer. Not as thou lovest Cain.

Adah.

O, my God !

Shall they not love and bring forth things that love
Out of their love ? have they not drawn their milk

Out of this bosom? was not he, their father,
 Born of the same sole womb, in the same hour
 With me? did we not love each other? and
 In multiplying our being multiply
 Things which will love each other as we love
 Them? — And as I love thee, my Cain! go not
 Forth with this spirit, he is not of ours.

Lucifer. The sin I speak of is not of my making,
 And cannot be a sin in you, — whate'er
 It seems in those who will replace ye in
 Mortality.

Adam. What is the sin which is not
 Sin in itself? can circumstance make sin
 Of virtue? if it doth, we are the slaves
 Of — "

Lady Byron, though slight and almost infantine in her bodily presence, had the soul, not only of an angelic woman, but of a strong, reasoning man. It was the writer's lot to know her at a period when she formed the personal acquaintance of many of the very first minds of England; but, among all with whom this experience brought her in connection, there was none who impressed her so strongly as Lady Byron. There was an almost supernatural power of moral divination, a grasp of the very highest and most comprehensive things, that made her lightest opinions singularly impressive. No doubt this result was wrought out in a great degree from the anguish and conflict of these two years, when, with no one to help or counsel her but Almighty God, she wrestled and struggled with fiends of darkness for the redemption of her husband's soul.

She followed him through all his sophistical reasonings with a keener reason. She besought and implored, in the name of his better nature, and by all the glorious things that he was capable of being and doing; and she had just power enough to convulse and shake and agonize, but not power enough to subdue.

One of the first of living writers, in the novel of "*Romola*," has given, in her masterly sketch of the character of Tito, the whole history of the conflict of a woman like Lady Byron with a nature like that of her husband. She has described a being full of fascinations and sweetnesses, full of generousities and of good-natured impulses; a nature that could not bear to give pain, or to

see it in others, but entirely destitute of any firm moral principle; she shows how such a being, merely by yielding step by step to the impulses of passion, and disregarding the claims of truth and right, becomes involved in a fatality of evil, in which deceit, crime, and cruelty are a necessity, forcing him to persist in the basest ingratitude to the father who has done all for him, and hard-hearted treachery to the high-minded wife who has given herself to him wholly.

There are few scenes in literature more fearfully tragic than the one between *Romola* and *Tito*, when he finally discovers that she knows him fully, and can be deceived by him no more. Some such hour always must come for strong, decided natures irrevocably pledged, one to the service of good and the other to the slavery of evil. The demoniac cried out: "What have I to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to torment me before the time?" The presence of all-pitying purity and love was a torture to the soul possessed by the demon of evil.

These two years, in which Lady Byron was with all her soul struggling to bring her husband back to his better self, were a series of passionate convulsions.

During this time, such was the disordered and desperate state of his worldly affairs, that there were ten executions for debt levied on their family establishment; and it was Lady Byron's fortune each time which settled the account.

Toward the last she and her husband saw less and less of each other, and he came more and more decidedly under evil influences and seemed to acquire a sort of hatred of her.

Lady Byron once said significantly to a friend who spoke of some causeless dislike in another: "My dear, I have known people to be hated for no other reason than because they impersonated conscience."

The biographers of Lord Byron and all his apologists are careful to narrate how sweet, and amiable, and obliging he was to everybody who approached

him; and the saying of Fletcher, his man-servant, that "*anybody* could do anything with my Lord, except my Lady," has often been quoted.

The reason of all this will now be evident. "My Lady," was the only one fully understanding the deep and dreadful secrets of his life who had the courage resolutely and persistently and inflexibly to plant herself in his way and insist upon it that, if he went to destruction, it should be in spite of her best efforts.

He had tried his strength with her fully. The first attempt had been to make her an accomplice by sophistry; by destroying her faith in Christianity, and confusing her sense of right and wrong, to bring her into the ranks of those convenient women who regard the marriage tie only as a friendly alliance to cover license on both sides.

When her husband described to her the continental latitude, — the good-humored marriage, in which complaisant couples mutually agreed to form the cloak for each other's infidelities, — and gave her to understand that in this way alone she could have a peaceful and friendly life with him, she answered him simply: "I am too truly your friend to do this."

When Lord Byron found that he had to do with one who would not yield, who knew him fully, who could not be blinded and could not be deceived, he determined to rid himself of her altogether.

It was when the state of affairs between herself and her husband seemed darkest and most hopeless, that the only child of this union was born. Lord Byron's treatment of his wife during the sensitive period that preceded the birth of this child, and during her confinement, was marked by paroxysms of unmanly brutality, for which the only possible charity on her part was the supposition of insanity. Moore sheds a significant light on this period, by telling us that about this time Byron was often drunk day after day with Sheridan. There had been insanity in the family, and this was the plea which

Lady Byron's love put in for him. She regarded him as, if not insane, at least so nearly approaching the boundaries of insanity as to be a subject of forbearance and tender pity and she loved him with that love resembling a mother's, which good wives often feel when they have lost all faith in their husbands' principles, and all hopes of their affections. Still she was in heart and soul his best friend, true to him with a truth which he himself could not shake.

In the verses addressed to his daughter, Lord Byron speaks of her as

"The child of love, though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion."

A day or two after the birth of this child, Lord Byron came suddenly into Lady Byron's room, and told her that her mother was dead. It was an utter falsehood, but it was only one of the many nameless injuries and cruelties by which he expressed his hatred of her. A short time after her confinement, she was informed by him, in a note, that as soon as she was able to travel she must go, — that he could not and would not longer have her about him; and, when her child was only five weeks old, he carried this threat of expulsion into effect.

Here we will insert briefly Lady Byron's own account — the only one she ever gave to the public — of this separation. The circumstances under which this brief story was written are affecting.

Lord Byron was dead. The whole account between him and her was closed forever in this world. Moore's "Life" had been prepared, containing simply and solely Lord Byron's own version of their story. Moore sent this version to Lady Byron, and requested to know if she had any remarks to make upon it. In reply, she sent a brief statement to him, — the first and only one that had come from her during all the years of the separation, and which appears to have mainly for its object the exculpation of her father and mother from the charge made by the poet of being the instigators of the separation.

In this letter she says, with regard to their separation:—

"The facts are: I left London for Kirby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. LORD BYRON HAD SIGNIFIED TO ME IN WRITING, JANUARY 6TH, HIS ABSOLUTE DESIRE THAT I SHOULD LEAVE LONDON ON THE EARLIEST DAY THAT I COULD CONVENIENTLY FIX. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure it had been strongly impressed upon my mind that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived, in a great measure, from the communications made me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunity than myself for observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself.

"*With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend, January 8th, respecting the supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, assuming the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that, in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the conduct of Lord Byron toward me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for *me*, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest at that moment a sense of injury."

Nothing more than this letter from Lady Byron is necessary to substantiate the fact that she did not *leave* her husband, but *was driven* from him, — driven from him that he might give

himself up to the guilty infatuation that was consuming him, without being tortured by her imploring face and by the silent power of her presence and her prayers.

For a long time before this she had seen little of him. On the day of her departure she passed by the door of his room, and stopped to caress his favorite spaniel, which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into the room where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, "Byron, I come to say good by," offering at the same time her hand.

Lord Byron put his hands behind him, retreated to the mantel-piece, and, looking round on the two that stood there with a sarcastic smile, said, "When shall we three meet again?" Lady Byron answered, "In Heaven, I trust;" and those were her last words to him on earth.

Now, if the reader wishes to understand the real talents of Lord Byron for deception and dissimulation, let him read, with this story in his mind, the "Fare thee well," which he addressed to Lady Byron through the printer:—

"Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well.
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Thou canst never know again.

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?"

The reaction of society against him at the time of the separation from his wife was something which he had not expected, and for which, it appears, he was entirely unprepared. It broke up the guilty intrigue, and drove him from England. He had not courage to meet or endure it. The world, to be sure, was very far from suspecting what the truth was, but the tide was setting

against him with such vehemence as to make him tremble every hour lest the whole should be known; and henceforth it became a warfare of desperation to make his story good, no matter at whose expense.

He had tact enough to perceive at first that the assumption of the pathetic and the magnanimous, and general confessions of faults, accompanied with admissions of his wife's goodness, would be the best policy in his case. In this mood he thus writes to Moore:—

"The fault was not in my choice (unless in choosing at all), for I do not believe and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable, agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself."

As there must be somewhere a scapegoat to bear the sin of the affair, Lord Byron wrote a poem called "A Sketch," in which he lays the blame of stirring up strife on a friend and former governess of Lady Byron's, but in this sketch he introduces the following just eulogy on Lady Byron:—

"Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind
Which flattery fooled not, baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not, near contagion soil,
Indulgence weaken, nor example spoil,
Nor mastered science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown,
Nor genius swell, nor beauty render vain,
Nor envy ruffle to retaliate pain,
Nor fortune change, pride raise, nor passion bow
Nor virtue teach austerity, —till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness, — to forgive.
Too shocked at faults her soul can never know,
She deemed that all could be like her below.
Foe to all vice, yet hardly virtue's friend,
For virtue pardons those she would amend."

In leaving England, Lord Byron first went to Switzerland, where he conceived and in part wrote out the tragedy of "Manfred." Moore speaks of his domestic misfortunes, and the sufferings which he underwent at this time, as having an influence in stimulating his genius, so that he was enabled to write with a greater power.

Anybody who reads the tragedy of

"Manfred" with this story in his mind will see that it is true.

The hero is represented as a gloomy misanthrope, dwelling with impenitent remorse on the memory of an incestuous passion which has been the destruction of his sister for this life and the life to come; but which, to the very last gasp, he despairingly refuses to repent of, even while he sees the fiends of darkness rising to take possession of his departing soul. That Byron knew his own guilt well, and judged himself severely, may be gathered from passages in this poem, which are as powerful as human language can be made. For instance, this part of the "Incantation," which Moore says was written at this time:—

"Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art rapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And forever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell."

"From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which had strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatched the snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake;
From thy own lips I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known
I found the strongest was thine own."

"By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy,
By the perfection of thine art
Which passed for human thine own heart,
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper hell!"

Again, he represents Manfred as saying to the old Abbot, who seeks to bring him to repentance:—

"Old man, there is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
Nor agony, nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself,
Would make a hell of heaven, can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense

Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
He deals on his own soul."

And when the Abbot tells him,

"All this is well,
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
With calm assurance to that blessed place
Which all who seek may win, whatever be
Their earthly errors,"

he answers,

"It is too late."

Then the old Abbot soliloquizes: —

"This should have been a noble creature; he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled: as it is,
It is an awful chaos, — light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and pure thoughts
Mixed, and contending without end or order.

The world can easily see, in Moore's biography, what, after this, was the course of Lord Byron's life, — how he went from shame to shame, and dishonor to dishonor, and used the fortune which his wife brought him in the manner described in those private letters which his biographer was left to print. Moore, indeed, says Byron had made the resolution not to touch his lady's fortune, but adds that it required more self-command than he possessed to carry out so honorable a purpose.

Lady Byron made but one condition with him. She had him in her power, and she exacted that the unhappy partner of his sins should not follow him out of England, and that the ruinous intrigue should be given up. Her inflexibility on this point kept up that enmity which was constantly expressing itself in some publication or other, and which drew her and her private relations with him before the public.

The story of what Lady Byron did with the portion of her fortune which was reserved to her is a record of noble and skilfully administered charities. Pitiful and wise and strong, there was no form of human suffering or sorrow that did not find with her refuge and help. She gave not only systematically, but also impulsively.

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Miss Martineau claims for her the honor of having first invented practical schools, in which the children of the poor were turned into agriculturists, artisans, seamstresses, and good wives for poor men. While she managed with admirable skill and economy permanent institutions of this sort, she was always ready to relieve suffering in any form. The fugitive slaves, William and Ellen Crafts, escaping to England, were fostered by her protecting care.

In many cases, where there was distress or anxiety from poverty among those too self-respecting to make their sufferings known, the delicate hand of Lady Byron ministered to the want with a consideration which spared the most refined feelings.

As a mother, her course was embarrassed by peculiar trials. The daughter inherited from the father not only brilliant talents, but a restlessness and morbid sensibility which might be too surely traced to the storms and agitations of the period in which she was born. It was necessary to bring her up in ignorance of the true history of her mother's life, and the consequence was that she could not fully understand that mother.

During her early girlhood, her career was a source of more anxiety than of comfort. She married a man of fashion, ran a brilliant course as a gay woman of fashion, and died early of a lingering and painful disease.

In the silence and shaded retirement of the sick-room, the daughter came wholly back to her mother's arms and heart; and it was on that mother's bosom that she leaned, as she went down into the dark valley. It was that mother who placed her weak and dying hand in that of her Almighty Saviour.

To the children left by her daughter she ministered with the faithfulness of a guardian angel; and it is owing to her influence that those who yet remain are among the best and noblest of mankind.

The person whose relations with By-

ron had been so disastrous, also, in the latter years of her life, felt Lady Byron's loving and ennobling influences, and in her last sickness and dying hours looked to her for consolation and help.

There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was the one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and though her task was a difficult one, from the strange, abnormal propensities to evil in the object of her cares, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over, till death took the responsibility from her hands.

During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Lord Byron would finally conquer was unshaken.

To a friend who said to her, "O, how could you love him!" she answered, briefly, "My dear, there was the angel in him." It is in us all.

It was in this angel that she had faith. It was for the deliverance of this angel from degradation and shame and sin that she unceasingly prayed. She read every work that Byron wrote, — read it with a deeper knowledge than any human being but herself could possess. The ribaldry and the obscenity and the insults, with which he strove to make her ridiculous in the world, fell at her pitying feet unheeded.

When he broke away from all this unworthy life to devote himself to a manly enterprise for the redemption of Greece, she thought that she saw the beginning of an answer to her prayers. Even although one of his latest acts concerning her was to repeat to Lady Blessington the false accusation which made Lady Byron the author of all his errors, she still had hopes, from the one step taken in the right direction.

In the midst of these hopes came the news of his sudden death. On his death-bed, it is well known that he called his confidential English servant to him, and said to him, "Go to my sister — tell her — go to Lady Byron — you will see her and say" —

Here followed twenty minutes of indistinct mutterings, in which the names of his wife, daughter, and sister frequently occurred. He then said, "Now, I have told you all."

"My Lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word your Lordship has been saying."

"Not understand me!" exclaimed Lord Byron with a look of the utmost distress, "what a pity! — then it is too late — all is over!" He afterwards, says Moore, tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible except "my sister — my child."

When Fletcher returned to London, Lady Byron sent for him, and walked the room in convulsive struggles to repress her tears and sobs, while she over and over again strove to elicit something from him which should enlighten her upon what that last message had been; but in vain, — the gates of eternity were shut in her face, and not a word had passed to tell her if he had repented.

For all that, Lady Byron never doubted his salvation. Ever before her, during the few remaining years of her widowhood, was the image of her husband, purified and ennobled, with the shadows of earth forever dissipated, the stains of sin forever removed, — "the angel in him," as she expressed it, "made perfect, according to its divine ideal."

Never has more divine strength of faith and love existed in woman. Out of the depths of her own loving and merciful nature, she gained such views of the Divine love and mercy as made all hopes possible. There was no soul of whose future Lady Byron despaired. Such was her boundless faith in the redeeming power of love.

After Byron's death, the life of this delicate creature — so frail in body that she seemed always hovering on the brink of the eternal world, yet so strong in spirit and so unceasing in her various ministries of mercy — was a miracle of mingled weakness and strength.

To talk with her seemed to the writer

of this sketch the nearest possible approach to talking with one of the spirits of the just made perfect.

She was gentle, artless, approachable as a little child, with ready, outflowing sympathy for the cares and sorrows and interests of all who approached her, with a naïve and gentle playfulness, that adorned, without hiding, the breadth and strength of her mind, and, above all, with a clear, divining, moral discrimination, never mistaking wrong for right in the slightest shade, yet with a mercifulness that made allowance for every weakness and pitied every sin.

There was so much of Christ in her, that to have seen her seemed to be to have drawn near to heaven. She was one of those few whom absence cannot estrange from friends, whose mere presence in this world seems always a help to every generous thought, a strength to every good purpose, a comfort in every sorrow.

Living so near the confines of the spiritual world, she seemed already to see into it. Hence the words of comfort which she addressed to a friend who had lost a son:—

“Dear friend, remember, as long as our loved ones are in *God's* world, they are in *ours*.”

It has been thought by some friends who have read the proof-sheets of the foregoing, that the author should state more specifically her authority for these statements.

The circumstances which led the writer to England at a certain time originated a friendship and correspondence with Lady Byron, which was always regarded as one of the greatest acquisitions of that visit.

On the occasion of a second visit to England, in 1856, the writer received a note from Lady Byron, indicating that she wished to have some private, confidential conversation upon important subjects, and inviting her for that purpose to spend a day with her at her country-seat near London.

The writer went and spent a day with

Lady Byron alone, and the object of the invitation was explained to her. Lady Byron was in such a state of health that her physicians had warned her that she had very little time to live. She was engaged in those duties and retrospections which every thoughtful person finds necessary, when coming deliberately and with open eyes to the boundaries of this mortal life.

At that time there was a cheap edition of Byron's works in contemplation, intended to bring his writings into circulation among the masses, and the pathos arising from the story of his domestic misfortunes was one great means relied on for giving it currency.

Under these circumstances, some of Lady Byron's friends had proposed the question to her, *whether she had not a responsibility to society for the truth*; whether *she did right* to allow these writings to gain influence over the popular mind, by giving a silent consent to what she knew to be utter falsehoods.

Lady Byron's whole life had been passed in the most heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, and she had now to consider whether one more act of self-denial was not required of her before leaving this world,—namely, to declare the absolute truth, no matter at what expense to her own feelings.

For this reason it was her desire to recount the whole history to a person of another country, and entirely out of the sphere of personal and local feelings which might be supposed to influence those in the country and station in life where the events really happened, in order that she might be helped by such a person's views in making up an opinion as to her own duty.

The interview had almost the solemnity of a death-bed avowal. Lady Byron stated the facts which have been embodied in this article, and gave to the writer a paper containing a brief memorandum of the whole, with the dates affixed.

We have already spoken of that singular sense of the reality of the spiritual world which seemed to encompass Lady Byron during the last part of her

life, and which made her words and actions seem more like those of a blessed being detached from earth than of an ordinary mortal. All her modes of looking at things, all her motives of action, all her involuntary exhibitions of emotion were so high above any common level, and so entirely regulated by the most unworldly causes, that it would seem difficult to make the ordinary world understand exactly how the thing seemed to lie before her mind. What impressed the writer more strongly than anything else was Lady Byron's perfect conviction that her husband was now a redeemed spirit; that he looked back with pain and shame and regret on all that was unworthy in his past life; and that, if he could speak or could act in the case, he would desire to prevent the farther circulation of base falsehoods, and of seductive poetry, which had been made the vehicle of morbid and unworthy passions.

Lady Byron's experience had led her to apply the powers of her strong philosophical mind to the study of mental pathology, and she had become satisfied that the solution of the painful problem which first occurred to her as a young wife was, after all, the true one, — namely, that Lord Byron had been one of those unfortunately constituted persons in whom the balance of nature is so critically hung that it is always in danger of dipping towards insanity, and that in certain periods of his life he was so far under the influence of mental disorder as not to be fully responsible for his actions.

She went over, with a brief and clear analysis, the history of his whole life as she had thought it out during the lonely musings of her widowhood. She dwelt on the ancestral causes that gave him a nature of exceptional and dangerous susceptibility. She went through the mismanagements of his childhood, the history of his school-days, the influence of the ordinary school course of classical reading on such a mind as his. She sketched boldly and clearly the internal life of the young men of the time as she with

her purer eyes had looked through it, and showed how habits, which with less susceptible fibre and coarser strength of nature were tolerable for his companions, were deadly to him, unhinging his nervous system, and intensifying the dangers of ancestral proclivities. Lady Byron expressed the feeling, too, that the Calvinistic theology, as heard in Scotland, had proved in his case, as it often does in certain minds, a subtle poison. He never could either disbelieve or become reconciled to it, and the sore problems it proposes embittered his spirit against Christianity.

"The worst of it is, I *do believe*," he would often say with violence, when he had been employing all his powers of reason, wit, and ridicule upon these subjects.

Through all this sorrowful history was to be seen, not the care of a slandered woman to make her story good, but the pathetic anxiety of a mother who treasures every particle of hope, every intimation of good, in the son whom she cannot cease to love. With indescribable resignation, she dwelt on those last hours, those words addressed to her never to be understood till repeated in eternity.

But all this she looked upon as forever past; believing that, with the dropping of the earthly life, these morbid impulses and influences ceased, and that higher nature which he often so beautifully expressed in his poems became the triumphant one.

While speaking on this subject her pale, ethereal face became luminous with a heavenly radiance; there was something so sublime in her belief in the victory of love over evil, that faith with her seemed to have become sight. She seemed so clearly to perceive the divine ideal of the man she had loved and for whose salvation she had been called to suffer and labor and pray, that all memories of his past unworthiness fell away and were lost.

Her love was never the doting fondness of weak women; it was the appreciative and discriminating love by which a higher nature recognized godlike capa-

bilities under all the dust and defilement of misuse and passion ; and she never doubted that the love, which in her was so strong that no injury or insult could shake it, was yet stronger in the God who made her capable of such a devotion, and that in Him it was accompanied by power to subdue all things to itself.

The writer was so impressed and excited by the whole scene and recital that she begged for two or three days to deliberate, before forming any opinion. She took the memorandum with her, returned to London and gave a day or two to the consideration of the subject. The decision which she made was chiefly influenced by her reverence and affection for Lady Byron. She seemed so frail, she had suffered so much, she stood at such a height above the comprehension of the coarse and common world, that the author had a feeling that it would almost be like violating a shrine, to ask her to come forth from the sanctuary of a silence where she had so long abode and plead her cause. She wrote to Lady Byron that while this act of justice did seem to be called for, and to be in some respects most desirable, yet, as it would involve so much that was painful to her, the writer con-

sidered that Lady Byron would be entirely justifiable in leaving the truth to be disclosed after her death, and recommended that all the facts necessary should be put in the hands of some person, to be so published.

Years passed on. Lady Byron lingered four years after this interview, to the wonder of her physicians and all her friends.

After Lady Byron's death the writer looked anxiously, hoping to see a memoir of the person whom she considered the most remarkable woman that England has produced in the century. No such memoir has appeared on the part of her friends ; and the mistress of Lord Byron has the ear of the public, and is sowing far and wide unworthy slanders, which are eagerly gathered up and read by an indiscriminating community.

There may be family reasons in England which prevent Lady Byron's friends from speaking ; but Lady Byron has an American name and an American existence, and reverence for pure womanhood is, we think, a national characteristic of the American ; and, so far as this country is concerned, we feel that the public should have this refutation of the slanders of the Countess Guiccioli's book.

JACOB FLINT'S JOURNEY.

IF there ever was a man crushed out of all courage, all self-reliance, all comfort in life, it was Jacob Flint. Why this should have been neither he nor any one else could have explained ; but so it was. On the day that he first went to school his shy, frightened face marked him as fair game for the rougher and stronger boys, and they subjected him to all those exquisite refinements of torture which boys seem to get by the direct inspiration of the Devil. There was no form of their bullying meanness or the cowardice of their brutal strength which he did not

experience. He was born under a fading or falling star, — the inheritor of some anxious or unhappy mood of his parents, which gave its fast color to the threads out of which his innocent being was woven.

Even the good people of the neighborhood, never accustomed to look below the externals of appearance and manner, saw in his shrinking face and awkward motions only the signs of a cringing, abject soul. "You'll be no more of a man than Jake Flint!" was the reproach which many a farmer addressed to his dilatory boy ; and thus

the parents, one and all, came to repeat the sins of the children.

If, therefore, at school and "before folks," Jacob's position was always uncomfortable and depressing, it was little more cheering at home. His parents, as all the neighbors believed, had been unhappily married, and, though the mother died in his early childhood, his father remained a moody, unsocial man, who rarely left his farm except on the 1st of April every year, when he went to the county town for the purpose of paying the interest upon a mortgage. The farm lay in a hollow between two hills, separated from the road by a thick wood, and the chimneys of the lonely old house looked in vain for a neighbor-smoke when they began to grow warm of a morning.

Beyond the barn and under the northern hill there was a log tenant-house, in which dwelt a negro couple, who, in the course of years, had become fixtures on the place and almost partners in it. Harry, the man, was the medium by which Samuel Flint kept up his necessary intercourse with the world beyond the valley; he took the horses to the blacksmith, the grain to the mill, the turkeys to market, and through his hands passed all the incomings and outgoings of the farm, except the annual interest on the mortgage. Sally, his wife, took care of the household, which, indeed, was a light and comfortable task, since the table was well supplied for her own sake, and there was no sharp eye to criticise her sweeping, dusting, and bed-making. The place had a forlorn, tumble-down aspect, quite in keeping with its lonely situation; but perhaps this very circumstance flattered the mood of its silent, melancholy owner and his unhappy son.

In all the neighborhood there was but one person with whom Jacob felt completely at ease, — but one who never joined in the general habit of making his name the butt of ridicule or contempt. This was Mrs. Ann Pardon, the hearty, active wife of Farmer Robert Pardon, who lived nearly a mile

farther down the brook. Jacob had won her good-will by some neighborly services, something so trifling, indeed, that the thought of a favor conferred never entered his mind. Ann Pardon saw that it did not; she detected a streak of most unconscious goodness under his uncouth, embarrassed ways, and she determined to cultivate it. No little tact was required, however, to coax the wild, forlorn creature into so much confidence as she desired to establish; but tact is a native quality of the heart no less than a social acquirement, and so she did the very thing necessary without thinking much about it.

Robert Pardon discovered by and by that Jacob was a steady, faithful hand in the harvest-field, at husking-time, or whenever any extra labor was required, and Jacob's father made no objection to his earning a penny in this way; and so he fell into the habit of spending his Saturday evenings at the Pardon farm-house, at first to talk over matters of work, and finally because it had become a welcome relief from his dreary life at home.

Now it happened that, on a Saturday in the beginning of haying-time, the village tailor sent home by Harry a new suit of light summer clothes, for which Jacob had been measured a month before. After supper he tried them on, the day's work being over, and Sally's admiration was so loud and emphatic that he felt himself growing red even to the small of his back.

"Now, don't go for to take 'em off, Mr. Jake," said she. "I spec' you're gwine down to Pardon's, and so you jist keep 'em on to show 'em all how nice you *kin* look."

The same thought had already entered Jacob's mind. Poor fellow! it was the highest form of pleasure of which he had ever allowed himself to conceive. If he had been called upon to pass through the village on first assuming the new clothes, every stitch would have pricked him as if the needle remained in it; but a quiet walk down

the brook-side, by the pleasant path through the thickets and over the fragrant meadows, with a consciousness of his own neatness and freshness at every step, and with kind Ann Pardon's commendation at the close, and the flattering curiosity of the children, — the only ones who never made fun of him, — all that was a delightful prospect. He could never, *never* forget himself, as he had seen other young fellows do ; but to remember himself agreeably was certainly the next best thing.

Jacob was already a well-grown man of twenty-three, and would have made a good enough appearance but for the stoop in his shoulders, and the drooping, uneasy way in which he carried his head. Many a time, when he was alone in the fields or woods, he had straightened himself, and looked courageously at the butts of the oak-trees or in the very eyes of the indifferent oxen ; but, when a human face drew near, some spring in his neck seemed to snap, some buckle around his shoulders to be drawn three holes tighter, and he found himself in the old posture. The ever-present thought of this weakness was the only drop of bitterness in his cup, as he followed the lonely path through the thickets.

Some spirit in the sweet, delicious freshness of the air, some voice in the mellow babble of the stream, leaping in and out of sight between the alders, some smile of light, lingering on the rising cornfields beyond the meadow and the melting purple of a distant hill, reached to the seclusion of his heart. He was soothed and cheered ; his head lifted itself in the presentiment of a future less lonely than the past, and the everlasting trouble vanished from his eyes.

Suddenly, at a turn of the path, two mowers from the meadow, with their scythes upon their shoulders, came upon him. He had not heard their feet on the deep turf. His chest relaxed, and his head began to sink ; then, with the most desperate effort of his life, he lifted it again, and, darting a rapid side glance at the men, hastened

by. They could not understand the mixed defiance and supplication of his face ; to them he only looked "queer."

"Been committin' a murder, have you?" asked one of them, grinning.

"Startin' off on his journey, I guess," said the other.

The next instant they were gone, and Jacob, with set teeth and clinched hands, smothered something that would have been a howl if he had given it voice. Sharp lines of pain were marked on his face, and, for the first time, the idea of resistance took fierce and bitter possession of his heart. But the mood was too unusual to last ; presently he shook his head, and walked on towards Pardon's farm-house.

Ann wore a smart gingham dress, and her first exclamation was : "Why, Jake ! how nice you look. And so you know all about it, too?"

"About what?"

"I see you don't," said she. "I was too fast ; but it makes no difference. I know you are willing to lend me a helping hand."

"O, to be sure," Jacob answered.

"And not mind a little company?"

Jacob's face suddenly clouded ; but he said, though with an effort : "No — not much — if I can be of any help."

"It's rather a joke, after all," Ann Pardon continued, speaking rapidly ; "they meant a surprise, a few of the young people ; but sister Becky found a way to send me word, or I might have been caught like Meribah Johnson last week, in the middle of my work ; eight or ten, she said, but more may drop in ; and it's moonlight and warm, so they'll be mostly under the trees ; and Robert won't be home till late, and I *do* want help in carrying chairs, and getting up some ice, and handing around ; and, though I know you don't care for merry-makings, you *can* help me out, you see —"

Here she paused. Jacob looked perplexed, but said nothing.

"Becky will help what she can, and while I'm in the kitchen she'll have an eye to things outside," she said.

Jacob's head was down again, and,

moreover, turned on one side, but his ear betrayed the mounting blood. Finally he answered, in a quick, husky voice: "Well, I'll do what I can. What's first?"

Thereupon he began to carry some benches from the veranda to a grassy bank beside the sycamore-tree. Ann Pardon wisely said no more of the coming surprise-party, but kept him so employed that, as the visitors arrived by twos and threes, the merriment was in full play almost before he was aware of it. Moreover, the night was a protecting presence: the moonlight poured splendidly upon the open turf beyond the sycamore, but every lilac-bush or trellis of woodbine made a nook of shade, wherein he could pause a moment and take courage for his duties. Becky Morton, Ann Pardon's youngest sister, frightened him a little every time she came to consult about the arrangement of seats or the distribution of refreshments; but it was a delightful, fascinating fear, such as he had never felt before in his life. He knew Becky, but he had never seen her in white and pink, with floating tresses, until now. In fact, he had hardly looked at her fairly, but now, as she glided into the moonlight and he paused in the shadow, his eyes took note of her exceeding beauty. Some sweet, confusing influence, he knew not what, passed into his blood.

The young men had brought a fiddler from the village, and it was not long before most of the company were treading the measures of reels or cotillons on the grass. How merry and happy they all were! How freely and unembarrassedly they moved and talked! By and by all became involved in the dance, and Jacob, left alone and unnoticed, drew nearer and nearer to the gay and beautiful life from which he was expelled.

With a long-drawn scream of the fiddle, the dance came to an end, and the dancers, laughing, chattering, panting, and fanning themselves, broke into groups and scattered over the enclosure before the house. Jacob was sur-

rounded before he could escape. Becky, with two lively girls in her wake, came up to him and said: "O Mr. Flint, why don't you dance?"

If he had stopped to consider, he would no doubt have replied very differently. But a hundred questions, stirred by what he had seen, were clamoring for light, and they threw the desperate impulse to his lips.

"If I *could* dance, would you dance with me?"

The two lively girls heard the words, and looked at Becky with roguish faces.

"O yes, take him for your next partner!" cried one.

"I will," said Becky, "after he comes back from his journey."

Then all three laughed. Jacob leaned against the tree, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Is it a bargain?" asked one of the girls.

"No," said he, and walked rapidly away.

He went to the house, and, finding that Robert had arrived, took his hat, and left by the rear door. There was a grassy alley between the orchard and garden, from which it was divided by a high hawthorn hedge. He had scarcely taken three paces on his way to the meadow, when the sound of the voice he had last heard, on the other side of the hedge, arrested his feet.

"Becky, I think you rather hurt Jake Flint," said the girl.

"Hardly," answered Becky; "he's used to that."

"Not if he likes you; and you might go further and fare worse."

"Well, I *must* say!" Becky exclaimed, with a laugh; "you'd like to see me stuck in that hollow, out of *your* way!"

"It's a good farm, I've heard," said the other.

"Yes, and covered with as much as it'll bear!"

Here the girls were called away to the dance. Jacob slowly walked up the dewy meadow, the sounds of fiddling, singing, and laughter growing fainter

behind him. "My journey!" he repeated to himself,— "my journey! why should n't I start on it now? Start off, and never come back?"

It was a very little thing, after all, which annoyed him, but the mention of it always touched a sore nerve of his nature. A dozen years before, when a boy at school, he had made a temporary friendship with another boy of his age, and had one day said to the latter, in the warmth of his first generous confidence: "When I am a little older, I shall make a great journey, and come back rich, and buy Whitney's place!"

Now, Whitney's place, with its stately old brick mansion, its avenue of silver firs, and its two hundred acres of clean, warm-lying land, was the finest, the most aristocratic property in all the neighborhood, and the boy-friend could not resist the temptation of repeating Jacob's grand design, for the endless amusement of the school. The betrayal hurt Jacob more keenly than the ridicule. It left a wound that never ceased to rankle; yet, with the inconceivable perversity of unthinking natures, precisely this joke (as the people supposed it to be) had been perpetuated, until "Jake Flint's Journey" was a synonyme for any absurd or extravagant expectation. Perhaps no one imagined how much pain he was keeping alive; for almost any other man than Jacob would have joined in the laugh against himself and thus good-naturedly buried the joke in time. "He's used to that," the people said, like Becky Morton, and they really supposed there was nothing unkind in the remark!

After Jacob had passed the thickets and entered the lonely hollow in which his father's house lay, his pace became slower and slower. He looked at the shabby old building, just touched by the moonlight, behind the swaying shadows of the weeping-willow, stopped, looked again, and finally seated himself on a stump beside the path.

"If I knew what to do!" he said to himself, rocking backwards and forwards, with his hands clasped over his knees, — "if I knew what to do!"

The spiritual tension of the evening reached its climax: he could bear no more. With a strong bodily shudder his tears burst forth, and the passion of his weeping filled him from head to foot. How long he wept he knew not; it seemed as if the hot fountains would never run dry. Suddenly and startlingly a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Boy, what does this mean?"

It was his father who stood before him.

Jacob looked up, like some shy animal brought to bay, his eyes full of a feeling mixed of fierceness and terror; but he said nothing.

His father seated himself on one of the roots of the old stump, laid one hand upon Jacob's knee, and said, with an unusual gentleness of manner, "I'd like to know what it is that troubles you so much."

After a pause, Jacob suddenly burst forth with: "Is there any reason why I should tell you? Do you care any more for me than the rest of 'em?"

"I did n't know as you wanted me to care for you particularly," said the father, almost deprecatingly. "I always thought you had friends of your own age."

"Friends? Devils!" exclaimed Jacob. "O, what have I done,— what is there so dreadful about me, that I should always be laughed at, and despised, and trampled upon? You are a great deal older than I am, father: what do you see in me? Tell me what it is, and how to get over it!"

The eyes of the two men met. Jacob saw his father's face grow pale in the moonlight, while he pressed his hand involuntarily upon his heart, as if struggling with some physical pain. At last he spoke, but his words were strange and incoherent.

"I could n't sleep," he said: "I got up again, and came out o' doors. The white ox had broken down the fence at the corner, and would soon have been in the cornfield. I thought it was that, maybe, but still your— your mother would come into my head. I was coming down the edge of the wood when I

saw you, and I don't know why it was that you seemed so different, all at once — ”

Here he paused, and was silent for a minute. Then he said, in a grave, commanding tone: “Just let me know the whole story. I have that much right yet.”

Jacob related the history of the evening, somewhat awkwardly and confusedly, it is true; but his father's brief, pointed questions kept him to the narrative, and forced him to explain the full significance of the expressions he repeated. At the mention of “Whitney's place,” a singular expression of malice touched the old man's face.

“Do you love Becky Morton?” he asked bluntly, when all had been told.

“I don't know,” Jacob stammered: “I think not; because when I seem to like her most, I feel afraid of her.”

“It's lucky that you're not sure of it!” exclaimed the old man with energy; “because you should never have her.”

“No,” said Jacob, with a mournful acquiescence, “I can never have her, or any other one.”

“But you shall!—and will when I help you. It's true, I've not seemed to care much about you, and I suppose you're free to think as you like; but this I say: I'll not stand by and see you spit upon! ‘Covered with as much as it'll bear!’ *That's* a piece o' luck anyhow. If we're poor, your wife must take your poverty with you, or she don't come into *my* doors. But, first of all, you must make your journey!”

“My journey!” repeated Jacob.

“Were n't you thinking of it this night, before you took your seat on that stump? A little more, and you'd have gone clean off, I reckon.”

Jacob was silent, and hung his head.

“Never mind! I've no right to think hard of it. In a week we'll have finished our haying, and then it's a fortnight to wheat; but, for that matter, Harry and I can manage the wheat by ourselves. You may take a month, two months, if anything comes of it.

Under a month I don't mean that you shall come back. I'll give you twenty dollars for a start; if you want more, you must earn it on the road, any way you please. And, mark you, Jacob! since you *are* poor, don't let anybody suppose you are rich. For my part, I shall not expect you to buy Whitney's place; all I ask is that you'll tell me, fair and square, just what things and what people you've got acquainted with. Get to bed now: the matter's settled; I will have it so.”

They rose and walked across the meadow to the house. Jacob had quite forgotten the events of the evening in the new prospect suddenly opened to him, which filled him with a wonderful confusion of fear and desire. His father said nothing more. They entered the lonely house together at midnight, and went to their beds; but Jacob slept very little.

Six days afterwards he left home, on a sparkling June morning, with a small bundle tied in a yellow silk handkerchief under his arm. His father had furnished him with the promised money, but had positively refused to tell him what road he should take, or what plan of action he should adopt. The only stipulation was that his absence from home should not be less than a month.

After he had passed the wood and reached the highway which followed the course of the brook, he paused to consider which course to take. Southward the road led past Pardon's, and he longed to see his only friends once more before encountering untried hazards; but the village was beyond, and he had no courage to walk through its one long street with a bundle, denoting a journey, under his arm. Northward he would have to pass the mill and blacksmith's shop at the crossroads. Then he remembered that he might easily wade the stream at a point where it was shallow, and keep in the shelter of the woods on the opposite hill until he struck the road farther on, and in that direction two or three miles would take him into a neighborhood where he was not known.

Once in the woods, an exquisite sense of freedom came upon him. There was nothing mocking in the soft, graceful stir of the expanded foliage, in the twittering of the unfrightened birds, or the scampering of the squirrels over the rustling carpet of dead leaves. He lay down upon the moss under a spreading beech-tree and tried to think; but the thoughts would not come. He could not even clearly recall the keen troubles and mortifications he had endured: all things were so peaceful and beautiful that a portion of their peace and beauty fell upon men and invested them with a more kindly character.

Towards noon Jacob found himself beyond the limited geography of his life. The first man he encountered was a stranger, who greeted him with a hearty and respectful, "How do you do, sir?"

"Perhaps," thought Jacob, "I am not so very different from other people, if I only thought so myself."

At noon, he stopped at a farm-house by the roadside to get a drink of water. A pleasant woman, who came from the door at that moment with a pitcher, allowed him to lower the bucket and haul it up dripping with precious coolness. She looked upon him with goodwill, for he had allowed her to see his eyes, and something in their honest, appealing expression went to her heart.

"We're going to have dinner in five minutes," said she; "won't you stay and take something?"

Jacob stayed and brake bread with the plain, hospitable family. Their kindly attention to him during the meal gave him the lacking nerve; for a moment he resolved to offer his services to the farmer, but he presently saw that they were not really needed, and, besides, the place was still too near home.

Towards night he reached an old country tavern, lording it over an incipient village of six houses. The landlord and hostler were inspecting a drooping-looking horse in front of the stables. Now, if there was anything which Jacob understood, to the extent

of his limited experience, it was horse nature. He drew near, listened to the views of the two men, examined the animal with his eyes, and was ready to answer, "Yes, I guess so," when the landlord said, "Perhaps, sir, you can tell what is the matter with him."

His prompt detection of the ailment, and prescription of a remedy which in an hour showed its good effects, installed him in the landlord's best graces. The latter said, "Well, it shall cost you nothing to-night," as he led the way to the supper-room. When Jacob went to bed, he was surprised on reflecting that he had not only been talking for a full hour in the bar-room, but had been looking the people in the face.

Resisting an offer of good wages if he would stay and help look after the stables, he set forward the next morning with a new and most delightful confidence in himself. The knowledge that now nobody knew him as "Jake Flint" quite removed his tortured self-consciousness. When he met a person who was glum and ungracious of speech, he saw, nevertheless, that he was not its special object. He was sometimes asked questions, to be sure, which a little embarrassed him, but he soon hit upon answers which were sufficiently true without betraying his purpose.

Wandering sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, he slowly made his way into the land, until, on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving home, he found himself in a rougher region,—a rocky, hilly tract, with small and not very flourishing farms in the valleys. Here the season appeared to be more backward than in the open country; the hay harvest was not yet over.

Jacob's taste for scenery was not particularly cultivated, but something in the loneliness and quiet of the farms reminded him of his own home; and he looked at one house after another, deliberating with himself whether it would not be a good place to spend the remainder of his month of probation.

He seemed to be very far from home, — about forty miles, in fact, — and was beginning to feel a little tired of wandering.

Finally the road climbed a low pass of the hills, and dropped into a valley on the opposite side. There was but one house in view, — a two-story building of logs and plaster, with a garden and orchard on the hillside in the rear. A large meadow stretched in front, and when the whole of it lay clear before him, as the road issued from a wood, his eye was caught by an unusual harvest picture.

Directly before him, a woman, whose face was concealed by a huge, flapping sun-bonnet, was seated upon a mowing-machine, guiding a span of horses around the great tract of thick grass which was still uncut. A little distance off, a boy and girl were raking the drier swaths together, and a hay-cart, drawn by oxen and driven by a man, was just entering the meadow from the side next the barn.

Jacob hung his bundle upon a stake, threw his coat and waistcoat over the rail, and, resting his chin on his shirted arms, leaned on the fence, and watched the haymakers. As the woman came down the nearer side, she appeared to notice him, for her head was turned from time to time in his direction. When she had made the round, she stopped the horses at the corner, sprang lightly from her seat and called to the man, who, leaving his team, met her half-way. They were nearly a furlong distant, but Jacob was quite sure that she pointed to him, and that the man looked in the same direction. Presently she set off across the meadow, directly towards him.

When within a few paces of the fence, she stopped, threw back the flaps of her sun-bonnet, and said, "Good day to you!"

Jacob was so amazed to see a bright, fresh, girlish face, that he stared at her with all his eyes, forgetting to drop his head. Indeed, he could not have done so, for his chin was propped upon the top rail of the fence.

"You are a stranger, I see," she added.

"Yes, in these parts," he replied.

"Looking for work?"

He hardly knew what answer to make, so he said, at a venture, "That's as it happens." Then he colored a little, for the words seemed foolish to his ears.

"Time's precious," said the girl, "so I'll tell you at once we want help. Our hay *must* be got in while the fine weather lasts."

"I'll help you!" Jacob exclaimed, taking his arms from the rail, and looking as willing as he felt.

"I'm so glad! But I must tell you, at first, that we're not rich, and the hands are asking a great deal now. How much do you expect?"

"Whatever you please," said he, climbing the fence.

"No, that's not our way of doing business. What do you say to a dollar a day, and found?"

"All right!" and with the words he was already at her side, taking long strides over the elastic turf.

"I will go on with my mowing," said she, when they reached the horses, "and you can rake and load with my father. What name shall I call you by?"

"Everybody calls me Jake."

"Jake!" Jacob is better. Well, Jacob, I hope you'll give us all the help you can."

With a nod and a light laugh she sprang upon the machine. There was a sweet throb in Jacob's heart, which, if he could have expressed it, would have been a triumphant shout of "I'm not afraid of her! I'm not afraid of her!"

The farmer was a kindly, depressed man, with whose quiet ways Jacob instantly felt himself at home. They worked steadily until sunset, when the girl, detaching her horses from the machine, mounted one of them and led the other to the barn. At the supper table, the farmer's wife said: "Susan, you must be very tired."

"Not now, mother!" she cheerily

answered. "I was, I think, but after I picked up Jacob I felt sure we should get our hay in."

"It was a good thing," said the farmer; "Jacob don't need to be told how to work."

Poor Jacob! He was so happy he could have cried. He sat and listened, and blushed a little, with a smile on his face which it was a pleasure to see. The honest people did not seem to regard him in the least as a stranger: they discussed their family interests and troubles and hopes before him, and in a little while it seemed as if he had known them always.

How faithfully he worked! How glad and tired he felt when night came, and the hay-mow was filled, and the great stacks grew beside the barn! But ah! the haying came to an end, and on the last evening, at supper, everybody was constrained and silent. Even Susan looked grave and thoughtful.

"Jacob," said the farmer, finally, "I wish we could keep you until wheat harvest; but you know we are poor, and can't afford it. Perhaps you could —"

He hesitated; but Jacob, catching at the chance and obeying his own unselfish impulse, cried: "O yes, I can! I'll be satisfied with my board, till the wheat's ripe!"

Susan looked at him quickly, with a bright, speaking face.

"It's hardly fair to you," said the farmer.

"But I like to be here so much!" Jacob cried. "I like — all of you!"

"We *do* seem to suit," said the farmer, "like as one family. And that reminds me, we've not heard your family name yet."

"Flint."

"Jacob *Flint*!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, with sudden agitation.

Jacob was scared and troubled. They had heard of him, he thought, and who knew what ridiculous stories? Susan noticed an anxiety on his face which she could not understand, but she unknowingly came to his relief.

"Why, mother," she asked, "do you know Jacob's family?"

"No, I think not," said her mother, "only somebody of the name, long ago."

His offer, however, was gratefully accepted. The bright, hot summer days came and went, but no flower of July ever opened as rapidly and richly and warmly, as his chilled, retarded nature. New thoughts and instincts came with every morning's sun, and new conclusions were reached with every evening's twilight. Yet, as the wheat harvest drew towards the end, he felt that he must leave the place. The month of absence had gone by, he scarce knew how. He was free to return home, and, though he might offer to bridge over the gap between wheat and oats, as he had already done between hay and wheat, he imagined the family might hesitate to accept such an offer. Moreover, this life at Susan's side was fast growing to be a pain, unless he could assure himself that it would be so forever.

They were in the wheat-field, busy with the last sheaves, she raking and he binding. The farmer and younger children had gone to the barn with a load. Jacob was working silently and steadily, but, when they had reached the end of a row, he stopped, wiped his wet brow, and suddenly said, "Susan, I suppose to-day finishes my work here?"

"Yes," she answered very slowly.

"And yet I'm very sorry to go."

"I — *we* don't want you to go, if we could help it."

Jacob appeared to struggle with himself. He attempted to speak. "If I could —" he brought out, and then paused. "Susan, would you be glad if I came back?"

His eyes implored her to read his meaning. No doubt she read it correctly, for her face flushed, her eyelids fell, and she barely murmured, "Yes, Jacob."

"Then I'll come!" he cried; "I'll come and help you with the oats. Don't talk of pay! Only tell me I'll

be welcome ! Susan, don't you believe I'll keep my word ? ”

“ I do, indeed,” said she, looking him firmly in the face.

That was all that was said at the time ; but the two understood each other tolerably well.

On the afternoon of the second day, Jacob saw again the lonely house of his father. His journey was made, yet, if any of the neighbors had seen him, they would never have believed that he had come back rich.

Samuel Flint turned away to hide a peculiar smile when he saw his son ; but little was said until late that evening, after Harry and Sally had left. Then he required and received an exact account of Jacob's experience during his absence. After hearing the story to the end, he said, “ And so you love this Susan Meadows ? ”

“ I'd — I'd do anything to be with her.”

“ Are you afraid of her ? ”

“ No ! ” Jacob uttered the word so emphatically that it rang through the house.

“ Ah, well ! ” said the old man, lifting his eyes and speaking in the air, “ all the harm may be mended yet. But there must be another test.” Then he was silent for some time.

“ I have it ! ” he finally exclaimed. “ Jacob, you must go back for the oats harvest. You must ask Susan to be your wife, and ask her parents to let you have her. But, — pay attention to my words ! — you must tell her that you are a poor, hired man on this place, and that she can be engaged as housekeeper. Don't speak of me as your father, but as the owner of the farm. Bring her here in that belief, and let me see how honest and willing she is. I can easily arrange matters with Harry and Sally while you are away ; and I'll only ask you to keep up the appearance of the thing for a month or so.”

“ But, father, — ” Jacob began.

“ Not a word ! Are you not willing to do that much for the sake of having her all your life, and this farm after me ? Suppose it is covered with a mortgage,

if she is all you say, you two can work it off. Not a word more ! It is no lie, after all, that you will tell her.”

“ I am afraid,” said Jacob, “ that she could not leave home now. She is too useful there, and the family is so poor.”

“ Tell them that both your wages, for the first year, shall go to them. It'll be my business to rake and scrape the money together somehow. Say, too, that the housekeeper's place can't be kept for her — must be filled at once. Push matters like a man, if you mean to be a complete one, and bring her here, if she carries no more with her than the clothes on her back ! ”

During the following days Jacob had time to familiarize his mind with this startling proposal. He knew his father's stubborn will too well to suppose that it could be changed ; but the inevitable soon converted itself into the possible and desirable. The sweet face of Susan, as she had stood before him in the wheat-field, was continually present to his eyes, and ere long he began to place her, in his thoughts, in the old rooms at home, in the garden, among the thickets by the brook, and in Ann Pardon's pleasant parlor. Enough ; his father's plan became his own long before the time was out.

On his second journey everybody seemed to be an old acquaintance and an intimate friend. It was evening as he approached the Meadows farm, but the younger children recognized him in the dusk, and their cry of “ O, here 's Jacob ! ” brought out the farmer and his wife and Susan, with the heartiest of welcomes. They had all missed him, they said ; even the horses and oxen had looked for him, and they were wondering how they should get the oats harvested without him.

Jacob looked at Susan as the farmer said this, and her eyes seemed to answer, “ I said nothing, but I knew you would come.” Then, first, he felt sufficient courage for the task before him.

He rose the next morning, before any one was stirring, and waited until she should come down stairs. The sun had not risen when she appeared, with a

milk-pail in each hand, walking unsuspectingly to the cow-yard. He waylaid her, took the pails in his hand and said, in nervous haste, "Susan, will you be my wife?"

She stopped as if she had received a sudden blow; then a shy, sweet consent seemed to run through her heart. "O Jacob!" was all she could say.

"But you will, Susan?" he urged; and then (neither of them exactly knew how it happened) all at once his arms were around her, and they had kissed each other.

"Susan," he said, presently, "I am a poor man, — only a farm-hand, and must work for my living. You could look for a better husband."

"I could never find a better than you, Jacob."

"Would you work with me, too, at the same place?"

"You know I am not afraid of work," she answered, "and I could never want any other lot than yours."

Then he told her the story which his father had prompted. Her face grew bright and happy as she listened, and he saw how from her very heart she accepted the humble fortune. Only the thought of her parents threw a cloud over the new and astonishing vision. Jacob, however, grew bolder as he saw fulfilment of his hope so near. They took the pails and seated themselves beside neighbor cows, one raising objections or misgivings which the other manfully combated. Jacob's earnestness unconsciously ran into his hands, as he discovered when the impatient cow began to snort and kick.

The harvesting of the oats was not commenced that morning. The children were sent away, and there was a council of four persons held in the parlor. The result of mutual protestations and much weeping was, that the farmer and his wife agreed to receive Jacob as a son-in-law; the offer of the wages was four times refused by them, and then accepted; and the chance of their being able to live and labor together was finally decided to be too fortunate to let slip. When the shock and surprise

was over all gradually became cheerful, and, as the matter was more calmly discussed, the first conjectured difficulties somehow resolved themselves into trifles.

It was the simplest and quietest wedding, — at home, on an August morning. Farmer Meadows then drove the bridal pair half-way on their journey, to the old country tavern, where a fresh conveyance had been engaged for them. The same evening they reached the farm-house in the valley, and Jacob's happy mood gave place to an anxious uncertainty as he remembered the period of deception upon which Susan was entering. He keenly watched his father's face when they arrived, and was a little relieved when he saw that his wife had made a good first impression.

"So, this is my new housekeeper," said the old man. "I hope you will suit me as well as your husband does."

"I'll do my best, sir," said she; "but you must have patience with me for a few days, until I know your ways and wishes."

"Mr. Flint," said Sally, "shall I get supper ready?"

Susan looked up in astonishment at hearing the name.

"Yes," the old man remarked, "we both have the same name. The fact is, Jacob and I are a sort of relations."

Jacob, in spite of his new happiness, continued ill at ease, although he could not help seeing how his father brightened under Susan's genial influence, how satisfied he was with her quick, neat, exact ways, and the cheerfulness with which she fulfilled her duties. At the end of a week, the old man counted out the wages agreed upon for both, and his delight culminated at the frank simplicity with which Susan took what she supposed she had fairly earned.

"Jacob," he whispered when she had left the room, "keep quiet one more week, and then I'll let her know."

He had scarcely spoken, when Susan burst into the room again, crying, "Jacob, they are coming, they have come!"

"Who?"

"Father and mother; and we did n't expect them, you know, for a week yet."

All three went to the door as the visitors made their appearance on the veranda. Two of the party stood as if thunderstruck, and two exclamations came together:—

"Samuel Flint!"

"Lucy Wheeler!"

There was a moment's silence; then the farmer's wife, with a visible effort to compose herself, said, "Lucy Meadows now."

The tears came into Samuel Flint's eyes. "Let us shake hands, Lucy," he said: "my son has married your daughter."

All but Jacob were freshly startled at these words. The two shook hands, and then Samuel, turning to Susan's father, said: "And this is your husband, Lucy. I am glad to make his acquaintance."

"Your father, Jacob!" Susan cried; "what does it all mean?"

Jacob's face grew red, and the old habit of hanging his head nearly came back upon him. He knew not what to say, and looked wistfully at his father.

"Come into the house and sit down," said the latter. "I think we shall all feel better when we have quietly and comfortably talked the matter over."

They went into the quaint, old-fashioned parlor, which had already been transformed by Susan's care, so that much of its shabbiness was hidden. When all were seated, and Samuel Flint perceived that none of the others knew what to say, he took a resolution which, for a man of his mood and habit of life, required some courage.

"Three of us here are old people," he began, "and the two young ones love each other. It was so long ago, Lucy, that it cannot be laid to my blame if I speak of it now. Your husband, I see, has an honest heart, and will not misunderstand either of us. The same thing often turns up in life; it is one of those secrets that everybody knows, and that everybody talks about

except the persons concerned. When I was a young man, Lucy, I loved you truly, and I faithfully meant to make you my wife."

"I thought so, too, for a while," said she, very calmly.

Farmer Meadows looked at his wife, and no face was ever more beautiful than his, with that expression of generous pity shining through it.

"You know how I acted," Samuel Flint continued, "but our children must also know, that I broke off from you without giving any reason. A woman came between us and made all the mischief. I was considered rich then, and she wanted to secure my money for her daughter. I was an innocent and unsuspecting young man, who believed that everybody else was as good as myself; and the woman never rested until she had turned me from my first love, and fastened me for life to another. Little by little I discovered the truth; I kept the knowledge of the injury to myself; I quickly got rid of the money which had so cursed me, and brought my wife to this, the loneliest and dreariest place in the neighborhood, where I forced upon her a life of poverty. I thought it was a just revenge, but I was unjust. She really loved me: she was, if not quite without blame in the matter, ignorant of the worst that had been done (I learned all that too late), and she never complained, though the change in me slowly wore out her life. I know now that I was cruel; but at the same time I punished myself, and was innocently punishing my son. But to *him* there was one way to make amends. 'I will help him to a wife,' I said, 'who will gladly take poverty with him and for his sake.' I forced him, against his will, to say that he was a hired hand on this place, and that Susan must be content to be a hired housekeeper. Now that I know Susan, I see that this proof might have been left out; but I guess it has done no harm. The place is not so heavily mortgaged as people think, and it will be Jacob's after I am gone. And now forgive me, all of you, — Lucy first, for she has most cause;

Jacob next ; and Susan, — that will be easier ; and you, Friend Meadows, if what I have said has been hard for you to hear."

The farmer stood up like a man, took Samuel's hand and his wife's, and said, in a broken voice : " Lucy, I ask you, too, to forgive him, and I ask you both to be good friends to each other."

Susan, dissolved in tears, kissed all of them in turn ; but the happiest heart there was Jacob's.

It was now easy for him to confide to his wife the complete story of his troubles, and to find his growing self-reliance strengthened by her quick, intelligent sympathy. The Pardons were better friends than ever, and the fact, which at first created great astonishment in the neighborhood, that Jacob Flint had really gone upon a journey and brought home a handsome wife, began to change the attitude of the people towards him. The old place was no longer so lonely ; the nearest neighbors began to drop in and insist on return visits. Now that Jacob kept his head up, and they got a fair view of his face, they discovered that he was not lacking, after all, in sense or social qualities.

In October, the Whitney place, which had been leased for several years, was advertised to be sold at public sale. The owner had gone to the city and become a successful merchant, had outlived his local attachments, and now took advantage of a rise in real estate to disburden himself of a property which he could not profitably control.

Everybody from far and wide attended the sale, and, when Jacob Flint and his father arrived, everybody said to the former : " Of course *you* 've come to buy, Jacob." But each man laughed at his own smartness, and considered the remark original with himself.

Jacob was no longer annoyed. He laughed, too, and answered : " I 'm afraid I can't do that ; but I 've kept half my word, which is more than most men do."

" Jake 's no fool, after all," was whispered behind him.

The bidding commenced, at first very spirited, and then gradually slacking off, as the price mounted above the means of the neighboring farmers. The chief aspirant was a stranger, a well-dressed man with a lawyer's air, whom nobody knew. After the usual long pauses and passionate exhortations, the hammer fell, and the auctioneer, turning to the stranger, asked, " What name ?"

" Jacob Flint !"

There was a general cry of surprise. All looked at Jacob, whose eyes and mouth showed that he was as dumb-founded as the rest.

The stranger walked coolly through the midst of the crowd to Samuel Flint, and said, " When shall I have the papers drawn up ?"

" As soon as you can," the old man replied ; then seizing Jacob by the arm, with the words, " Let 's go home now !" he hurried him off.

The explanation soon leaked out. Samuel Flint had not thrown away his wealth, but had put it out of his own hands. It was given privately to trustees, to be held for his son, and returned when the latter should have married with his father's consent. There was more than enough to buy the Whitney place.

Jacob and Susan are happy in their stately home, and good as they are happy. If any person in the neighborhood ever makes use of the phrase " Jacob Flint's Journey," he intends thereby to symbolize the good fortune which sometimes follows honesty, reticence, and shrewdness.

MY COMRADE AND I.

WE two have grown up so divinely together,
 Flower within flower from seed within seed,
 The sagest astrologer cannot say whether
 His being or mine was first shaped and decreed.
 In the life before birth, by inscrutable ties,
 We were linked each to each; I am bound up in him:
 He sickens, I languish; without me he dies;
 I am life of his life, he is limb of my limb.

Twin babes from one cradle, I tottered about with him,
 Chased the bright butterflies, singing, a boy with him;
 Still as a man I am borne in and out with him,
 Sup with him, sleep with him, suffer, enjoy with him.
 Faithful companion, me long he has carried
 Unseen in his bosom, a lamp to his feet;
 More near than a bridegroom, to him I am married,
 As light in the sunbeam is wedded to heat.

If my beam be withdrawn, he is senseless and blind;
 I am sight to his vision, I hear with his ears;
 His the marvellous brain, I the masterful mind;
 I laugh with his laughter and weep with his tears
 So well that the ignorant deem us but one:
 They see but one shape and they name us one name.
 O pliant accomplice! what deeds we have done,
 Thus banded together for glory or shame!

When evil waylays us, and passion surprises,
 And we are too feeble to strive or to fly,
 When hunger compels or when pleasure entices,
 Which most is the sinner, my comrade or I?
 And when over perils and pains and temptations
 I triumph, where still I should falter and faint,
 But for him, iron-nerved for heroical patience,
 Whose then is the virtue, and which is the saint?

Am I the one sinner? of honors sole claimant
 For actions which only we two can perform?
 Am I the true creature, and thou but the raiment?
 Thou magical mantle, all vital and warm,
 Wrapped about me, a screen from the rough winds of Time,
 Of texture so flexible to feature and gesture!
 Can ever I part from thee? Is there a clime
 Where Life needeth not this terrestrial vesture?

When comes the sad summons to sever the sweet
 Subtle tie that unites us, and tremulous, fearful,
 I feel thy loosed fetters depart from my feet;
 When friends gathered round us, pale-visaged and tearful,

Beweeep and bewail thee, thou fair earthly prison!
And kiss thy cold doors, for thy inmate mistaken;
Their eyes seeing not the freed captive, arisen
From thy trammels unclasped and thy shackles downshaken;

O, then shall I linger, reluctant to break
The dear sensitive chains that about me have grown?
And all this bright world, can I bear to forsake
Its embosoming beauty and love, and alone
Journey on to I know not what regions untried?
Exists there, beyond the dim cloud-rack of death,
Such life as enchants us? O skies arched and wide!
O delicate senses! O exquisite breath!

Ah, tenderly, tenderly over thee hovering,
I shall look down on thee empty and cloven,
Pale mould of my being!—thou visible covering
Wherefrom my invisible raiment is woven.
Though sad be the passage, nor pain shall appall me,
Nor parting, assured, wheresoever I range
The glad fields of existence, that naught can befall me
That is not still beautiful, blessed, and strange.

A LONE WOMAN'S TRIP TO OMAHA AND BEYOND.

FLATTERING myself that in these days of Woman's Rights it would be safe and proper for me, a lone woman, to take a pleasure trip nearly two thousand miles in extent, with no protection save the five redoubtable initials of my name on my trunk, I started on the first of September for a small town in Nebraska.

Resolved that the whole expedition should be conducted by my own woman's wisdom and will, — that not a jot of the credit of its success should be claimed by any of the lords and usurpers of creation, — I went, at the close of a short stay in New York, to the railroad office in Broadway, bought my tickets, and deposited them in my *portemonnaie*, with the air of a man who triumphantly pockets the proceeds of his first doubtful venture. For mine had been distressingly doubtful to some of my immediate friends, whose san-

guinary visions of Apaches, Camanches, and Sioux forbade a surrender to my will until the last moment, when, as I confronted them with my railroad tickets in my pocket, remonstrance seemed no longer a virtue.

Offers from gentlemen to accompany me to the cars and see me off were rejected with as much disdain as was consistent with good breeding, and the companionship of a lady friend accepted, who kindly volunteered to perform the farewell office. I meant to make a thoroughly feminine job of it from beginning to end.

By some miscalculation, to be sure, we reached the Jersey Ferry, from Fifty-first Street, at about 10 A. M., instead of 4 A. M., as we ought to have done; but this was an inadvertence which had nothing to do with the question of final success.

After the first amazement was over,

I consoled myself with a book (for my friend was obliged to return), and with the thought that sitting upon my trunk in the gangway — for there was no ladies' room on the New York side, and I did n't know that there was on the other — was a good preliminary lesson in travel without the fatigue of jolt and jar. Passers-by, especially those who crossed the ferry to Jersey and returned again, finding me still there, looked somewhat interrogatively at me, but I knew my own business, and this secured my self-possession.

Starting at 5 P. M. from Jersey City, I felt as if the circumference of the earth had suddenly and indefinitely expanded for me; for had I not, at last, cut adrift from dependence upon men and dashed into an independent arena, where a blunder in the beginning often makes a good ending? From New York to Harrisburg and Pittsburg all went merry as a railroad bell, everybody seeming bound to entertain and care for me as watchfully as if I had been labelled "Glass — with care."

One gentleman, in particular, who was bound for St. Joseph, Missouri, commenced with kindly inquiries about my journey, assuring me that he should have known me anywhere to be a Boston woman, which might be complimentary or not, depending somewhat upon his own latitude and longitude when at home, — on the question whether he were himself a Bostonian or a New-Yorker.

"You are, of course, going to Chicago, and intend to take the short cut across the State of Iowa to the Missouri River?"

I answered: "No; there is a new branch of the railroad, I believe, which takes me by the most direct route from St. Louis."

"How?"

I did not exactly know how, but I believed it had been recently built to or from St. Louis, or from somewhere.

"You ought not to go to St. Louis at all."

"Not if my tickets say so?"

"But do they?"

Reluctant to exhibit them, I said: "I bought them in Broadway, of a man who said this was the shortest, safest, and best route to my destination."

"If you please, I should like to look at your tickets. Perhaps I can help you."

The slow, incredulous way in which he took the little envelope and opened it brought a flush to my face, as if he were responsible for any mistake about them.

Since Cleopatra's day (if not before) it has "never been good to bring bad news."

"Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt."

"I am very sorry for you, madam, but —"

"I'll take my tickets, if you please, sir," I said, very curtly, extending my open palm.

"I am very sorry for you, madam, but these tickets" — still holding them provokingly in his hand — "take you to St. Louis, thence to St. Joe, which involves four days added unnecessarily to your journey, and an additional expense in proportion. Besides it also involves steamboating from St. Joe to Omaha; and as the waters of the Missouri are very low at this time, what with sand-bars and snags it will be too tedious for you to bear in such insufferably hot weather as this."

"I will take my tickets!" and, as I deposited them hastily in my *portemonnaie*, I muttered: "I might have known that any projected route between the Atlantic coast and the Pacific which left Chicago out must be a swindle."

"There is some truth in your remark, madam. Probably the man who sold you the tickets in New York was in the interests of this route."

"Probably," I replied, not yet restored to my first state of self-complacency and self-reliance, and willing to change the responsibility of the blunder to New York. "I always expect to be cheated in New York, but this is the first time I was ever caught napping there."

I was assured that there was now no way of escape from St. Louis, and it began to look doubtful whether I should even survive snags and Sirius. This, then, was my first attempt to fly an independent flag in strange waters!

Perhaps I could n't bear the journey in this insufferable weather; but I would try the experiment, I thought, though it were exchanging my right of suffrage for a life exile on a Missouri sand-bar. There would be no taxation there, and no complications about representation.

On the way from Cincinnati to St. Louis, my informant, seeing that I did not choose to take a sleeping-car, proposed to occupy a seat behind me, with a young gentleman from Annapolis, Md., whose acquaintance I had made the day before, — advising me to make a pillow of my travelling-shawl and water-proof, and sleep if possible, lest, with such a circuitous journey before me, I should be utterly exhausted before its close.

Somewhat humbled by my ticket experience, I tacitly consented to sleep, wishing I might not awaken until I reached Nebraska. I did awake, however, to find the passengers all astir around me; and starting up and peering over and through the crowd, I discovered that my young Maryland friend, stretched apparently lifeless upon the seat, was the cause of the excitement. His sister, who, with her husband, Dr. M——, a surgeon in the Regular Army, had been indefatigable in their attentions to me, I saw was on the spot, which precluded the necessity of my offering my services, for the present at least; so I sat down to await the event.

My St. Joe friend — or St. Joe, as I shall call him — showed himself skilful and ready in the art of nursing. I could not help thinking how delightful it was to have made such an acquaintance, and how much people lost who did not travel.

The doctor soon discovered that his young brother-in-law had been drugged by some person or persons to him unknown, and that his wallet, containing

five hundred dollars, — all the money he had with him, — was missing. St. Joe, ready for any exigency, promptly advised the doctor to run back, on an expected train, to the last station but one, where several well-dressed but doubtful-looking Virginians had left the cars. They had elicited the Marylander's sympathy by claiming to have been, as well as he, in the late Rebel Army, and to have served in the same division. They and the young man had taken a parting cup together, and St. Joe was sure they were the guilty parties. But the suggestion was unheeded by the doctor, who determined to press on to St. Louis, where he could find comfortable quarters for his brother-in-law.

Revolving the matter in my own mind, I lamented the lack of shrewdness and wisdom perceptible in a man who was willing to eat or drink with a stranger on the highways of travel, and concluded with the supposition that this young man was unaccustomed to travelling. I had occasion to remember this afterward.

Wearied out with nursing, and anxiety as to the fate of the sick man, in whom symptoms of returning consciousness were at last manifest, the sister consented to retire to rest. Toward morning the brother became quiet and slept, though delirious whenever he awoke. After some persuasion, the doctor was induced by St. Joe to follow his wife and leave him in charge of his brother. A moment previous to his leaving, St. Joe stepped for a moment to a rear car to speak to the conductor, and on his return, he discovered under one of the recently vacated seats of our own car an empty wallet, which proved to be the sick man's, thus surprising us all, and proving beyond a doubt that the contents were now irrecoverable, and that St. Joe was indispensable.

About this time I had found that a very valuable cameo which I wore in my travelling-sack was also missing. I remembered that as I prepared for sleep, the air being oppressively warm in the car, I had unfastened my sack at the throat,

and thrown it back, with the cameo fastened for safe-keeping on the loose edge of the garment.

St. Joe seemed more disturbed, if possible, at my loss than I was myself, averring that it must have been taken of course during his absence, in the hurly-burly of excitement about our Maryland friend. He resorted to every means which his brain could conceive for its recovery, and so energetic was he in my behalf that the centre of attraction was soon changed to me, giving me a pleasant little episode of notoriety for the time. I began to suspect that people who did travel *might* lose something, as well as those who did not. But public attention was now diverted from me to yet another centre of attraction. St. Joe — innocent saint! — had, in the commencement of the *mêlée* placed his portmantau and travelling-shawl in charge of a gentleman (for were they not all gentlemen, all honorable men?) whose acquaintance he claimed to have made only that morning, and the new acquaintance had been left — by mistake? — at a back station, and St. Joe remained minus all his baggage.

By way of illustrating a subsequent event, let me say that I had failed in my attempts at Cincinnati to get a one hundred-dollar bank-note converted into more available funds, which left me penniless, in the practical sense of the word, and unable, of course, to procure any refreshments on the journey, as I would not make my emergency known to my travelling companions, comparative strangers as they were. I have no doubt that St. Joe would have been very happy to “change” it, as there were advantages connected with such a brokerage which, it proved afterwards, were all in his line.

We did not reach St. Louis until one in the morning, though due at midnight.

“Where did I intend to stop?” St. Joe inquired, just as “Express” made his appearance. I replied that Dr. and Mrs. M—— had kindly taken me under their protection, and they proposed stopping at the “Planters’ House.”

This was always his hotel, and he should accompany us.

“Express” was unable to make change, and St. Joe came to the rescue; but “Express” was in a hurry, and would call for a settlement at the hotel, and I had no doubt that he would be as good as his word. There are some things in which men are true to their promises.

During my interview with “Express,” St. Joe sat in the seat before me; but, on the disappearance of this energetic functionary, he took the vacant one beside me. All was still in the car, our drugged friend sleeping, with only spasmodic starts and groans once in a long while.

St. Joe informed me that we should be unable to procure supper at St. Louis, so unseasonable would be the hour of our arrival, and, if I would share his lunch with him, — a very nice one, prepared on the way, — it would afford him great pleasure. No doubt of it.

As he opened a very neat-looking lunch-box, how tempting were the fresh cake and fruit to me after my long fast! I culled as daintily as possible a choice square of the cake, and tasted it. I imagined a peculiar taste and odor in it, which caused me to remember my previous wonder that any one should eat or drink with travelling strangers; and, in order to be consistent, I stealthily lowered my left hand, holding the cake, down at my left side, next to the window, and dropped the cake on the floor, not, of course, wishing for more.

After this impertinent interference of my bump of caution (small people are said to be impertinent) all my senses were wide awake. St. Joe, not dreaming that I had not eaten the cake, immediately took a sleepy sort of position, with his left elbow on the back of the seat, and, resting his head upon the bend as if for a nap, he swung his right arm carelessly round upon the seat, and brought his hand quite near my pocket, containing the note I had unavoidably exposed in my dealings with “Express.”

My vigilant senses were all in arms now, and I coolly put my hand in my pocket, and, openly taking my purse from it, securely placed it in another portion of my dress; then, rising, I asked St. Joe's permission to pass into the next seat, which was unoccupied.

Just before we reached St. Louis, he disappeared, I being in full possession of all my faculties and my money. I saw nothing more of him until the next morning, when, as Mrs. M—— and I were hurrying through the hall of the Planters' Hotel, at St. Louis, for the omnibus which was to take us to the cars, — the doctor and his brother preferring to walk, — an officer stalked authoritatively up to our friend and his "day's acquaintance" who had decamped with his baggage, but who now stood by his side, and arrested them both. We could not wait to learn the result, but a gentleman who afterwards joined us in the cars informed us that the two men were accomplices, and notorious swindlers, pickpockets, and *druggists*, and that the detectives had been on their track for some time.

Between St. Louis and St. Joseph, where the doctor and his wife took their leave of me, nothing occurred to disturb the complacency of my self-gratulation at my shrewd escape from Western saints; and I embarked on board the steamer Colorado, at nine o'clock on Saturday night, having left New York on Monday evening.

Reflecting that, but for my mistake, — which was real, if my saint did prove to be spurious, — I might have been at the end of my journey two days before, I did not receive very graciously the announcement that the water was so low, and the leviathan backs of the sand-bars making such uncertain channels for the tricky Missouri, that the captain would not venture to commence navigation against the current until daylight.

I was tired and sleepy. But where was I to sleep? That was the next question. The passengers had mostly come on board at dark and secured sleeping-

places, and there was not to be found a vacant berth or cot or strip of the floor sufficient for my purpose, if I had been willing to accept it. The clerk of the boat led me through the close, hot, sickly atmosphere of the cabin, navigating as crookedly between cots and stragglers asleep on the floor as if each were a snag or a "bar," and brought me to a passage-way at the stern of the boat, where the stewardess improvised a bed for me, the clerk apologizing in a gentlemanly way for not being able to do better for me that night. It was a pretty forlorn prospect; but as I ascertained that an outer door could be opened from the passage-way, and that I could at least get plenty of air, — such as it was, — in spite of the clerk's remonstrances and reminders of fever and ague, I threw it open, and cast myself, without undressing, upon nothing more than a square heap of old bedclothes, thankful that I was permitted to have even this to myself.

The mercury stood through the day at 89°, and could not have been much lower at this hour; a slight breeze drew in from the south, and almost parched my cheek with its hot breath charged with the light sand that came whirling in from the river bank.

I was so exhausted that I must have dropped immediately into a profound sleep, for I neither heard nor saw anything until I opened my eyes, just after daylight, to discover that my door was shut close, and that a black woman, weighing at least two hundred pounds, was sleeping innocently at my side. I rushed for the door with such a desperate movement, that a looker-on would have supposed I intended instant suicide. But the waters of the "Big Muddy," as the Indians call the Missouri, are not of a kind calculated to leave a clean record or restore one's self-respect.

"Good mornin', missis! Scuse me, but I had to gib up my bunk las' night, and so I jis lays down here to rest me leatest bit. I reckon yer Boston, — hey?"

So Boston had done it, — that land of

all sorts of liberties to the Southern negro.

We dropped passengers at the first and second landings, and now I could have a state-room. But by this time the thermometer had marked 91°, and the dry, yellow sand was blowing in drifts from the shore and the sand-bars, and sifting into every nook and cranny. It was impossible for us to remain in our close, hot state-rooms, and we all sat upright about the dusty saloon, speechless, and almost hopeless, the perspiration meandering in streams down our grimy faces, as muddy as the Missouri itself. Luckily, the large mirrors were so obscured that we could not see ourselves, but sat looking at each other, thanking our stars that we were not as our grimy neighbors were.

The water for drinking stood in the goblets on the table, like so many pretty mud-puddles; the food was grittier than we were; and as for edibility, it might as well have been all touched by the finger of Midas himself. Those large grasshoppers which are the pest of Western farmers were driving on board in swarms, from sand-bar and shore; and, as they attached themselves to the viands on the table, many of us surrendered unconditionally. I heard one sensible man say, that he had been over the plains twice to Colorado, had been wrecked among the savages of the African coast, had travelled barefoot over the burning sands, and had served in McClellan's preliminary campaign, but he had never experienced such a siege as this. It is consoling to know, when we are suffering, that we are bearing off the heaviest of the martyrs' crowns, else the glory is inadequate; and I was lifted up to such a pitch of gratitude to the man, that I should have been tempted to ask him for his photograph, if the sand and grasshoppers had permitted me to open my mouth.

Although we were detained by snags and "bars," yet, being successfully pried off with long poles, we did at last arrive at Omaha on Tuesday morning, — as woe-begone, unwashed, and unkempt a set of emigrants as ever de-

barked from a ship's steerage. The soap and water of the Cozzens House will live in my memory always.

On Wednesday morning, at half past five, I took the stage, my destination being off the line of the great Pacific Railroad, and seventy miles beyond Omaha. The weather promised to be fair and hot, as on the preceding day, and I attired myself accordingly. When the stage rolled up to the hotel door, I found it to be a great, square, lumbering box, without springs, and with a square hole in it for a door. To this I was obliged to climb over wheels large enough for an ox-cart, which, reaching above the lower edge of the door, obstructed in a measure what place of ingress and egress there was. However, I climbed up the wheel and dragged myself into the instrument of torture, with the helping hand of a strong man within, who exclaimed at the top of his voice: "*Hallo*, if here ain't one of our boat passengers! *Hallo*, marm!"

It was the voice of — I judged — a burly farmer whom I remembered to have seen among the sands and grasshoppers of the steamer; and, calling to mind Mr. Emerson's words about the expressiveness of slang phrases, I almost longed, in my lone-womanness, to return the farmer's cheery salutation in kind; but, remembering my Alma Mater, I subsided into a very proper, "How do you do, sir?" I was glad, before I reached the end of my journey, that I had not rustled the starch of my dignity in his face in return for his honest familiarity, for I had need of him.

A seventy miles' ride over a prairie, with only one log hut and two other human habitations for shelter and cheer, — with six unknown men in and on the stage, and with no other woman for companionship, — was not the most inviting prospect. How did I know who or what these men were, and what might become of me? Besides, we had been enlivened by the driver, as he dismounted to water his horses on the outskirts of Omaha, with the details

of an occurrence which had taken place on a trip over this very route only the week before. The express and mail were carried by this same conveyance, and a band of highway robbers, who probably had ascertained this fact, way-laid the stage one night and demanded a general and particular surrender. As no one was armed, the passengers came to the conclusion that they had nothing to do but deliver up their money. It so happened that there was little of value in the express that night, though only on the trip before there had been twenty thousand dollars. One man, less wise than the others, as he reluctantly handed over his money, said very vehemently, "I know you and will expose you!" "You will never have a chance!" replied the leader of the robbers, and, drawing a revolver from his pocket, shot him dead. He then grasped each of the others by the shoulder, and turning them on the way of their route said: "Go! and the first man of you who looks behind him until he reaches that point yonder will be shot."

I had nothing to do now that I was fairly launched upon the prairie, but to sustain my position of an independent woman as well as an indifferent air could do it. We had not been many hours on our way, before heavy drops of rain began to patter about us, which, in my ignorance of consequences, I rejoiced in, as the air would be cooled thereby and the dust laid. I watched the effects for a time with refreshing cogitations on the change, until I saw that the black mud was becoming so adhesive as to resemble a mixture of tar, charcoal, and Spalding's glue, in equal proportions, and that it must soon be too much for our horses, especially on those steep, long pitches we were constantly ascending and descending. It was a rolling prairie, for I saw one of our passengers, who attempted to climb one of the pitches on foot, lose his hold and roll from top to bottom like a log.

It soon became necessary for all but me to leave the stage and walk up the "bluffs," as they call them; and as on every such occasion each man accumu-

lated about a "quarter-section" of government land upon his large, heavy boots, and brought it with him into the stage, you may imagine the condition of the floor and of my garments. Worst of all, in my certainty as to the signs of the weather in the morning, seeing it was but a day's ride, I had packed my rubbers in my trunk and wore only thin gaiters! I was quite helpless now, and, sitting in the stage, I eyed with no great cheerfulness the unrailled, rough, rickety-looking bridges, over "gulches" seventy feet deep in some places, while I reflected that I had no companions but those rude pioneers and the driver, of whom I knew nothing.

In this state I arrived at about half past four at a half-way house (Knoudles's Hotel), which proved to be a log shanty with two rooms. The stage-wheels had become thickly tired with mud, that adhered in spite of the driver's efforts to remove it, and the step being in an equally slippery condition, a consultation was held as to the best method of getting me out. Nothing feasible offering at once, my burly friend came to my assistance. I had been impressed that he would be of use to me before I got through. He proposed drawing me through the square, ill-contrived stage-door, which did not swing on hinges, but slid up and down like a car-window. Fortunately for one of my weight, he was a man of magnificent proportions, and I saw no other way but to submit *gracefully* to the operation. Accordingly, as my receiver stood with open arms, I thrust out my head, and as much of my body as was consistent with equilibrium, and he pulled me through the opening and over the muddy wheels, — dragging skirts, boots, and all.

The Hotel Knoudles, kept by Missourians, contained a family with two heads, as I supposed; for a tall, bony, sharp-looking woman was certainly one head, and it was but fair to conclude that a robust-looking man who sat smoking a pipe in the corner, and whom she called her "old man," was the other, though the woman was plainly

dominant that day. Six rather soiled, soggy-looking boys made up the remainder of the occupants of the two rooms of the Hotel Knouldes. As I had fasted since five in the morning, or rather since the night before, I hoped to find something here to sustain me on the rest of my dreary way, which bade fair to be, without any extraneous aid from imagination, a perilous one. I was wet and thoroughly chilled, and as I drew towards the stove I asked — being unaccustomed to either tea or coffee — if I could have a teaspoonful of ginger in a cup of hot water.

"Hain't got no ginger," replied the landlady, in a piping voice.

"Have you any pepper?"

"Hain't got none of that neither. Can't you eat such victuals as other folks does?" — still louder and shriller. "Set up 't the stove nigher," — almost in a shriek. And she betook herself to stirring the fire so sturdily that stove, "old man," and pipe were threatened with instant overthrow, and the men instinctively broke the circle around them, and stood back panic-struck. After this stirring interlude, she planted herself before me, as near as she could well approach, and, with hands upon her hips and arms akimbo, she shouted once more, as if hailing a distant sail: "Say! we've got some pickled peppers. Them'll warm yer up." And she grasped the back of my chair as if she intended to shake me out of it upon the floor. "Ef yer'll *hist* (hoist) I'll fotch yer cheer up ter the table."

However unintelligible her language was, I had no difficulty in discovering that she wanted my chair, and so I arose. When I was seated at the board, — or two boards placed side by side on four barrels, two at each end, and covered with an unbleached cotton cloth, which probably served for a sheet by night and table-cloth by day, — I found that the woman had by some witchcraft discovered my antipathies, and placed before me three articles which I never taste, — liver, onions, and potatoes fried in the same pan with the first two

articles. In despair, I saw I must betake myself to dry bread, if I could find any; for the cows had not "come up" yet, and there was no sweet milk in the house. I found, on examination of the pile, a "job lot" of Indian crusts, nibbled in scallops — probably by the boys or the mice — on all sides, and I presumed to ask if she had no other bread.

"No: we hain't got no more meal in the house. Can't you eat such victuals as other folks eats, *no* how? My old man oughter gone to mill to-day, but he's skeered of rain and too shiftless to airn his salt."

The driver, who sat on one side of me, told me in an undertone, that she was lovely compared with an unmarried sister of hers.

Spying from the window in front of me two handsome roosters in the yard, dripping like weeping willows in the rain, I concluded their families were not far off, and, as a last resort in my extremity, inquired if there were any eggs in the house. She hesitated, and while I was expecting an earthquake or a volcano in answer to my question, my burly friend, who had by this time become furious, suddenly dropped his knife and fork, and, turning round, shouted in the most unexpected and peremptory manner: "Cook some eggs for this lady! Quick! If you don't, I'll search the house. I know you've got some. Come, be quick about it!" To my great joy, a dozen eggs appeared, boiled very palatably, and on these and pickled peppers I made my first and last meal for the day.

Climbing once more through the door of that lumbering box, which threatened to loosen my flesh from my bones, by the shaking it gave me, I reflected tremblingly on the night before us, and the darkness which would soon shut out the world, and wondered if I should ever see the light of another earthly morning.

We had not ridden many miles before we came, just after passing a shaky bridge, to one of those formidable hills, which made it imperative that the men should all dismount and scramble up

on foot. There was no danger, such as one might have supposed there would be, of the stage running back into the ravine below, for the horses stuck too fast in the mud to allow of this (such was my theory); but there was danger that the coach could not be drawn to the top, and I began to be afraid that I might have to be pulled through that fearful hole again, and made to walk in thin prunellas, in the deep mud, up the hill from base to summit. But, after many unavailing attempts, the horses started, seemingly to the great satisfaction of the men.

Just at dusk, as we slipped and slid down the steepest hill yet, before going up another, on the verge of an intermediate bridge, the driver stopped his steaming horses and announced that my time had come. I had better not risk riding over the bridge; it was bad enough at best, the rain and a recent train of freight wagons had displaced one or two of the planks, and this was the deepest "gulch" of all. Having passed so many gulches seventy feet deep, I could not help thinking that a few feet more would n't make much difference; but my friend placed himself once more at my service, and, alighting, I hurried across the bridge as fast as the sticky and slippery mud on and under my soles would permit, and stood aside at the foot of the hill to see how the horses would make out. The driver had found a piece of board, fortunately dropped from a freight wagon and brought here by some passer who knew the emergencies of the place, for the first that should occur, and replaced one missing plank with it. The horses were sagacious enough to scent danger, and pricked their ears, pawed, and snuffed at the doubtful place as they came to it; but, as if conscious that there was no alternative, they gave a spring, clearing the place and reaching land in safety, while the board,

which broke in the middle, flew up at each end.

This was an adventure which added horror to the darkness that was enveloping us like a funereal pall. I never before knew darkness so thick and substantial. The driver acknowledged that he literally could not see his hand before him, and that he must trust entirely to the instinct of his horses. True, they travelled over the road twice a week; but, although they might possibly keep the path with their own feet, how could we know when they were keeping the centre of the bridges, and when the wheels were on the very verge, within an inch of instant destruction? Not a word was spoken, except by an uncouth Englishman, who said it was the first time in his life he had ever prayed.

We arrived, almost exhausted with fear and fatigue, at a station within fifteen miles of our journey's end; it seemed to me that nothing upon earth would induce me to travel farther, and every passenger endeavored to his utmost to dissuade the driver from any attempt to proceed until daylight; but the stage carried Uncle Sam's mail, and the man's orders were imperative. I was assured that the remainder of the road was not so rough, and was told by the new driver, whom we took here with a relay of horses, that he had driven over this portion of the road for three years, and that he never travelled without lanterns on his coach; and so after a good supper, but with a heavy heart and weary head, I started again with all but one of the passengers with whom I had left Omaha.

I reached Bainbridge, our final stopping-place, at three after midnight—instead of nine before, when we were due,—much to the amazement of my friends, who were not expecting a lone woman at that hour of the darkest night ever known there.

CONFUCIUS AND THE CHINESE, OR THE PROSE OF ASIA.

IN qualifying the Chinese mind as prosaic, and in calling the writings of Confucius and his successors *prose*, we intend no disrespect to either. Prose is as good as poetry. But we mean to indicate the point of view from which the study of the Chinese teachers should be approached. Accustomed to regard the East as the land of imagination; reading in our childhood the wild romances of Arabia; passing, in the poetry of Persia, into an atmosphere of tender and entrancing song; then, as we go farther East into India, encountering the vast epics of the Mahá-Bhárata and the Rámáyana;—we might naturally expect to find in far Cathay a still wilder flight of the Asiatic Muse. Not at all. We drop at once from unbridled romance into the most colorless prose. Another race comes to us, which seems to have no affinity with Asia, as we have been accustomed to think of Asia. No more aspiration, no flights of fancy, but the worship of order, decency, propriety, and peaceful commonplaces. As the people, so the priests. The works of Confucius and his commentators are as level as the valley of their great river, the Yangtse-kiang, which the tide ascends for four hundred miles. All in these writings is calm, serious, and moral. They assume that all men desire to be made better, and will take the trouble to find out how they can be made so. It is not thought necessary to entice them into goodness by the attractions of eloquence, the charm of imagery, or the fascinations of a brilliant wit. These philosophers have a Quaker style, a dress of plain drab, used only for clothing the thought, not at all for its ornament.

And surely we ought not to ask for any other attraction than the subject itself, in order to find interest in China and its teachers. The Chinese Empire, which contains more than five

millions of square miles, or twice the area of the United States, has a population of five hundred millions, or half the number of the human beings inhabiting the globe. China proper, inhabited by the Chinese, is half as large as Europe, and contains about three hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants. There are eighteen provinces in China, many of which contain, singly, more inhabitants than some of the great states of Europe. But on many other accounts this nation is deeply interesting.

China is the type of permanence in the world. To say that it is older than any other existing nation, is saying very little. Herodotus, who has been called the Father of history, travelled in Egypt about 450 B. C. He studied its monuments, bearing the names of kings who were as distant from his time as he is from ours,—monuments which even then belonged to a gray antiquity. But the kings who erected those monuments were posterior to the founders of the Chinese Empire. Porcelain vessels, with Chinese mottoes on them, have been found in those ancient tombs, in shape, material, and appearance precisely like those which are made in China to-day; and Rosellini believes them to have been imported from China by kings contemporary with Moses, or before him. This nation and its institutions have outlasted everything. The ancient Bactrian and Assyrian kingdoms, the Persian monarchy, Greece and Rome, have all risen, flourished, and fallen,—and China continues still the same. The dynasty has been occasionally changed; but the laws, customs, institutions, all that makes national life, have continued. The authentic history of China commences some three thousand years before Christ, and a thousand years in this history is like a century in that of any other people. The oral language of China has continued

the same that it is now for thirty centuries. The great wall bounding the empire on the north, which is twelve hundred and forty miles long, and twenty feet high, with towers every few hundred yards, — which crosses mountain ridges, descends into valleys, and is carried over rivers on arches, — was built two hundred years before Christ, probably to repel those fierce tribes who, after ineffectual attempts to conquer China, travelled westward till they appeared on the borders of Europe five hundred years later, and, under the name of Huns, assisted in the downfall of the Roman Empire. All China was intersected with canals at a period when none existed in Europe. The great canal, like the great wall, is unrivalled by any similar existing work. It is twice the length of the Erie Canal, is from two hundred to a thousand feet wide, and has enormous banks built of solid granite, along a great part of its course. One of the important mechanical inventions of modern Europe is the Artesian well. That sunk at Grenoble was long supposed to be the deepest in the world, going down eighteen hundred feet. One at St. Louis, in the United States, has since been drilled to a depth, as has recently been stated, of more than four thousand. But in China these wells are found in tens of thousands, sunk at very remote periods to obtain salt water. The method used by the Chinese from immemorial time has recently been adopted instead of our own, as being much more simple and economical. The Chinese have been long acquainted with the circulation of the blood; they inoculated for small-pox in the tenth century; and about the same time they invented printing. Their bronze money was made as early as 1100 B. C. and its form has not been changed since the beginning of the Christian era. The mariner's compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing were made known to Europe through stories told by missionaries returning from Asia. These missionaries, coasting the shores of the Celestial Empire in Chinese junks, saw a little box

containing a magnetized needle, called Ting-nan-Tchen, or "needle which points to the south." They also noticed terrible machines used by the armies in China, called Ho-pao or fire-guns, into which was put an inflammable powder, which produced a noise like thunder and projected stones and pieces of iron with irresistible force.

Father Huc, in his "Christianity in China," says that "the Europeans who penetrated into China were no less struck with the libraries of the Chinese than with their artillery. They were astonished at the sight of the elegant books printed rapidly upon a pliant, silky paper by means of wooden blocks. The first edition of the classical works printed in China appeared in 958, five hundred years before the invention of Guttenberg. The missionaries had, doubtless, often been busied in their convents with the laborious work of copying manuscript books, and the simple Chinese method of printing must have particularly attracted their attention. Many other marvellous productions were noticed, such as silk, porcelain, playing-cards, spectacles, and other products of art and industry unknown in Europe. They brought back these new ideas to Europe; 'and from that time,' says Abel Remusat, 'the West began to hold in due esteem the most beautiful, the most populous, and the most anciently civilized of all the four quarters of the world. The arts, the religious faith, and the languages of its people were studied, and it was even proposed to establish a professorship for the Tartar language in the University of Paris. The world seemed to open towards the East; geography made immense strides, and ardor for discovery opened a new vent for the adventurous spirit of the Europeans. As our own hemisphere became better known, the idea of another ceased to appear a wholly improbable paradox; and in seeking the Zipangon of Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus discovered the New World.'"

The first aspect of China produces that impression on the mind which

we call the grotesque. This is merely because the customs of this singular nation are so opposite to our own. They seem morally, no less than physically, our antipodes. Their habits are as opposite to ours as the direction of their bodies. We stand feet to feet in everything. In boxing the compass they say "westnorth" instead of northwest, "eastsouth" instead of southeast, and their compass-needle points south instead of north. Their soldiers wear quilted petticoats, satin boots, and bead necklaces, carry umbrellas and fans, and go to a night attack with lanterns in their hands, being more afraid of the dark than of exposing themselves to the enemy. The people are very fond of fireworks, but prefer to have them in the daytime. Ladies ride in wheelbarrows, and cows are driven in carriages. While in Europe the feet are put in the stocks, in China the stocks are hung round the neck. In China the family name comes first, and the personal name afterward. Instead of saying Benjamin Franklin or Walter Scott, they would say Franklin Benjamin, Scott Walter. Thus the Chinese name of Confucius, Kung-fu-tsee, means the Holy Master Kung; — Kung is the family name. In the recent wars with the English, the mandarins or soldiers would sometimes run away, and then commit suicide to avoid punishment. In getting on a horse, the Chinese mount on the right side. Their old men fly kites, while the little boys look on. The left hand is the seat of honor, and to keep on your hat is a sign of respect. Visiting-cards are painted red, and are four feet long. In the opinion of the Chinese, the seat of the understanding is the stomach. They have villages which contain a million of inhabitants. Their boats are drawn by men, but their carriages are moved by sails. A married woman while young and pretty is a slave, but when she becomes old and withered is the most powerful, respected, and beloved person in the family. The emperor is regarded with the most profound reverence, but the empress mother is a

greater person than he. When a man furnishes his house, instead of laying stress, as we do, on rosewood pianos and carved mahogany, his first ambition is for a handsome camphor-wood coffin, which he keeps in the best place in his room. The interest of money is thirty-six per cent, which, to be sure, we also give in hard times to stave off a stoppage, while with them it is the legal rate. We once heard a bad dinner described thus: "The meat was cold, the wine was hot, and everything was sour but the vinegar." This would not so much displease the Chinese, who carefully warm their wine, while we ice ours. They understand good living, however, very well, are great epicures, and somewhat gourmands, for, after dining on thirty dishes, they will sometimes eat a duck by way of a finish. They toss their meat into their mouths to a tune, every man keeping time with his chop-sticks, while we, on the contrary, make anything but harmony with the clatter of our knives and forks. A Chinaman will not drink a drop of milk, but he will devour bird's-nests, snails, and the fins of sharks, with a great relish. Our mourning color is black, and theirs is white; they mourn for their parents three years, we a much shorter time. The principal room in their houses is called "the hall of ancestors," the pictures or tablets of whom, set up against the wall, are worshipped by them; we, on the other hand, are very apt to send our grandfather's portrait to the garret.

Such are a few of the external differences between their customs and ours. But the most essential peculiarity of the Chinese is the high value which they attribute to knowledge, and the distinctions and rewards which they bestow on scholarship. All the civil offices in the Empire are given as rewards of literary merit. The government, indeed, is called a complete despotism, and the emperor is said to have absolute authority. He is not bound by any written constitution, indeed; but the public opinion of the land holds him, nevertheless, to a strict respon-

sibility. He, no less than his people, is bound by a law higher than that of any private will,—the authority of custom. In China, more than anywhere else, “what is gray with age becomes religion.” The authority of the emperor is simply authority to govern according to the ancient usages of the country, and, whenever these are persistently violated, a revolution takes place and the dynasty is changed. But a revolution in China changes nothing but the person of the monarch; the unwritten constitution of old usages remains in full force. “A principle as old as the monarchy,” says Du Halde, “is this, that the state is a large family, and the emperor is in the place of both father and mother. He must govern his people with affection and goodness; he must attend to the smallest matters which concern their happiness. When he is not supposed to have this sentiment, he soon loses his hold on the reverence of the people, and his throne becomes insecure.” The emperor, therefore, is always studying how to preserve this reputation. When a province is afflicted by famine, inundation, or any other calamity, he shuts himself in his palace, fasts, and publishes decrees to relieve it of taxes and afford it aid.

The real power of the government is in the literary class. The government, though nominally a monarchy, is really an aristocracy. But it is not an aristocracy of birth, like that of England, for the humblest man’s son can obtain a place in it; neither is it an aristocracy of wealth, like ours in the United States, nor a military aristocracy, like that of Russia, nor an aristocracy of priests, like that of ancient Egypt, and of some modern countries,—as, for instance, that of Paraguay under the Jesuits, or that of the Sandwich Islands under the Protestant missionaries; but it is a literary aristocracy.

The civil officers in China are called mandarins. They are chosen from the three degrees of learned men, who may be called the bachelors, licentiates, and

doctors. All persons may be candidates for the first degree, except three excluded classes,—boatmen, barbers, and actors. The candidates are examined by the governors of their own towns. Of those approved, a few are selected after another examination. These again are examined by an officer who makes a circuit once in three years for that purpose. They are placed alone in little rooms or closets, with pencils, ink, and paper, and a subject is given them to write upon. Out of some four hundred candidates fifteen may be selected, who receive the lowest degree. There is another triennial examination for the second degree, at which a small number of the bachelors are promoted. The examination for the highest degree, that of doctor, is held at Peking only, when some three hundred are taken out of five thousand. These are capable of receiving the highest offices. Whenever a vacancy occurs, one of those who have received a degree is taken by lot from the few senior names. But a few years since, there were five thousand of the highest rank, and twenty-seven thousand of the second rank, who had not received employment.

The subjects upon which the candidates are examined, and the methods of these examinations, are thus described in the *Shanghai Almanac* (1852).*

The examinations for the degree of Keujin (or licentiate) takes place at the principal city of each province once in three years. The average number of bachelors in the large province of Keang-Nan (which contains seventy millions of inhabitants) is twenty thousand, out of whom only about two hundred succeed. Sixty-five mandarins are deputed for this examination, beside subordinate officials. The two chief examiners are sent from Peking. When the candidates enter the examination hall they are searched for books or manuscripts, which might assist them in writing their essays. This precaution is not superfluous, for many

* Quoted by Mr. Meadows, who warrants the correctness of the account. “The Chinese and their Rebellions,” p. 404.

plans have been invented to enable mediocre people to pass. Sometimes a thin book, printed on very small type from copperplates, is slipped into a hole in the sole of the shoe. But persons detected in such practices are ruined for life. In a list of one hundred and forty-four successful candidates, in 1851, thirteen were over forty years of age, and one under fourteen years; seven were under twenty; and all, to succeed, must have known by heart the whole of the Sacred Books, besides being well read in history.

Three sets of themes are given, each occupying two days and a night, and until that time is expired no one is allowed to leave his apartment, which is scarcely large enough to sleep in. The essays must not contain more than seven hundred characters, and no erasure or correction is allowed. On the first days, the themes are taken from the Four Books, on the next from the older classics; on the last miscellaneous questions are given. The themes are such as these: "Choo-tsze, in commenting on the Shoo-King, made use of four authors, who sometimes say too much, at other times too little; sometimes their explanations are forced, at other times too ornamental. What have you to observe on them?" "Chin-show had great abilities for historic writing. In his Three Kingdoms he has depreciated Choo-ko-leang, and made very light of E and E, two other celebrated characters. What is it that he says of them?"

These public-service examinations are conducted with the greatest impartiality. They were established about a thousand years ago, and have been gradually improved during the intervening time. They form the basis of the whole system of Chinese government. They make a good education universally desirable, as the poorest man may see his son thus advanced to the highest position. All of the hundreds of thousands who prepare to compete are obliged to know the whole system of Confucius, to commit to memory all his moral doctrines, and to

become familiar with all the traditional wisdom of the land. Thus a public opinion in favor of existing institutions and the fundamental ideas of Chinese government is continually created anew.

What an immense advantage it would be to our own country, if we should adopt this institution of China! Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill proposes to do this. Instead of making offices the prize of impudence, political management, and party services, let them be competed for by all who consider themselves qualified. Let all offices now given by appointment be hereafter bestowed on those who show themselves best qualified to perform the duties. Each class of offices would of course require a different kind of examination. For some, physical culture as well as mental might be required. Persons who wished diplomatic situations should be prepared in a knowledge of foreign languages, as well as of international law. All should be examined on the Constitution and history of the United States. Candidates for the Post-Office Department should be good copyists, quick at arithmetic, and acquainted with book-keeping. It is true that we cannot by an examination obtain a certain knowledge of moral qualities; but industry, accuracy, fidelity in work, would certainly show themselves. A change from the present corrupt and corrupting system of appointments to that of competitive examinations would do more just now for our country than any other measure of reconstruction which can be proposed. The permanence of Chinese institutions is believed, by those who know best, to result from the influence of the literary class. Literature is naturally conservative; the tone of the literature studied is eminently conservative; and the most intelligent men in the empire are personally interested in the continuance of the institutions under which they hope to attain position and fortune.

The highest civil offices are seats at the great tribunals or boards, and the positions of viceroys, or governors, of the eighteen provinces.

The boards are : —

Ly Pou, Board of Appointment of Mandarins.

Hou Pou, Board of Finance.

Lee Pou, Board of Ceremonies.

Ping Pou, Board of War.

Hing Pou, Board of Criminal Justice.

Kong Pou, Board of Works, — canals, bridges, &c.

The members of these boards, with their councillors and subordinates, amount to twelve hundred officers. Then there is the Board of Doctors of the Han Lin College, who have charge of the archives, history of the empire, &c.; and the Board of Censors, who are the highest mandarins, and have a peculiar office. Their duty is to stand between the people and the mandarins, and between the people and the emperor, and even rebuke the latter if they find him doing wrong. This is rather a perilous duty, but it is often faithfully performed. A censor, who went to tell the emperor of some faults, took his coffin with him, and left it at the door of the palace. Two censors remonstrated with a late emperor on the expenses of his palace, specifying the sums uselessly lavished for perfumes and flowers for his concubines, and stating that a million of taels of silver might be saved for the poor by reducing these expenses. Sung, the commissioner who attended Lord Macartney, remonstrated with the Emperor Kiaking on his attachment to play-actors and strong drink, which degraded him in the eyes of the people. The emperor, highly irritated, asked him what punishment he deserved for his insolence. "Quartering," said Sung. "Choose another," said the emperor. "Let me be beheaded." "Choose again," said the emperor; and Sung asked to be strangled. The next day the emperor appointed him governor of a distant province, — afraid to punish him for the faithful discharge of his duty, but glad to have him at a distance. Many such anecdotes are related, showing that there is some moral courage in China.

The governor of a province, or viceroy, has great power. He also is chosen

from among the mandarins in the way described. The only limitations of his power are these : he is bound to make a full report every three years of the affairs of the province, *and give in it an account of his own faults*; and if he omits any, and they are discovered in other ways, he is punished by degradation, bambooning, or death. It is the right of any subject, however humble, to complain to the emperor himself against any officer, however high; and for this purpose a large drum is placed at one of the palace gates. Whoever strikes it has his case examined under the emperor's eye, and, if he has been wronged, his wrongs are redressed, but, if he has complained unnecessarily, he is severely punished. Imperial visitors, sent by the Board of Censors, may suddenly arrive at any time to examine the concerns of a province, and a governor or other public officer who is caught tripping is immediately reported and punished.

Thus the political institutions of China are built on literature. Knowledge is the road to power and wealth. All the talent and knowledge of the nation are interested in the support of institutions which give to them either power or the hope of it. And these institutions work well. The machinery is simple, but it produces a vast amount of happiness and domestic virtue. While in every other part of Asia the people are oppressed by petty tyrants, and ground down by taxes, — while they have no motive to improve their condition, since every advance will only expose them to greater extortion, — the people of China are industrious and happy. In no part of the world has agriculture been carried to such perfection. Every piece of ground in the cultivated parts of the empire, except those portions devoted to ancestral monuments, is made to yield two or three crops annually, by the careful tillage bestowed on it. The ceremony of opening the soil at the beginning of the year, at which the emperor officiates, originated two thousand years ago. Farms are small, — of one or two

acres,—and each family raises on its farm all that it consumes. Silk and cotton are cultivated and manufactured in families, each man spinning, weaving, and dyeing his own web. In the manufacture of porcelain, on the contrary, the division of labor is carried very far. The best is made at the village of Kiangsee, which contains a million of inhabitants. Seventy hands are sometimes employed on a single cup. The Chinese are very skilful in working horn and ivory. Large lanterns are made of horn, transparent and without a flaw. At Birmingham, men have tried with machines to cut ivory in the same manner as the Chinese, and have failed.

Of this nation the great teacher for twenty-three centuries has been Confucius. He was born 551 B. C., and was contemporary with Ezra, Pythagoras, and Thales. About his time occurred the return of the Jews from Babylon, and the invasion of Greece by Xerxes. His descendants have always enjoyed high privileges, and there are now some forty thousand of them in China, seventy generations and more removed from their great ancestor. His is the oldest family in the world, unless we consider the Jews as a single family descended from Abraham. His influence, through his writings, on the minds of so many millions of human beings is greater than that of any man who ever lived, excepting the writers of the Bible; and in saying this we do not forget the names of Mohammed, Aristotle, St. Augustine, and Luther. So far as we can see, it is the influence of Confucius which has maintained, though probably not originated, in China, that profound reverence for parents, that strong family affection, that love of order, that regard for knowledge and deference for literary men, which are fundamental principles underlying all the Chinese institutions. His minute and practical system of morals, studied as it is by all the learned, and constituting the sum of knowledge and the principle of government in China, has exerted and exerts

an influence on that innumerable people which it is impossible to estimate, but which makes us admire the power which can emanate from a single soul.

To exert such an influence requires greatness. If the tree is to be known by its fruits, Confucius must have been one of the master minds of our race. The supposition that a man of low morals or small intellect, an impostor or an enthusiast, could thus influence the world, is a theory which is an insult to human nature. The time for such theories has happily gone by. We now know that nothing can come of nothing,—that a fire of straw may make a bright blaze, but must necessarily soon go out. A light which illuminates centuries must be more than an ignis fatuus. Accordingly we should approach Confucius with respect, and expect to find something good and wise in his writings. It is only a loving spirit which will enable us to penetrate the difficulties which surround the study, and to apprehend something of the true genius of the man and his teachings. As there is no immediate danger of becoming his followers, we can see no objections to such a course, which also appears to be a species of mental hospitality, eminently in accordance with the spirit of our own Master.

Confucius belongs to that small company of select ones whose lives have been devoted to the moral elevation of their fellow-men. Among them he stands high, for he sought to implant the purest principles of religion and morals in the character of a whole people, and succeeded in doing it. To show that this was his purpose, it will be necessary to give a brief sketch of his life.

His ancestors were eminent statesmen and soldiers in the small country of Loo, then an independent kingdom, now a Chinese province. The year of his birth was that in which Cyrus became king of Persia. His father, one of the highest officers of the kingdom, and a brave soldier, died when Confucius was three years old. He was a studious boy, and when fifteen years

old had studied the five sacred books called *Kings*. He was married at the age of nineteen, and had only one son by his only wife. This son died before Confucius, leaving as his posterity a single grandchild, from whom the great multitudes of his descendants now in China were derived. This grandson was second only to Confucius in wisdom, and was the teacher of the illustrious Mencius.

The first part of the life of Confucius was spent in attempting to reform the abuses of society by means of the official stations which he held, by his influence with princes, and by travelling and intercourse with men. The second period was that in which he was recalled from his travels to become a minister in his native country, the kingdom of Loo. Here he applied his theories of government, and tested their practicability. He was then fifty years old. His success was soon apparent in the growing prosperity of the whole people. Instead of the tyranny which before prevailed, they were now ruled according to his idea of good government, — that of the father of a family. Confidence was restored to the public mind, and all good influences followed. But the tree was not yet deeply enough rooted to resist accidents, and all his wise arrangements were suddenly overthrown by the caprice of the monarch, who, tired of the austere virtue of Confucius, suddenly plunged into a career of dissipation. Confucius resigned his office, and again became a wanderer, but now with a new motive. He had before travelled to learn, now he travelled to teach. He collected disciples around him, and, no longer seeking to gain the ear of princes, he diffused his ideas among the common people by means of his disciples, whom he sent out everywhere to communicate his doctrines. So, amid many vicissitudes of outward fortune, he lived till he was seventy-three years old. In the last years of his life he occupied himself in publishing his works, and in editing the Sacred Books. His disciples had become very numerous, historians esti-

mating them at three thousand, of whom five hundred had attained to official station, seventy-two had penetrated deeply into his system, and ten, of the highest class of mind and character, were continually near his person. Of these Hwuy was especially valued by him, as having early attained superior virtue. He frequently referred to him in his conversations. "I saw him continually advance," said he, "but I never saw him stop in the path of knowledge." Again he says: "The wisest of my disciples, having one idea, understands two. Hwuy, having one, understands ten." Another of the select ten disciples, Tsze-loo, was rash and impetuous like the Apostle Peter. Another, Tsze-Kung, was loving and tender like the Apostle John; he built a house near the grave of Confucius, wherein to mourn for him after his death.

The life of Confucius was thus devoted to communicating to the Chinese nation a few great moral and religious principles, which he believed would insure the happiness of the people. His devotion to this aim appears in his writings. Thus he says: —

"At fifteen years, I longed for wisdom. At thirty, my mind was fixed in the pursuit of it. At forty, I saw clearly certain principles. At fifty, I understood the rule given by heaven. At sixty, everything I heard I easily understood. At seventy, the desires of my heart no longer transgressed the law."

"If in the morning I hear about the right way, and in the evening I die, I can be happy."

He says of himself: "He is a man who through his earnestness in seeking knowledge forgets his food, and in his joy for having found it loses all sense of his toil, and thus occupied is unconscious that he has almost reached old age."

Again: "Coarse rice for food, water to drink, the bended arm for a pillow, — happiness may be enjoyed even with these; but without virtue both riches and honor seem to me like the passing cloud."

The great principles which he taught were chiefly based on family affection and duty. He taught kings that they were to treat their subjects as their children, subjects to respect the kings as parents; and these ideas so penetrated the national mind, that emperors are obliged to seem to govern thus, even if they do not desire it. Confucius was a teacher of reverence, — reverence for God, respect for parents, respect and reverence for the past and its legacies, for the great men and great ideas of former times. He taught men also to regard each other as brethren, and even the golden rule, in its negative if not its positive form, is to be found in his writings.

Curiously enough, this teacher of reverence was distinguished by a remarkable lump on the top of his head, where the phrenologists have placed the organ of veneration.* Rooted in his organization, and strengthened by all his convictions, this element of adoration seemed to him the crown of the whole moral nature of man. But, while full of veneration, he was absolutely deficient in the sense of spiritual things. A personal God was unknown to him; so that his worship was directed, not to God, but to antiquity, to ancestors, to propriety and usage, to the state as father and mother of its subjects, to the ruler as in the place of authority. Perfectly sincere, deeply and absolutely assured of all that he knew, he said nothing he did not believe. His power came not only from the depth and clearness of his convictions, but from the absolute honesty of his soul.

Lao-tsze, for twenty-eight years his contemporary (born 604, B. C. died 523, B. C. aged eighty-one), founder of one of the three existing religions of China, — the Tao-ssé, — was a man of perhaps equal intelligence. But he was chiefly a thinker; he made no attempt to elevate the people; his purpose was to repress the passions, and to preserve

the soul in a perfect equanimity. He was the Zeno of the East, founder of a Chinese stoicism. With him, virtue is sure of its reward; everything is arranged by a fixed law. His disciples afterwards added to his system a thaumaturgic element and an invocation of departed spirits, so that now it resembles our modern Spiritism; but the original doctrine of Lao-tsze was rationalism in philosophy, and stoicism in morals. Confucius is said, in a Chinese work, to have visited him, and to have frankly confessed his inability to understand him. "I know how birds fly, how fishes swim, how animals run. The bird may be shot, the fish hooked, and the beast snared. But there is the dragon. I cannot tell how he mounts in the air, and soars to heaven. To-day I have seen the dragon."

But the modest man, who lived for others, has far surpassed in his influence this dragon of intelligence. It certainly increases our hope for man, when we see how these qualities of perfect honesty, good sense, generous devotion to the public good, and fidelity to the last in adherence to his work, have made Confucius during twenty-three centuries the daily teacher and guide of a third of the human race.

Here are some more of his sayings, selected as throwing light on his opinions and character.

"A good man regards the root; he fixes the root, and all else flows out of it. The root is filial piety, the fruit brotherly love."

"There may be fair words and an humble countenance when there is little real virtue."

"I daily examine myself in a three-fold manner: in my transactions with men, if I am upright; in my intercourse with friends, if I am faithful; and whether I illustrate the teachings of my master in my conduct."

"Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things."

"When you transgress, do not fear to return."

"Learn the past and you will know the future."

* On the top of his head was a remarkable formation, in consequence of which he was named Kew. Legge, Vol. I. Chap. VI. (note).

"Grieve not that men know not you; grieve that you know not men."

"To rule with equity is like the North Star, which is fixed, and all the rest go round it."

"The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance."

"Worship as though the Deity were present."

"If my mind is not engaged in my worship, it is as though I worshipped not."

"Formerly, in hearing men, I heard their words, and gave them credit for their conduct; now I hear their words, and observe their conduct."

"A man's life depends on virtue; if a bad man lives, it is only by good fortune."

"Some proceed blindly to action, without knowledge; I hear much, and select the best course."

He was once found fault with, when in office, for not opposing the marriage of a ruler with a distant relation, which was an offence against Chinese propriety. He said: "I am a happy man; if I have a fault, men observe it."

Confucius was humble. He said: "I cannot bear to hear myself called equal to the sages and the good. All that can be said of me is, that I study with delight the conduct of the sages, and instruct men without weariness therein."

"The good man is serene," said he, "the bad always in fear."

The last years of the life of Confucius were devoted to editing the Sacred Books, or Kings. As we now have them, they come from him. Authentic records of Chinese history extend back to 2357, B. C. while the Chinese philosophy originated with Fuh-he, who lived about 3327, B. C. He it was who substituted writing for the knotted strings which before formed the only means of record. He was also the author of the Eight Diagrams, — each consisting of three lines, half of which are whole and half broken in two, — which by their various combinations are supposed to represent the active and passive princi-

ples of the universe in all their essential forms. Confucius edited the Yih-King, the Shoo-King, the She-King, and the Leke, which constitute the whole of the ancient literature of China which has come down to posterity.* The Four Books, which contain the doctrines of Confucius and of his school, were not written by himself, but composed by others after his death.

One of these is called the "Immutable Mean," and its object is to show that virtue consists in avoiding extremes. Another — the Lun-Yu, or Analects — contains the conversation or table-talk of Confucius, and somewhat resembles the Memorabilia of Xenophon and Boswell's Life of Johnson. The Four Books have been translated into French, German, and English. Dr. Marshman translated the Lun-Yu. Mr. Collie afterward published at Calcutta the Four Books. But within a few years the labors of previous sinologues have been almost superseded by Dr. Legge's splendid work, still in process of publication. We have, as yet, only the volumes containing the Four Books of Confucius and his successors, and a portion of the Kings. Dr. Legge's work is in Chinese and English, with copious notes and extracts from many Chinese commentators. In his notes, and his preliminary dissertations, he endeavors to do justice to Confucius and his doctrines. Perhaps he does not fully succeed in this, but it is evident that he respects the Chinese sage, and is never willingly unfair to him. If to the books above mentioned be added the works of Pauthier, Stanislas Julien, Mohl, and other French sinologues, and the German works on the same subject, we have a sufficient apparatus for the study of Chinese thought.

According to Mr. Meadows, the philosophy of China, in its origin and present aspect, may be thus briefly described. Setting aside the Buddhist and Taoist systems, which supply to the Chinese the element of religious worship and the doctrine of a supernatural

* Meadows, "The Chinese and their Rebellions," p. 332.

world, wanting in the system of Confucius, we find the latter as the established religion of the state, merely tolerating the others as suited to persons of weak minds. The Confucian system, constantly taught by the competitive examinations, rules the thought of China. Its first development was from the birth of Confucius to the death of Mencius (or from 551 B. C. to 313 B. C.). Its second period was from the time of Chow-tsze (A. D. 1034) to that of Choo-tsze (A. D. 1200). The last of these is the real fashioner of Chinese philosophy, and one of the truly great men of the human race. His works are chiefly Commentaries on the Kings and the Four Books. They are committed to memory by millions of Chinese who aspire to pass the public-service examinations. The Chinese philosophy, thus established by Choo-tsze, is as follows.*

There is one highest, ultimate principle of all existence, — the *Tae-keih*, or Grand Extreme. This is absolutely immaterial, and the basis of the order of the universe. From this ultimate principle, operating from all eternity, comes all animate and inanimate nature. It operates in a twofold way, by expansion and contraction, or by ceaseless active and passive pulsations. The active expansive pulsation is called *Yang*, the passive intensive pulsation is *Yin*, and the two may be called the Positive and Negative Essences of all things. When the active expansive phase of the process has reached its extreme limit, the operation becomes passive and intensive; and these vibrations originate all material and mortal existences. Creation is therefore a perpetual process, — matter and spirit are opposite results of the same force. The one tends to variety, the other to unity; and variety in unity is a permanent and universal law of being. Man results from the utmost development of this pulsatory action and passion; and man's nature, as the highest result, is perfectly good, consisting of five elements, namely, charity, righteousness, propriety, wisdom, and sincerity. These constitute

the inmost, essential nature of man; but, as man comes in contact with the outward world, evil arises by the conflict. When man follows the dictates of his nature, his actions are good, and harmony results. When he is unduly influenced by the outward world, his actions are evil, and discord intervenes. The holy man is one who has an instinctive, inward sight of the ultimate principle in its twofold operation (or what we should call the sight of God, the beatific vision), and who therefore spontaneously and easily obeys his nature. Hence, all his thoughts are perfectly wise, his actions perfectly good, and his words perfectly true. Confucius was the last of these holy men. The infallible authority of the Sacred Books results from the fact that their writers, being holy men, had an instinctive perception of the working of the ultimate principle.

We have seen that, in this system, the ultimate principle is not necessarily identical with a living, intelligent, and personal God. Nor did Confucius, when he speaks of *Teen*, or Heaven, express any faith in such a being. He neither asserted nor denied a Supreme God. His worship and prayer did not necessarily imply such a faith. It was the prayer of reverence addressed to some sacred, mysterious, unknown power, above and behind all visible things. What that power was, he, with his supreme candor, did not venture to intimate. But in the *Shoo-King* a personal God is addressed. The oldest books recognize a Divine person. They teach that there is one Supreme Being, who is omnipresent, who sees all things, and has an intelligence which nothing can escape, — that he wishes men to live together in peace and brotherhood. He commands not only right actions, but pure desires and thoughts; that we should watch all our behavior, and maintain a grave and majestic demeanor, "which is like a palace in which virtue resides"; but especially that we should guard the tongue. "For a blemish may be taken out of a diamond by carefully polishing it; but, if your words

* Meadows, p. 342.

have the least blemish, there is no way to efface that." "Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues." "To acknowledge one's incapacity is the way to be soon prepared to teach others; for from the moment that a man is no longer full of himself, nor puffed up with empty pride, whatever good he learns in the morning he practises before night." "Heaven penetrates to the bottom of our hearts, like light into a dark chamber. We must conform ourselves to it, till we are like two instruments of music tuned to the same pitch. We must join ourselves with it, like two tablets which appear but one. We must receive its gifts the very moment its hand is open to bestow. Our irregular passions shut up the door of our souls against God."

Such are the teachings of these Kings, which are unquestionably among the oldest existing productions of the human mind. In the days of Confucius they seem to have been nearly forgotten, and their precepts wholly neglected. Confucius revised them, added his own explanations and comments, and, as one of the last acts of his life, called his disciples around him and made a solemn dedication of these books to Heaven. He erected an altar on which he placed them, adored God, and returned thanks upon his knees in a humble manner for having had life and health granted him to finish this undertaking.

Confucius was eminently distinguished by energy and persistency. He did not stop working till he died. His life was of one piece, beautiful, noble. "The general of a large army," said he, "may be defeated, but you cannot defeat the determined mind of a peasant." He acted conformably to this thought, and to another of his sayings. "If I am building a mountain, and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed of my work. But if I have placed but one basketful on the plain, and go on, I am really building a mountain."

Many beautiful and noble things are related concerning the character of

Confucius, — of his courage in the midst of danger, of his humility in the highest position of honor. His writings and life have given the law to Chinese thought. He is the patron saint of that great empire. His doctrine is the state religion of the nation, sustained by the whole power of the emperor and the literary body. His books are published every year by societies formed for that purpose, who distribute them gratuitously. His descendants enjoy the highest consideration. The number of temples erected to his memory is sixteen hundred and sixty. One of them occupies ten acres of land. On the two festivals in the year sacred to his memory, there are sacrificed some seventy thousand animals of different kinds, and twenty-seven thousand pieces of silk are burned on his altars. Yet his is a religion without priests, liturgy, or public worship, except on these two occasions.

It were easy to find defects in the doctrine of Confucius. It has little to teach of God or immortality. But if the law of Moses, which said nothing of a future life, was a preparation for Christianity; if, as the early Christian Fathers asserted, Greek philosophy was also a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ; who can doubt that the truth and purity in the teachings of Confucius were providentially intended to lead this great nation in the right direction? Confucius is a Star in the East, to lead his people to Christ. One of the most authentic of his sayings is, this, that "in the West the true Saint must be looked for and found." He had a perception, such as truly great men have often had, of some one higher than himself, who was to come after him. We cannot doubt, therefore, that God, who forgets none of his children, has given this teacher to the swarming millions of China, to lead them on till they are ready for a higher light. And certainly the temporal prosperity and external virtues of this nation, and their long-continued stability amid the universal changes of the world, are owing in no small degree to the lessons of reverence

for the past, of respect for knowledge, of peace and order, and especially of filial piety, which he inculcated. In their case, if in no other, has been fulfilled the promise of the divine commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

In comparing the system of Confucius with Christianity, it appears at once that Christianity differs from this system, as from all those with which we have compared it in former articles, in its greater completeness. Jesus says to the Chinese philosopher, as he said to the Jewish law, "I have not come to destroy, but to fulfil." He fulfils the Confucian reverence for the past by adding hope for the future; he fulfils its stability by progress, its faith in man with faith in God, its interest in this world with the expectation of another, its sense of time with that of eternity. Confucius aims at peace, order, outward prosperity, virtue, and good morals. All this belongs also to Christianity, but Christianity adds a moral enthusiasm, a faith in the spiritual world, a hope of immortal life, a sense of the Fatherly presence of God. So that here, as before, we find that Christianity does not exclude other religions, but includes them, and is distinguished by being deeper, higher, broader, and more far-reaching than they.

A people, with such institutions and such a social life as we have described, cannot be despised, and to call them uncivilized is as absurd in us as it is in them to call Europeans barbarians. They are a good, intelligent, and happy people. Lieutenant Forbes, who spent five years in China, — from 1842 to 1847, — says: "I found myself in the midst of as amiable, kind, and hospitable a population as any on the face of the earth, as far ahead of us in some things as behind us in others." As to the charge of dishonesty brought against them by those who judge the whole nation by the degraded population of the suburbs of Canton, Forbes says, "My own property suffered more in

landing in England and passing the British frontier than in my whole sojourn in China."

"There is no nation," says the Jesuit Du Halde, "more laborious and temperate than this. They are inured to hardships from their infancy, which greatly contributes to preserve the innocence of their manners. . . . They are of a mild, tractable, and humane disposition." He thinks them exceedingly modest, and regards the love of gain as their chief vice. "Interest," says he, "is the spring of all their actions; for, when the least profit offers, they despise all difficulties and undertake the most painful journeys to procure it." This may be true; but if a Chinese traveller in America should give the same account of us, would it not be quite as true? One of the latest writers — the author of "The Middle Kingdom" — accuses the Chinese of gross sensuality, mendacity, and dishonesty. No doubt these are besetting sins with them, as with all nations who are educated under a system which makes submission to authority the chief virtue. But then this writer lived only at Canton and Macao, and saw personally only the refuse of the people. He admits that "they have attained, by the observance of peace and good order, to a high security of life and property; that the various classes are linked together in a remarkably homogeneous manner by the diffusion of education; and that property and industry receive their just reward of food, raiment, and shelter." He also reminds us that the religion of China differs from all Pagan religions in this, that it encourages neither cruelty nor sensuality. No human victims have ever been offered on its altars, and those licentious rites which have appeared in so many religions have never disgraced its pure worship.

The Chinese citizen enjoys a degree of order, peace, and comfort unknown elsewhere in Asia. "He can hold and sell landed property with a facility, certainty, and security which is absolute perfection compared with the nature of

English dealings of the same kind."* He can traverse the country for two thousand miles unquestioned by any official. He can follow what occupation he pleases. He can quit his country and re-enter it without a passport. The law of primogeniture does not exist. The emperor appoints his heir, but a younger son quite as often as an elder one. The principle that no man is entitled by birth to rule over them is better known to the three hundred and sixty millions of China, than to the twenty-seven millions of Great Britain that they have a right to a trial by their peers.† The principle of Chinese government is to persuade rather than to compel, to use moral means rather than physical. This rests on the fundamental belief in human goodness. For, as Mr. Meadows justly observes: "The theory that man's nature is radically vicious is the true psychical basis of despotic or physical-force government; while the theory that man's nature is radically good is the basis of free or moral-force government." The Chinese government endeavors to be paternal. It has refused to lay a tax on opium, because that would countenance the sale of it, though it might derive a large income from such a tax. The sacred literature of the Chinese is perfectly free from everything impure or offensive. There is not a line but might be read aloud in any family circle in England. All immoral ceremonies in idol worship are forbidden. M. Huc says that the birth of a daughter is counted a disaster in China; but well-informed travellers tell us that fathers go about with little daughters on their arms, as proud and pleased as a European father could be.

Slavery and concubinage exist in China, and the husband has absolute power over his wife, even of life and death. These customs tend to demoralize the Chinese, and are a source of great evil. Woman is the slave of man. The exception to this is in the case of a mother. She is absolute in her household, and mothers, in China, command

universal reverence. If an officer asks leave of absence to visit his mother, it must be granted him. A mother may order an official to take her son to prison, and she must be obeyed. As a wife without children woman is a slave, but as a mother with grown-up sons she is a monarch.

Two extraordinary events have occurred in our day in China, the results of which may be of the utmost importance to the nation and to mankind. The one is the Tae-ping insurrection, the other the diplomatic mission of Mr. Burlingame to the Western world. Whatever may be the immediate issue of the great insurrection of our day against the Tartar dynasty, it will remain a phenomenon of the utmost significance. There is no doubt, notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary, that it has been a religious movement, proceeding from a single mind deeply moved by the reading of the Bible. The hostility of the Chinese to the present Mantchoo Tartar monarchs no doubt aided it; but there has been in it an element of power from the beginning, derived, like that of the Puritans, from its religious enthusiasm. Its leader, the Heavenly Prince, Hung-sew-tseuen, son of a poor peasant living thirty miles northeast of Canton, received a tract, containing extracts from the Chinese Bible of Dr. Morrison, from a Chinese tract distributor in the streets of Canton. This was in 1833, when he was about twenty years of age. He took the book home, looked over it carelessly, and threw it aside. Disappointed of his degree at two competitive examinations, he fell sick, and saw a vision of an old man, saying: "I am the Creator of all things. Go and do my work." After this vision six years passed by, when the English war broke out, and the English fleet took the Chinese forts in the river of Canton. Such a great national calamity indicated, according to Chinese ideas, something rotten in the government; and such success on the part of the English showed that, in some way, they were fulfilling the will of Heaven. This

* Meadows, p. 28.

† Ibid. p. 18.

led Hung-sew-tseuen to peruse again his Christian books ; and alone, with no guide, he became a sincere believer in Christ, after a fashion of his own. God was the Creator of all things, and the Supreme Father. Jesus was the Elder Brother and heavenly Teacher of mankind. Idolatry was to be overthrown, virtue to be practised. Hung-sew-tseuen believed that the Bible confirmed his former visions. He accepted his mission, and began to make converts. All his converts renounced idolatry, and gave up the worship of Confucius. They travelled to and fro teaching, and formed a society of "God-worshippers." The first convert, Fung-yun-san, became its most ardent missionary and its disinterested preacher. Hung-sew-tseuen returned home, went to Canton, and there met Mr. Roberts, an American missionary, who was induced by false charges to refuse him Christian baptism. But he, without being offended with Mr. Roberts, went home and taught his converts how to baptize themselves. The society of "God-worshippers" increased in number. Some of them were arrested for destroying idols, and among them Fung-yun-san, who, however, on his way to prison, converted the policemen by his side. These new converts set him at liberty and went away with him as his disciples. Various striking phenomena occurred in this society. Men fell into a state of ecstasy and delivered exhortations. Sick persons were cured by the power of prayer. The teachings of these ecstasies were tested by Scripture ; if found to agree therewith, they were accepted ; if not, rejected.

It was in October, 1850, that this religious movement assumed a political form. A large body of persons, in a state of chronic rebellion against the Chinese authorities, had fled into the district, and joined the "God-worshippers." Pursued by the imperial soldiers, they were protected against them. Hence war began. The leaders of the religious movement found themselves compelled to choose between submission and resistance. They resisted,

and the great insurrection began. But in China an insurrection against the dynasty is in the natural order of things. Indeed it may be said to be a part of the constitution. By the Sacred Books, taught in all the schools and made a part of the examination papers, it is the duty of the people to overthrow any bad government. The Chinese have no power to legislate, do not tax themselves, and the government is a pure autocracy. But it is not a despotism ; for old usages make a constitution, which the government must respect or be overthrown. "The right to rebel," says Mr. Meadows, "is in China a chief element of national stability." The Tae-ping (or Universal-Peace) Insurrection has shown its religious character throughout. It has not been cruel, except in retaliation. At the taking of Nan-king orders were given to put all the women together and protect them, and any one doing them an injury was punished with death. Before the attack on Nan-king a large body of the insurgents knelt down and prayed, and then rose and fought, like the soldiers of Cromwell. The aid of a large body of rebels was refused, because they did not renounce idolatry, and continued to allow the use of opium. Hymns of praise to the Heavenly Father and Elder Brother were chanted in the camp. And the head of the insurrection distinctly announced that, in case it succeeded, the Bible would be substituted in all public examinations for office in the place of Confucius. This would cause the Bible to be at once studied by all candidates for office among three hundred and sixty millions of people. It would constitute the greatest event in the history of Christianity since the days of Constantine, or at least since the conversion of the Teutonic races. The rebellion has perhaps failed ; but great results must follow this immense interest in Christianity in the heart of China,—an interest awakened by no Christian mission, whether Catholic or Protestant, but coming down into this great nation like the rain from heaven.

Of the other great event,—that of

China coming forth from its long seclusion to take the hand of European governments, and join the sisterhood of civilized states, — we will say nothing here, waiting for further results. But this at least is evident, that, in choosing the United States for its agent and friendly introducer, it has chosen wisely. The United States is the only great government which has no interest in

China except to maintain the autonomy of China. We do not wish for any of her territory. We do not desire to interfere with her customs or laws. We ask only for peaceful and equal commerce; and it is not likely that any European power will venture to treat her, with the United States for an ally and friend, as a nation having no rights which Christians are bound to respect.

THE FIRST CRICKET.

AH me! is it then true that the year has waxed unto waning,
And that so soon must remain nothing but lapse and decay, —
Earliest cricket, that out of the midsummer midnight complaining,
All the faint summer in me takest with subtle dismay?

Though thou bringest no dream of frost to the flowers that slumber,
Though no tree for its leaves, doomed of thy voice, maketh moan;
With the unconscious earth's boded evil my soul thou dost cumber,
And in the year's lost youth makest me still lose my own.

Answerest thou, that when nights of December are blackest and bleakest, —
And when the fervid grate feigns me a May in my room,
And by my hearthstone gay, as now sad in my garden, thou creakest, —
Thou wilt again give me all, — dew and fragrance and bloom?

Nay, little poet! full many a cricket I have that is willing,
If I but take him down out of his place on my shelf,
Me blither lays to sing than the blithest known to thy shrilling,
Full of the rapture of life, May, morn, hope, and — himself:

Leaving me only the sadder; for never one of my singers
Lures back the bee to his feast, calls back the bird to his tree.
Hast thou no art can make me believe, while the summer yet lingers,
Better than bloom that has been red leaf and sere that must be?

GABRIELLE DE BERGERAC.

PART III.

A WEEK after this memorable visit to Fossy, in emulation of my good preceptor, I treated my friends, or myself at least, to a five minutes' fright. Wandering beside the river one day when Coquelin had been detained within doors to overlook some accounts for my father, I amused myself, where the bank projected slightly over the stream, with kicking the earth away in fragments, and watching it borne down the current. The result may be anticipated: I came very near going the way of those same fragments. I lost my foothold and fell into the stream, which, however, was so shallow as to offer no great obstacle to self-preservation. I scrambled ashore, wet to the bone, and, feeling rather ashamed of my misadventure, skulked about in the fields for a couple of hours, in my dripping clothes. Finally, there being no sun and my garments remaining inexorably damp, my teeth began to chatter and my limbs to ache. I went home and surrendered myself. Here again the result may be foreseen: the next day I was laid up with a high fever.

Mlle. de Bergerac, as I afterwards learned, immediately appointed herself my nurse, removed me from my little sleeping-closet to her own room, and watched me with the most tender care. My illness lasted some ten days, my convalescence a week. When I began to mend, my bed was transferred to an unoccupied room adjoining my aunt's. Here, late one afternoon, I lay languidly singing to myself and watching the western sunbeams shimmering on the opposite wall. If you were ever ill as a child, you will remember such moments. You look by the hour at your thin, white hands; you listen to the sounds in the house, the opening of doors and the tread of feet; you murmur strange odds and ends of talk; and you watch the fading of the day and

the dark flowering of the night. Presently my aunt came in, introducing Coquelin, whom she left by my bedside. He sat with me a long time, talking in the old, kind way, and gradually lulled me to sleep with the gentle murmur of his voice. When I awoke again it was night. The sun was quenched on the opposite wall, but through a window on the same side came a broad ray of moonlight. In the window sat Coquelin, who had apparently not left the room. Near him was Mlle. de Bergerac.

Some time elapsed between my becoming conscious of their presence and my distinguishing the sense of the words that were passing between them. When I did so, if I had reached the age when one ponders and interprets what one hears, I should readily have perceived that since those last thrilling moments at Fossy their friendship had taken a very long step, and that the secret of each heart had changed place with its mate. But even now there was little that was careless and joyous in their young love; the first words of Mlle. de Bergerac that I distinguished betrayed the sombre tinge of their passion.

"I don't care what happens now," she said. "It will always be something to have lived through these days."

"You're stronger than I, then," said Coquelin. "I have not the courage to defy the future. I'm afraid to think of it. Ah, why can't we make a future of our own?"

"It would be a greater happiness than we have a right to. Who are you, Pierre Coquelin, that you should claim the right to marry the girl you love, when she's a demoiselle de Bergerac to begin with? And who am I, that I should expect to have deserved a greater blessing than that one look of your eyes, which I shall never, never forget? It is more than enough to watch you

and pray for you and worship you in silence."

"What am I? what are you? We are two honest mortals, who have a perfect right to repudiate the blessings of God. If ever a passion deserved its reward, mademoiselle, it's the absolute love I bear you. It's not a spasm, a miracle, or a delusion; it's the most natural emotion of my nature."

"We don't live in a natural world, Coquelin. If we did, there would be no need of concealing this divine affection. Great heaven! who's natural? Is it my sister-in-law? Is it M. de Treuil? Is it my brother? My brother is sometimes so natural that he's brutal. Is it I myself? There are moments when I'm afraid of my nature."

It was too dark for me to distinguish my companions' faces in the course of this singular dialogue; but it's not hard to imagine how, as my aunt uttered these words, with a burst of sombre *naïveté*, her lover must have turned upon her face the puzzled brightness of his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"*Mon Dieu!* think how I have lived! What a senseless, thoughtless, passionless life! What solitude, ignorance, and languor! What trivial duties and petty joys! I have fancied myself happy at times, for it was God's mercy that I did n't know what I lacked. But now that my soul begins to stir and throb and live, it shakes me with its mighty pulsations. I feel as if in the mere wantonness of strength and joy it might drive me to some extravagance. I seem to feel myself making a great rush, with my eyes closed and my heart in my throat. And then the earth sinks away from under my feet, and in my ears is the sound of a dreadful tumult."

"Evidently we have very different ways of feeling. For you our love is action, passion; for me it's rest. For you it's romance; for me it's reality. For me it's a necessity; for you (how shall I say it?) it's a luxury. In point of fact, mademoiselle, how should it be otherwise? When a demoiselle de Bergerac bestows her heart upon an

obscure adventurer, a man born in poverty and servitude, it's a matter of charity, of noble generosity."

Mlle. de Bergerac received this speech in silence, and for some moments nothing was said. At last she resumed: "After all that has passed between us, Coquelin, it seems to me a matter neither of generosity nor of charity to allude again to that miserable fact of my birth."

"I was only trying to carry out your own idea, and to get at the truth with regard to our situation. If our love is worth a straw, we need n't be afraid of that. Is n't it true — blessedly true, perhaps, for all I know — that you shrink a little from taking me as I am? Except for my character, I'm so little! It's impossible to be less of a *personage*. You can't quite reconcile it to your dignity to love a nobody, so you fling over your weakness a veil of mystery and romance and exaltation. You regard your passion, perhaps, as more of an escapade, an adventure, than it needs to be."

"My 'nobody,'" said Mlle. de Bergerac, gently, "is a very wise man, and a great philosopher. I don't understand a word you say."

"Ah, so much the better!" said Coquelin with a little laugh.

"Will you promise me," pursued the young girl, "never again by word or deed to allude to the difference of our birth? If you refuse, I shall consider you an excellent pedagogue, but no lover."

"Will you in return promise me —"

"Promise you what?"

Coquelin was standing before her, looking at her, with folded arms. "Promise me likewise to forget it!"

Mlle. de Bergerac stared a moment, and also rose to her feet. "Forget it! Is this generous?" she cried. "Is it delicate? I had pretty well forgot it, I think, on that dreadful day at Fos-sy!" Her voice trembled and swelled; she burst into tears. Coquelin attempted to remonstrate, but she motioned him aside, and swept out of the room.

It must have been a very genuine passion between these two, you'll observe, to allow this handling without gloves. Only a plant of hardy growth could have endured this chilling blast of discord and disputation. Ultimately, indeed, its effect seemed to have been to fortify and consecrate their love. This was apparent several days later; but I know not what manner of communication they had had in the interval. I was much better, but I was still weak and languid. Mlle. de Bergerac brought me my breakfast in bed, and then, having helped me to rise and dress, led me out into the garden, where she had caused a chair to be placed in the shade. While I sat watching the bees and butterflies, and pulling the flowers to pieces, she strolled up and down the alley close at hand, taking slow stitches in a piece of embroidery. We had been so occupied about ten minutes, when Coquelin came towards us from his lodge, — by appointment, evidently, for this was a roundabout way to the house. Mlle. de Bergerac met him at the end of the path, where I could not hear what they said, but only see their gestures. As they came along together, she raised both hands to her ears, and shook her head with vehemence, as if to refuse to listen to what he was urging. When they drew near my resting-place, she had interrupted him.

"No, no, no!" she cried, "I will never forget it to my dying day. How should I? How can I look at you without remembering it? It's in your face, your figure, your movements, the tones of your voice. It's you, — it's what I love in you! It was that which went through my heart that day at Fossy. It was the look, the tone, with which you called the place horrible; it was your bitter plebeian hate. When you spoke of the misery and baseness of your race, I could have cried out in an anguish of love! When I contradicted you, and pretended that I prized and honored all these tokens of your servitude, — just heaven! you know now what my words were worth!"

Coquelin walked beside her with his

hands clasped behind him, and his eyes fixed on the ground with a look of repressed sensibility. He passed his poor little convalescent pupil without heeding him. When they came down the path again, the young girl was still talking with the same feverish volubility.

"But most of all, the first day, the first hour, when you came up the avenue to my brother! I had never seen any one like you. I had seen others, but you had something that went to my soul. I devoured you with my eyes, — your dusty clothes, your uncombed hair, your pale face, the way you held yourself not to seem tired. I went down on my knees, then; I have n't been up since."

The poor girl, you see, was completely possessed by her passion, and yet she was in a very strait place. For her life she would n't recede; and yet how was she to advance? There must have been an odd sort of simplicity in her way of bestowing her love; or perhaps you'll think it an odd sort of subtlety. It seems plain to me now, as I tell the story, that Coquelin, with his perfect good sense, was right, and that there was, at this moment, a large element of romance in the composition of her feelings. She seemed to feel no desire to realize her passion. Her hand was already bestowed; fate was inexorable. She wished simply to compress a world of bliss into her few remaining hours of freedom.

The day after this interview in the garden I came down to dinner; on the next I sat up to supper, and for some time afterwards, thanks to my aunt's preoccupation of mind. On rising from the table, my father left the château; my mother, who was ailing, returned to her room. Coquelin disappeared, under pretence of going to his own apartments; but, Mlle. de Bergerac having taken me into the drawing-room and detained me there some minutes, he shortly rejoined us.

"Great heaven, mademoiselle, this must end!" he cried, as he came into the room. "I can stand it no longer."

"Nor can I," said my aunt. "But I have given my word."

"Take back your word, then! Write him a letter — go to him — send me to him — anything! I can't stay here on the footing of a thief and an impostor. I'll do anything," he continued, as she was silent. "I'll go to him in person; I'll go to your brother; I'll go to your sister even. I'll proclaim it to the world. Or, if you don't like that, I'll keep it a mortal secret. I'll leave the château with you without an hour's delay. I'll defy pursuit and discovery. We'll go to America, — anywhere you wish, if it's only action. Only spare me the agony of seeing you drift along into that man's arms."

Mlle. de Bergerac made no reply for some moments. At last, "I will never marry M. de Treuil," she said.

To this declaration Coquelin made no response; but after a pause, "Well, well, well?" he cried.

"Ah, you're pitiless!" said the young girl.

"No, mademoiselle, from the bottom of my heart I pity you."

"Well, then, think of all you ask! Think of the inexpiable criminality of my love. Think of me standing here, — here before my mother's portrait, — murmuring out my shame, scorched by my sister's scorn, buffeted by my brother's curses! Gracious heaven, Coquelin, suppose after all I were a bad, hard girl!"

"I'll suppose nothing; this is no time for hair-splitting." And then, after a pause, as if with a violent effort, in a voice hoarse and yet soft: "Gabrielle, passion is blind. Reason alone is worth a straw. I'll not counsel you in passion, let us wait till reason comes to us." He put out his hand; she gave him her own; he pressed it to his lips and departed.

On the following day, as I still professed myself too weak to resume my books, Coquelin left the château alone, after breakfast, for a long walk. He was going, I suppose, into the woods and meadows in quest of Reason. She was hard to find, apparently, for he

failed to return to dinner. He reappeared, however, at supper, but now my father was absent. My mother, as she left the table, expressed the wish that Mlle. de Bergerac should attend her to her own room. Coquelin, meanwhile, went with me into the great saloon, and for half an hour talked to me gravely and kindly about my studies, and questioned me on what we had learned before my illness. At the end of this time Mlle. de Bergerac returned.

"I got this letter to-day from M. de Treuil," she said, and offered him a missive which had apparently been handed to her since dinner.

"I don't care to read it," he said.

She tore it across and held the pieces to the flame of the candle. "He is to be here to-morrow," she added finally.

"Well?" asked Coquelin gravely.

"You know my answer."

"Your answer to him, perfectly. But what is your answer to me?"

She looked at him in silence. They stood for a minute, their eyes locked together. And then, in the same posture, — her arms loose at her sides, her head slightly thrown back, — "To you," she said, "my answer is — farewell."

The word was little more than whispered; but, though he heard it, he neither started nor spoke. He stood unmoved, all his soul trembling under his brows and filling the space between his mistress and himself with a sort of sacred stillness. Then, gradually, his head sank on his breast, and his eyes dropped on the ground.

"It's reason," the young girl began. "Reason has come to me. She tells me that if I marry in my brother's despite, and in opposition to all the traditions that have been kept sacred in my family, I shall neither find happiness nor give it. I must choose the simplest course. The other is a gulf; I can't leap it. It's harder than you think. Something in the air forbids it, — something in the very look of these old walls, within which I was born and I've lived. I shall never marry; I shall go into religion. I tried

to fling away my name ; it was sowing dragons' teeth. I don't ask you to forgive me. It's small enough comfort that you should have the right to think of me as a poor, weak heart. Keep repeating that: it will console you. I shall not have the compensation of doubting the perfection of what I love."

Coquelin turned away in silence. Mlle. de Bergerac sprang after him. "In Heaven's name," she cried, "say something ! Rave, storm, swear, but don't let me think I've broken your heart."

"My heart's sound," said Coquelin, almost with a smile. "I regret nothing that has happened. O, how I love you !"

The young girl buried her face in her hands.

"This end," he went on, "is doubtless the only possible one. It's thinking very lightly of life to expect any other. After all, what call had I to interrupt your life, — to burden you with a trouble, a choice, a decision ? As much as anything that I have ever known in you I admire your beautiful delicacy of conscience."

"Ah," said the young girl, with a moan, "don't kill me with fine names !"

And then came the farewell. "I feel," said poor Coquelin, "that I can't see you again. We must not meet. I will leave Bergerac immediately, — to-night, — under pretext of having been summoned home by my mother's illness. In a few days I will write to your brother that circumstances forbid me to return."

My own part in this painful interview I shall not describe at length. When it began to dawn upon my mind that my friend was actually going to disappear, I was seized with a convulsion of rage and grief. "Ah," cried Mlle. de Bergerac bitterly, "that was all that was wanting !" What means were taken to restore me to composure, what promises were made me, what pious deception was practised, I forget ; but, when at last I came to my senses, Coquelin had made his exit.

My aunt took me by the hand and

prepared to lead me up to bed, fearing naturally that my ruffled aspect and swollen visage would arouse suspicion. At this moment I heard the clatter of hoofs in the court, mingled with the sound of voices. From the window, I saw M. de Treuil and my father alighting from horseback. Mlle. de Bergerac, apparently, made the same observation ; she dropped my hand and sank down in a chair. She was not left long in suspense. Perceiving a light in the saloon, the two gentlemen immediately made their way to this apartment. They came in together, arm in arm, the Vicomte dressed in mourning. Just within the threshold they stopped ; my father disengaged his arm, took his companion by the hand and led him to Mlle. de Bergerac. She rose to her feet as you may imagine a sitting statue to rise. The Vicomte bent his knee.

"At last, mademoiselle," said he, — "sooner than I had hoped, — my long probation is finished."

The young girl spoke, but no one would have recognized her voice. "I fear, M. le Vicomte," she said, "that it has only begun."

The Vicomte broke into a harsh, nervous laugh.

"Fol de rol, mademoiselle," cried my father, "your pleasantry is in very bad taste."

But the Vicomte had recovered himself. "Mademoiselle is quite right," he declared ; "she means that I must now begin to deserve my happiness." This little speech showed a very brave fancy. It was in flagrant discord with the expression of the poor girl's figure, as she stood twisting her hands together and rolling her eyes, — an image of sombre desperation.

My father felt there was a storm in the air. "M. le Vicomte is in mourning for M. de Sorbières," he said. "M. le Vicomte is his sole legatee. He comes to exact the fulfilment of your promise."

"I made no promise," said Mlle. de Bergerac.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle ; you gave your word that you'd wait for me."

"Gracious heaven!" cried the young girl; "have n't I waited for you!"

"*Ma toute belle*," said the Baron, trying to keep his angry voice within the compass of an undertone, and reducing it in the effort to a very ugly whisper, "if I had supposed you were going to make us a scene, *nom de Dieu!* I would have taken my precautions beforehand! You know what you're to expect. Vicomte, keep her to her word. I'll give you half an hour. Come, Chevalier." And he took me by the hand.

We had crossed the threshold and reached the hall, when I heard the Vicomte give a long moan, half plaintive, half indignant. My father turned, and answered with a fierce, inarticulate cry, which I can best describe as a roar. He straightway retraced his steps, I, of course, following. Exactly what, in the brief interval, had passed between our companions I am unable to say; but it was plain that Mlle. de Bergerac, by some cruelly unerring word or act, had discharged the bolt of her refusal. Her gallant lover had sunk into a chair, burying his face in his hands, and stamping his feet on the floor in a frenzy of disappointment. She stood regarding him in a sort of helpless, distant pity. My father had been going to break out into a storm of imprecations; but he suppressed them, and folded his arms.

"And now, mademoiselle," he said, "will you be so good as to inform me of your intentions."

Beneath my father's gaze the softness passed out of my aunt's face and gave place to an angry defiance, which he must have recognized as cousin-german, at least, to the passion in his own breast. "My intentions had been," she said, "to let M. le Vicomte know that I could n't marry him, with as little offence as possible. But you seem determined, my brother, to thrust in a world of offence somewhere."

You must not blame Mlle. de Bergerac for the sting of her retort. She foresaw a hard fight; she had only sprung to her arms.

My father looked at the wretched Vicomte, as he sat sobbing and stamping like a child. His bosom was wrung with pity for his friend. "Look at that dear Gaston, that charming man, and blush for your audacity."

"I know a great deal more about my audacity than you, brother. I might tell you things that would surprise you."

"Gabrielle, you are mad!" the Baron broke out.

"Perhaps I am," said the young girl. And then, turning to M. de Treuil, in a tone of exquisite reproach, "M. le Vicomte, you suffer less well than I had hoped."

My father could endure no more. He seized his sister by her two wrists, so that beneath the pressure her eyes filled with tears. "Heartless fool!" he cried, "do you know what I can do to you?"

"I can imagine, from this specimen," said the poor creature.

The Baron was beside himself with passion. "Down, down on your knees," he went on, "and beg our pardon all round for your senseless, shameless perversity!" As he spoke, he increased the pressure of his grasp to that degree that, after a vain struggle to free herself, she uttered a scream of pain. The Vicomte sprang to his feet. "In heaven's name, Gabrielle," he cried, — and it was the only real *naïveté* that he had ever uttered, — "is n't it all a horrible jest?"

Mlle. de Bergerac shook her head. "It seems hard, Vicomte," she said, "that I should be answerable for your happiness."

"You hold it there in your hand. Think of what I suffer. To have lived for weeks in the hope of this hour, and to find it what you would fain make it! To have dreamed of rapturous bliss, and to wake to find it hideous misery! Think of it once again!"

"She shall have a chance to think of it," the Baron declared; "she shall think of it quite at her ease. Go to your room, mademoiselle, and remain there till further notice."

Gabrielle prepared to go, but, as she

moved away, "I used to fear you, brother," she said with homely scorn, "but I don't fear you now. Judge whether it's because I love you more!"

"Gabrielle," the Vicomte cried out, "I have n't given you up."

"Your feelings are your own, M. le Vicomte. I would have given more than I can say rather than have caused you to suffer. Your asking my hand has been the great honor of my life; my withholding it has been the great trial." And she walked out of the room with the step of unacted tragedy. My father, with an oath, despatched me to bed in her train. Heavy-headed with the recent spectacle of so much half-apprehended emotion, I speedily fell asleep.

I was aroused by the sound of voices, and the grasp of a heavy hand on my shoulder. My father stood before me, holding a candle, with M. de Treuil beside him. "Chevalier," he said, "open your eyes like a man, and come to your senses."

Thus exhorted, I sat up and stared. The Baron sat down on the edge of the bed. "This evening," he began, "before the Vicomte and I came in, were you alone with your aunt?" — My dear friend, you see the scene from here. I answered with the cruel directness of my years. Even if I had had the wit to dissemble, I should have lacked the courage. Of course I had no story to tell. I had drawn no inferences; I did n't say that my tutor was my aunt's lover. I simply said that he had been with us after supper, and that he wanted my aunt to go away with him. Such was my part in the play. I see the whole picture again, — my father brandishing the candlestick, and devouring my words with his great flaming eyes; and the Vicomte behind, portentously silent, with his black clothes and his pale face.

They had not been three minutes out of the room when the door leading to my aunt's chamber opened and Mlle. de Bergerac appeared. She had heard sounds in my apartment, and suspected the visit of the gentlemen and its mo-

tive. She immediately won from me the recital of what I had been forced to avow. "Poor Chevalier," she cried, for all commentary. And then, after a pause, "What made them suspect that M. Coquelin had been with us?"

"They saw him, or some one, leave the château as they came in."

"And where have they gone now?"

"To supper. My father said to M. de Treuil that first of all they must sup."

Mlle. de Bergerac stood a moment in meditation. Then suddenly, "Get up, Chevalier," she said, "I want you to go with me."

"Where are you going?"

"To M. Coquelin's."

I needed no second admonition. I hustled on my clothes; Mlle. de Bergerac left the room and immediately returned, clad in a light mantle. We made our way undiscovered to one of the private entrances of the château, hurried across the park and found a light in the window of Coquelin's lodge. It was about half past nine. Mlle. de Bergerac gave a loud knock at the door, and we entered her lover's apartment.

Coquelin was seated at his table writing. He sprang to his feet with a cry of amazement. Mlle. de Bergerac stood panting, with one hand pressed to her heart, while rapidly moving the other as if to enjoin calmness.

"They are come back," she began, — "M. de Treuil and my brother!"

"I thought he was to come to-morrow. Was it a deception?"

"Ah, no! not from him, — an accident. Pierre Coquelin, I've had such a scene! But it's not your fault."

"What made the scene?"

"My refusal, of course."

"You turned off the Vicomte?"

"Holy Virgin! You ask me?"

"Unhappy girl!" cried Coquelin.

"No, I was a happy girl to have had a chance to act as my heart bade me. I had faltered enough. But it was hard!"

"It's all hard."

"The hardest is to come," said my aunt. She put out her hand; he sprang

to her and seized it, and she pressed his own with vehemence. "They have discovered our secret, — don't ask how. It was Heaven's will. From this moment, of course —"

"From this moment, of course," cried Coquelin, "I stay where I am!"

With an impetuous movement she raised his hand to her lips and kissed it. "You stay where you are. We have nothing to conceal, but we have nothing to avow. We have no confessions to make. Before God we have done our duty. You may expect them, I fancy, to-night; perhaps, too, they will honor me with a visit. They are supping between two battles. They will attack us with fury, I know; but let them dash themselves against our silence as against a wall of stone. I have taken my stand. My love, my errors, my longings, are my own affair. My reputation is a sealed book. Woe to him who would force it open!"

The poor girl had said once, you know, that she was afraid of her nature. Assuredly it had now sprung erect in its strength; it came hurrying into action on the wings of her indignation. "Remember, Coquelin," she went on, "you are still and always my friend. You are the guardian of my weakness, the support of my strength."

"Say it all, Gabrielle!" he cried. "I'm for ever and ever your lover!"

Suddenly, above the music of his voice, there came a great rattling knock at the door. Coquelin sprang forward; it opened in his face and disclosed my father and M. de Treuil. I have no words in my dictionary, no images in my rhetoric, to represent the sudden horror that leaped into my father's face as his eye fell upon his sister. He staggered back a step and then stood glaring, until his feelings found utterance in a single word: "*Coureuse!*" I have never been able to look upon the word as trivial since that moment.

The Vicomte came striding past him into the room, like a bolt of lightning from a rumbling cloud, quivering with baffled desire, and looking taller by the head for his passion. "And it was for

this, mademoiselle," he cried, "and for *that!*" and he flung out a scornful hand toward Coquelin. "For a beggarly, boorish, ignorant pedagogue!"

Coquelin folded his arms. "Address me directly, M. le Vicomte," he said; "don't fling mud at me over mademoiselle's head."

"You? Who are you?" hissed the nobleman. "A man does n't address you; he sends his lackeys to flog you!"

"Well, M. le Vicomte, you're complete," said Coquelin, eying him from head to foot.

"Complete?" and M. de Treuil broke into an almost hysterical laugh. "I only lack having married your mistress!"

"Ah!" cried Mlle. de Bergerac.

"O, you poor, insensate fool!" said Coquelin.

"Heaven help me," the young man went on, "I'm ready to marry her still."

While these words were rapidly exchanged, my father stood choking with the confusion of amazement and rage. He was stupefied at his sister's audacity, — at the dauntless spirit which ventured to flaunt its shameful passion in the very face of honor and authority. Yet that simple interjection which I have quoted from my aunt's lips stirred a secret tremor in his heart; it was like the striking of some magic silver bell, portending monstrous things. His passion faltered, and, as his eyes glanced upon my innocent head (which, it must be confessed, was sadly out of place in that pernicious scene), alighted on this smaller wrong. "The next time you go on your adventures, mademoiselle," he cried, "I'd thank you not to pollute my son by dragging him at your skirts."

"I'm not sorry to have my family present," said the young girl, who had had time to collect her thoughts. "I should be glad even if my sister were here. I wish simply to bid you farewell."

Coquelin, at these words, made a step towards her. She passed her hand through his arm. "Things have taken place — and chiefly within the last moment — which change the face

of the future. You've done the business, brother," and she fixed her glittering eyes on the Baron; "you've driven me back on myself. I spared you, but you never spared me. I cared for my name; you loaded it with dishonor. I chose between happiness and duty, — duty as you would have laid it down: I preferred duty. But now that happiness has become one with simple safety from violence and insult, I go back to happiness. I give you back your name; though I have kept it more jealously than you. I have another ready for me. O Messieurs!" she cried, with a burst of rapturous exaltation, "for what you have done to me I thank you."

My father began to groan and tremble. He had grasped my hand in his own, which was clammy with perspiration. "For the love of God, Gabrielle," he implored, "or the fear of the Devil, speak so that a sickened, maddened Christian can understand you! For what purpose did you come here to-night?"

"*Mon Dieu*, it's a long story. You made short work with it. I might in justice do as much. I came here, brother, to guard my reputation, and not to lose it."

All this while my father had neither looked at Coquelin nor spoken to him, either because he thought him not worth his words, or because he had kept some transcendent insult in reserve. Here my governor broke in. "It seems to me time, M. le Baron, that I should inquire the purpose of your own visit."

My father stared a moment. "I came, M. Coquelin, to take you by the shoulders and eject you through that door, with the further impulsion, if necessary, of a vigorous kick."

"Good! And M. le Vicomte?"

"M. le Vicomte came to see it done."

"Perfect! A little more and you had come too late. I was on the point of leaving Bergerac. I can put the story into three words. I have been so happy as to secure the affections of Mlle. de Bergerac. She asked herself,

devoutly, what course of action was possible under the circumstances. She decided that the only course was that we should immediately separate. I had no hesitation in bringing my residence with M. le Chevalier to a sudden close. I was to have quitted the château early to-morrow morning, leaving mademoiselle at absolute liberty. With her refusal of M. de Treuil I have nothing to do. Her action in this matter seems to have been strangely precipitated, and my own departure anticipated in consequence. It was at her adjuration that I was preparing to depart. She came here this evening to command me to stay. In our relations there was nothing that the world had a right to lay a finger upon. From the moment that they were suspected it was of the first importance to the security and sanctity of Mlle. de Bergerac's position that there should be no appearance on my part of elusion or flight. The relations I speak of had ceased to exist; there was, therefore, every reason why for the present I should retain my place. Mlle. de Bergerac had been here some three minutes, and had just made known her wishes, when you arrived with the honorable intentions which you avow, and under that illusion the perfect stupidity of which is its least reproach. In my own turn, Messieurs, I thank you!"

"Gabrielle," said my father, as Coquelin ceased speaking, "the long and short of it appears to be that after all you need n't marry this man. Am I to understand that you intend to?"

"Brother, I mean to marry M. Coquelin."

My father stood looking from the young girl to her lover. The Vicomte walked to the window, as if he were in want of air. The night was cool and the window closed. He tried the sash, but for some reason it resisted. Whereupon he raised his sword-hilt and with a violent blow shivered a pane into fragments. The Baron went on: "On what do you propose to live?"

"It's for me to propose," said Coquelin. "My wife shall not suffer."

"Whither do you mean to go?"

"Since you're so good as to ask,—to Paris."

My father had got back his fire. "Well, then," he cried, "my bitterest unforgiveness go with you, and turn your unholy pride to abject woe! My sister may marry a base-born vagrant if she wants, but I shall not give her away. I hope you'll enjoy the mud in which you've planted yourself. I hope your marriage will be blessed in the good old fashion, and that you'll regard philosophically the sight of a half-dozen starving children. I hope you'll enjoy the company of chandlers and cobblers and scribblers!" The Baron could go no further. "Ah, my sister!" he half exclaimed. His voice broke; he gave a great convulsive sob, and fell into a chair.

"Coquelin," said my aunt, "take me back to the château."

As she walked to the door, her hand in the young man's arm, the Vicomte turned short about from the window, and stood with his drawn sword, grimacing horribly.

"Not if I can help it!" he cried through his teeth, and with a sweep of his weapon he made a savage thrust at the young girl's breast. Coquelin, with equal speed, sprang before her, threw out his arm, and took the blow just below the elbow.

"Thank you, M. le Vicomte," he

said, "for the chance of calling you a coward! There was something I wanted."

Mlle. de Bergerac spent the night at the château, but by early dawn she had disappeared. Whither Coquelin betook himself with his gratitude and his wound, I know not. He lay, I suppose, at some neighboring farmer's. My father and the Vicomte kept for an hour a silent, sullen vigil in my preceptor's vacant apartment,—for an hour and perhaps longer, for at the end of this time I fell asleep, and when I came to my senses, the next morning, I was in my own bed.

M. de Bergerac had finished his tale.

"But the marriage," I asked, after a pause,— "was it happy?"

"Reasonably so, I fancy. There is no doubt that Coquelin was an excellent fellow. They had three children, and lost them all. They managed to live. He painted portraits and did literary work.

"And his wife?"

"Her history, I take it, is that of all good wives: she loved her husband. When the Revolution came, they went into politics; but here, in spite of his base birth, Coquelin acted with that superior temperance which I always associate with his memory. He was no *sans-culotte*. They both went to the scaffold among the Girondists."

LOG-ROLLING AT WASHINGTON.

THERE is a tradition in Washington that the lobby arose while General Jackson was waging war against the last United States Bank, from 1830 to 1836. But lobbying is as ancient as governing. It is also as legitimate and necessary, since the governing power is in need of the special knowledge which it is the proper office of a lobby to supply. It is only when the governing

power is weak or corrupt or too transient, that there is danger of the lobby laying aside its modest office of supplying information, and assuming the mastery. As weak kings are governed by favorites and mistresses, so ill-constituted parliaments are governed by lobbies.

And, speaking of weak kings and their lobby of favorites, it was interesting to observe in Washington, during

the administration of Andrew Johnson, how the vices of the old courts reappeared with the circumstances that produced them. A recent writer gives a short description of the rapacious lobby that surrounded the Scotchman called James I., king of England, every word of which applies with exactness to the state of things in Washington during the two years ending March 4, 1869: "In addition to the officials whose pay was nearly nominal, the king was surrounded by a crowd of hungry courtiers whose pay was nothing at all. To them flocked day by day all who had any favor to beg, and who hoped that a little money judiciously expended would smooth the way before them. Some of the applicants, no doubt, were honest men, who merely wanted to get a chance of doing honest work. But there were not a few whose only object was to enrich themselves in some discreditable way, and who were ready to share the booty with those who would lend them a helping hand in their roguery." *

Every well-informed resident of Washington will recognize the literal truth of the description. Like king, like lobby. Johnson was probably not a corrupt man, in the lowest sense of the word. His refusal of the carriage and horses offered to him by his admirers may not have been the mere buncombe it was supposed to be; and he probably went home to Tennessee carrying with him only the savings of his salary, and the contempt of the universe. And yet he could hardly have been ignorant that prostitutes of one sex sold his pardons, and prostitutes of another sex sold his offices. James I. of England, who also had his pardon lobby and his "appointment lobby," was aware, probably, that his favorites sold him every day, and was perhaps not unwilling to enrich them in so economical a manner. There are people whose self-love is such that they can associate happily only with their worshippers, having always to be on their good behavior with equals, which is irksome. These flat-

terers of Johnson were a relief to him after consorting with gentlemen, and he freely paid them for their gossip and adulation with the goods intrusted to his administration. Around such men as James I. and Andrew Johnson — infirm of purpose and yet pig-headedly obstinate, ignorant but unteachable, bashful and vain, transplanted from a lower to a higher civilization — a corrupt and vulgar lobby naturally gathers; for there will always be an affinity, if not a resemblance, between the lobby and the power which it influences. When Cromwell was Protector, great Milton wrote the foreign despatches, — the alliance being natural between real power and special knowledge. Character raised the unlettered Washington to a genuine equality with the men around him, who knew so much more than he. Fancy *him* chatting familiarly on a sofa of the Presidential mansion with a woman of the street, or giving valuable appointments at the solicitation of a purchased renegade!

The founder of our Congressional lobby was Alexander Hamilton; and his great achievement as a log-roller was a perfect specimen of the art, both in its modes and its results. There was, it is true, a resolute and acrimonious lobby at the time of "*the Congress*," — the body that governed the thirteen States during the Revolutionary War; the Lee lobby, for example, that nearly succeeded in getting Franklin recalled from France, and would have done it but for the superior lobbying of the French minister. But, under the present Constitution, Hamilton was the great original lobbyist; and, as they still employ some of his methods of administration in the Treasury Department, so the Washington lobby still uses his tactics in carrying bills through Congress.

There were two distracting bills before Congress in the spring of 1790; one proposing that the general government should assume the debts (twenty-one millions of dollars in all) incurred by the several States during the Revolutionary War; the other a bill for removing the capital from New York

* Gardiner's Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage.

to Philadelphia, where it should remain ten years, and then be transferred to the shores of the Potomac. Neither of these bills could command a majority of both Houses. The creation of a city in the wilderness, far from every source of the supplies needful for a government, when commodious cities like New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, abounding in every requisite, already existed, seemed to the disinterested portion of Congress just as absurd as it does to us; and the measure, on its merits, never could have been passed. The opposition to it, however, though decided enough, was mild and trifling compared with the abhorrence and disgust excited by the Assumption Bill. It is not easy for a student of the present day to account for the singular violence of this opposition to a measure which seems to us reasonable, natural, and just.

Except the Missouri Compromise struggle, this contest was, as Mr. Jefferson remarks, the "most bitter and angry ever known in Congress before or since the union of the States." Why? It was not the magnitude of the sum involved, although twenty-one millions in 1790 was as great an addition to the public burden as two hundred millions would be now. Nor were the debts of the two sections far from being equal. If Massachusetts owed four millions, so did South Carolina. New Hampshire and Georgia each owed three hundred thousand. Rhode Island and Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland, had each the same debt. Nothing was proposed but the cancellation of the State bonds and the issue of United States bonds in their stead; and this, because the debts had been incurred for the common cause.

The rancor of the Southern opposition arose partly from their State pride and their dread of centralization, but chiefly, as it seems, from their rustic, provincial detestation of what they called stock-jobbing. To the country gentlemen it seemed undeniable, that a man who bought a soldier's claim in 1789 at its market value, and sold it in

1790 at its market value, and thus gained two hundred dollars, had cheated a scarred veteran of the Revolution out of a portion of his nobly-earned "pittance" by "insidious arts." There were wild stories afloat of the fortunes made by New York speculators who had contrived to get early information of Hamilton's funding policy. It was said that, as soon as the passage of the Funding Bill became pretty certain, three swift pilot-boats had slipped out of harbor, winged for distant ports, to buy up the depreciated claims. "Couriers and relay-horses by land," says Jefferson, "and swift-sailing pilot-boats by sea, were flying in all directions." Members fully believed this, and doubtless the lobby was not inattentive to its interest on this occasion, and *did* turn its knowledge to account. Cruel wrong, no doubt, was done to war-worn patriots and lonely widows, ignorant of what was passing in New York; and country members did themselves honor by their eloquent disgust at such heartless spoliation. It was this feeling that caused the loss, by a small majority, of the Assumption Bill, which the Southern members regarded only as a device to supply the Wall Street of that day with twenty-one millions of additional material upon which to exercise its "insidious arts."

But, in the course of the long and most keenly contested debate on the bill, the commercial members, too, had become heated; so that, when the bill was rejected, the feeling of the House was such that it was impossible to go on with the public business. The House abruptly adjourned. It met the next day, and again adjourned without attempting to transact business. Congress met every morning for several days, Mr. Jefferson records, only to adjourn immediately, "the parties being too much out of temper to do business together," and some of the members threatening a "secession and dissolution."

Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, upon whose report the defeated bill had been founded, and of whose

system the assumption was an important part, was distressed and alarmed. But the resource of the lobby remained. In the nick of time he met in the street Mr. Jefferson, recently returned from France, and then Secretary of State. To him the anxious financier depicted the terms of the situation, "walking him backwards and forwards before the President's door for half an hour," and calling upon him as his colleague and the friend of General Washington to rally to the support of the administration, and save at once it, the measure, and the Union. As the bill had been lost by a very small majority, General Hamilton thought it probable that "an appeal" from so influential a Virginian "to the judgment and discretion of some of his friends might effect a change in the vote," and set the machine of government going again. "Come and dine with me to-morrow," said Mr. Jefferson, "and I will ask a friend or two to meet you, and we will talk it over."

Fatal dinner! How often, amid the dust and desolate vastness of Washington, its hopeless shabbiness, dullness, and dearth, have I wished that the soup that day had disagreed with these gentlemen, and they had been obliged to go home before the removal of the cloth had introduced the business of the occasion! But it did not. The dinner put the guests into a compliant humor. The city of Washington was destined to exist, first, as the capital of the country, and, after that, as a marble quarry for posterity, having the peculiarity of furnishing the marble ready cut. The discussion took place, and the company soon agreed that, whatever might be thought of assumption, disunion was worse, and that, therefore, the defeated bill must be reconsidered. But to effect this, some members must change their votes, must vote for a measure which they *hated*. This was a difficulty. The log was hard to roll, — "pill," Mr. Jefferson styles it. "It was observed," he says, "that this pill would be peculiarly bitter to the Southern States, and that

some concomitant measure should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them. There had before been propositions to fix the seat of government either at Philadelphia or at Georgetown on the Potomac; and it was thought that by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and to Georgetown permanently afterwards, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone; so two of the Potomac members (White and Lee, but the former with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes; and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point."

Thus log-rolling began; or, as Mr. Jefferson would have named it, *pill-swallowing*. Thus originated the art of making honest and patriotic men vote for measures of which they violently disapproved. It is surprising that the art should have been carried so far toward perfection in the first specimen, which, the lobby will observe, contained many of the important elements: two measures, neither of which could pass, each favored and each opposed by the same interests; a compromise effected by social influence; the precise terms arranged at a dinner; and, finally, *mischievous the result*, lasting, far-reaching, and irreparable. The evils resulting from assumption refuse to become apparent to a modern inquirer, although the democrats of the early day held the measure in execration, and continued to denounce it as long as they lived. But the evils which have flowed from "the concomitant measure" are evident enough, without reckoning the expense of providing a marble quarry of that singular character for posterity.

It is not surprising that a system begun by party leaders so distinguished should have been continued in a body every member of which comes to Washington in the double capacity of national representative and local claim-agent. Every member has charge of some local or private interest, on which he alone is fully informed, and which

cannot become the subject of a general debate. One wants a light-house on a rock which may wreck a fishing-smack in the course of ages. Another wishes his local harbor improved. Another desires increased protection on the fabric which his constituents manufacture. Very many are anxious for subsidies for branch railroads. Some are charged with the business of getting one more superfluous arsenal or navy-yard established. Most members feel a particular interest in some eminently reasonable claims upon the justice of Congress, which they are desirous to carry both for selfish and unselfish reasons. In many instances the private interest which a member has in charge is vital to him; for it sent him to Congress, keeps him there. Every member, therefore, has votes to exchange for votes; and it sometimes seems as if all legislation at Washington had degenerated into log-rolling. On almost any day in the latter half of a session a spectator may see specimens of all the three varieties of log-rolling, which are these: 1. Help me to roll my log, and I'll help you to roll yours. 2. If you don't help me to roll my log, I won't help you to roll yours. 3. If you hinder the rolling of my log, yours shall never budge.

It may be that one of the logs ought to roll, and the other ought not. In that case, a member of Congress is subjected to the kind of temptation to which men not exceptionally strong in character or position may be expected to yield. And it is in this way that the astounding votes of respectable members may usually be explained,—their votes for public as well as for private objects. It needs little reflection to understand what an advantage, under the log-rolling system, an unscrupulous, pushing member has over one of really superior powers who is troubled with modesty and conscience, and who has to legislate in a hall where calm debate is useless because inaudible. It is also easy to see how an unscrupulous administration can go into the lobby, and get votes for na-

tional measures by compelling its adherents to vote for private or local ones.

As a rule, the more objectionable a measure the more numerous its lobby. Gentlemen of the press, in Washington, who contemplate life from the reporters' gallery, say that the moral quality of a measure can usually be inferred from the buzz and stir that are to be observed about the Capitol when it is expected to come up. A revision of the tariff, for example, crowds the hotels and committee-rooms; but there is no lobby for international copyright. One man in Philadelphia, and one woman in Washington, sufficed to kill international copyright the winter before last; but President, Cabinet, Commissioner Wells, the Democrats, the Free-Trade League, the Evening Post, Charles Sumner, and the universe generally, proved unequal to the task of defeating the bill increasing the duty upon copper. Copper had a lobby.

For nearly thirty years after the invention of log-rolling over Mr. Jefferson's wine (he was a connoisseur in wine, and had imported some kinds from France that were new to his guests on this occasion), the log-rolling lobby generally exerted their powers upon objects which possessed a public character. The lobby, such as we see it now, came in with the protective system in 1816. The book of the tariff, that curiosity of literature, with all its pleasing contents from absinthe to zinc, is a monument to the zeal, skill, audacity, and perseverance of the log-rolling lobby. It used to be said, when the tariff was undergoing its quadrennial revision, that Congress consisted of three houses,—Senate, House, and Tariff Lobby. Even if the principle of protection were sound, our tariff is open to the fatal objection that the greater number of its provisions were arranged to suit private interests, not to promote the public good. Calico has had its lobby; and so have copper, iron, salt, wool, and every fabric made by man. It is the public that is not represented in the lobby when the tariff is undergoing manipulation. The pub-

lic has been represented only by that small number of members of Congress who are not identified with a private interest, and who have made a particular study of the laws of trade. In no legislature on earth have such members ever been a majority; and we must consequently look to the very lobby that created our tariff system for the influence that will gradually destroy it. Before many years have passed, we shall see the manufacturers of the United States clamoring for free trade; and then the lobby will change sides. American manufacturers will not always be content with a system that excludes them from the markets of the world, and which is a confession and proclamation of inferiority. It is possible, too, that, before the end of the present century, the art of self-government may have made such progress as to admit of the public being represented in Congress by a powerful and brilliant minority.

Meanwhile, some of the exploits of the tariff lobby are highly amusing; that is, they are amusing to the boys who throw the stones, and to the spectators that line the shore, but the pelted frogs do not find them laughable. A young firm, which has invested its all in a manufactory, is not amused to discover that the alteration of a line in the tariff list has killed enterprise and made property valueless. In the disinterested spectator, however, some of the incidents related in Mr. Commissioner Wells's report may excite a smile; particularly since the Protectionists in the House proclaimed that report unanswerable by attempting to rob its author of his pittance of a salary. The report being thus admitted to be correct by its opponents, its anecdotes have an additional value. "In carrying out the idea of protection," remarks Mr. Wells, "Congress has assumed that whatever is for the advantage of a private interest must be for the advantage of the public interest also." "The result has been," he continues, "a tariff based upon small issues, rather than upon any great na-

tional principle"; and this tariff, while it acts as a bad stimulant to some enterprises, is torpidity and death to others.

Amusing case in point. In 1864 American spool-thread makers discovered that some of their English rivals were evading the duty by sending over fine thread in skeins and hanks instead of winding it on spools as usual. A spool-thread lobby appeared in Washington, the result of which was that the tariff was amended with an eye single to the interests of American spool-thread manufacturers. A duty was placed upon unwound fine thread, that was equivalent to prohibition. All was joyous in the circles interested, until, on enforcing the new rates of duty, two disagreeable facts came to light. One was, that very fine unwound thread is an essential article in some branches of manufacture; the other was, that the article could not be procured on the continent of America. Here was a coil. Another lobby went to Washington, on behalf of the manufacturers of suspenders, gaiters, lastings, coburgs, and other similar products, many of whom absolutely could not continue business if the new duties were collected. One establishment did actually close; others were suspended; others ran at a loss for a while; and much unwound thread, ordered before the spool-thread lobby had performed its work, was sent back to Europe. When the new lobby arrived in Washington, Congress had adjourned, and nothing could save the embarrassed industries but an *interpretation* of the tariff that would admit unwound thread at lower rates for the purposes to which it is essential. The Secretary of the Treasury took the responsibility of sanctioning a violation of the law. He decided that fine thread designed for sewing must pay the new rate, but fine thread to be used in certain manufactures should come in on the old. "By this decision only," says Mr. Wells, "several branches of American industry, involving probably more of capital and labor than was represented by the arti-

cle which it was originally intended to protect, were saved from absolute destruction." This was extremely comic, *except* to the few hundred families whose means of living were suddenly threatened or suspended, without warning, and without act of their own.

The performances of the salt lobby are equally striking. One of them would make a subject for a poem. "In the Gulf of California," Mr. Wells informs us, "there is an island—Carmen—where salt of remarkable purity is deposited by natural agencies in inexhaustible quantities. The situation and condition of this island are such that it would seem as if it were intended to be the natural and cheap source of supply of salt for the whole Pacific coast of our country; and yet, by the agency of men, and in the name of protection, this free gift of God and this great source of national wealth has been rendered practically of no account, inasmuch as the royalty exacted by the Mexican government, the United States tariff added, and the expenses of collecting and transportation, in the aggregate amount so nearly to the price of salt obtained from other sources in San Francisco, as almost completely to eat up all profits, and thus close in a great degree the only market to which it can be taken. The result of all this is, that capital and labor, in a section of country where capital and labor are of all things most in demand, are withdrawn from other employments and diverted to doing that which Nature herself has already done much more perfectly, namely, making salt from seawater in the bay of San Francisco, at a cost of from seven to ten dollars per ton." Mr. Bungay, who sang with so much spirit the completion of the Pacific Railroad, could surely do well with this glorious triumph of the salt lobby.

To these two anecdotes borrowed from Mr. Wells I will add one of my own, which is so variously representative, that the relation of it gives the whole history of American manufactures and their lobby, past, present, and future.

Bunting, the material of the star-spangled banner, is the subject of the tale. Until within these few years no bunting was made in the United States. The "flaunting lie" of the years preceding the war, the "rag" of secession, and the innumerable flags that streamed over ship, fort, and army, on the part of the United States, were made in England, as were also the flags of our previous wars. But five years ago, some knowing Yankees in Lowell (induced by an act of Congress that promised a contract for a year's supply of army and navy to whosoever should first produce an article of bunting equal to the best English) mastered the peculiar difficulties attending this branch of manufacture, and won the prize. Before the year ended the war had closed. The demand for bunting was diminished by three fourths, and the English bunting could still be sold in New York cheaper than the American could be produced at Lowell. Need I say that, in these circumstances, a bunting lobby asked an increase of duty upon the foreign fabric? The duty was promptly fixed at the modest rate of twenty cents per square yard, plus thirty-five per cent of the value; which was in strict accordance with the system as by lobby established. The result has been, that a hundred and twenty persons have been drawn from other occupations in a State where enterprise languishes and life is embittered by the scarcity of labor, and set at work making bunting. But among these hundred and twenty persons there are several of great ingenuity, who contemplate nothing which they do not desire to improve. Hence, two capital and several minor improvements in the article produced, as well as better and cheaper modes of producing it. These Lowell Yankees print the stars and stripes, instead of sewing them on, and give you a flag without a stitch in it, lighter, more elegant, and more durable than those formerly in use.

Now, with a universal, international system of patent-right and copyright, and a tolerable approximation to freedom

of trade, — i. e. with decent “protection” to the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN, — these Yankees could give the whole world the immediate benefit of their inventions, while reaping a munificent reward for themselves. But under the system of protection to whatever private interest can command a lobby, their operations are limited to the narrow field of one country. The very protection which stimulated the business limits it by making the product too dear to compete with the foreign article in other countries. Give the Lowell men a fair chance, and they will supply half the world with flags; just as the Steinways, Chickering’s, Webers, Knabes, and others would sell American pianos in every capital in Europe, if there were not from two to six duties or taxes on every leading article that enters into the composition of a musical instrument. But the tariff lobby, which got us into this scrape, must get us out of it. The Natural Rights of Man will never send an expensive lobby to Washington, though they may come at last to be powerfully represented within the bar. But the time is probably not very distant when bunting, calico, ships,* wool, cloth, silver, pianos, iron, steel, copper, and coal will roll their several lobbies into one grand overwhelming lobby, and demand that those great interests be allowed as fair a chance in the markets of the world as the same interests in other countries. The system of confining protection to whatever branches of business can afford a lobby or a member, is perhaps nearer its downfall than many suppose.

But this very system indicates the incorruptibility of Congress, and the impotence of money to carry measures against the current. Mr. Greeley informs us that there is a British lobby in Washington,† and I learned last

winter that there was a French lobby also; and if the Senate goes on rejecting and neglecting treaties according to its pleasure, we shall doubtless have soon a lobby of all nations, since it is with the Senate that foreign powers must henceforth negotiate. When we consider the immense capital represented by the French and English lobbies, and the enormous advantage which slight changes in the tariff list would give foreign manufactures, and when we also bear in mind that American enterprises are usually in their infancy at the time when they seek protection, we may safely infer that it is not mere length of purse that enables a lobby to carry its point. In truth, there is a general impression in Congress and in the country, that compliance with the American manufacturers’ lobby is “protection to American industry.” The railroad subsidy system would also have been impossible, if Congress and the country had not been impatient for the construction of the great roads to which it has been applied.

Probably there has never been such a persistent exertion of log-rolling energy as when President Buchanan was trying to force slavery upon Kansas by means of the Lecompton Bill, and a powerful india-rubber interest was lobbying for the extension of the Chaffee patent. These were the two logs. The Lecompton lobby was directed by Cornelius Wendell, who had been clearing a hundred thousand dollars a year from the public printing, whose bank

person known as George Dwight, who was quartered in that city throughout each session of Congress. Of his private life I know nothing; but his large and fine parlor at one of the great hotels was open to a wide circle, and he there dispensed a generous though by no means indiscriminate hospitality. Observing that he was evidently neither very rich nor a man likely to waste his substance in reckless prodigality, I at length asked a mutual acquaintance, ‘How does Dwight support all this?’ and was answered: ‘Very easily; he is the agent here of the British woollen interest [manufacturers and exporters], well salaried to watch the legislation of Congress and look after the welfare of his employers.’ Several others subsequently confirmed this statement, and told me that he furnished statistics, estimates, &c., for the Secretary of the Treasury (R. J. Walker), and had thus exercised a powerful influence in shaping the tariff of 1846.” — HORACE GREELEY, N. Y. Tribune, 1869.

* Mr. D. McKay, the noted shipbuilder of Boston, estimates the duties upon the articles required for a ship of one thousand tons at \$8,665.33 in gold. Messrs. Steinway reckon the duties and taxes upon a grand piano at \$180 in currency.

† “Many, whose duties or pleasure called them to Washington at intervals from fifteen to twenty-five years ago, will recollect a small, bright, active, witty

account ran up to "nine hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars in two years," and who had behind him the entire administration, with all its resources of men, money, and influence. The head of the Chaffee-patent lobby was that most indomitable of all the india-rubber men, — Horace H. Day, owner of the Chaffee patent, a man capable of spending seventy thousand dollars upon an election. Both of these lobbies spent money, both before and after the junction, as freely as it is ever spent for such purposes. Wendell had his check-book always ready, and Day kept a band of lobbyists in pay for two sessions. Newspapers were bought, subsidized, and established, for the purpose of denouncing members of Congress who would not come in to the support of Lecompton; and the friends of such members were systematically turned out of custom-houses, post-offices, and navy-yards. Contingent interests in Chaffee were given to correspondents, — one to the correspondent of the leading religious newspaper of the time; and Mr. Day even took the precaution of assigning a contingent interest to a female "medium," in exchange for the advice which "she got from the other world to aid the Chaffee patent." He had a list of Chaffee members in his pocket, which he would show to Wendell when they met; and Wendell, a much more experienced lobbyist than himself, would warn him that, in Washington, promising support to a measure was a very different thing from voting for it. Among other expedients, the President attempted to bribe the editor of a Philadelphia newspaper, offering him the Liverpool consulship and ten thousand dollars in money.* But all would not suffice. When the bills came to the test of a vote in the House, both failed, a large number of Chaffee members not voting at all, and

* From the testimony taken before the Covode Committee, June 12, 1860: —

Wendell. "I carried \$10,000 for the purpose of giving it to Colonel Forney, in the event of his accepting the place abroad for some three weeks."

Chairman. "By whose authority or instructions?"
Wendell. "Well, sir, it might be said to be by the President's."

Lecompton failing in strict accordance with the known political circumstances. Kansas was free, and all the india-rubber men were at liberty to macerate their crude material with the aid of Mr. Chaffee's masterly invention.

The testimony on this subject fills many hundred pages, but not a word was elicited showing corruption in a member of Congress. Several lobbyists swore that they knew of no member whom they would dare approach with money; and the general tone of the evidence leads the reader to the same conclusion.

A lobby occasionally attempts to carry a point by surprise. I witnessed a scene of the kind last winter in the House of Representatives, which shows how extremely cautious members should be not to act upon the information given by an interested lobby before they have heard the lobby of the other side. The most honest man in the world will go wrong if he neglects this precaution. Indeed, it may be necessary by and by for Congress to adopt the rule contemplated by the legislature of Massachusetts, compelling lobbyists to present their cases before the proper committee, and making it unlawful for a member to converse privately with an interested person on legislative business.

But to my scene. One afternoon in February last, while the House in Committee of the Whole was working its slow and toilsome way down, item after item, through the Army Appropriation Bill, under the leadership of the alert and vigorous Mr. Blaine, now the Speaker of the House, a clause of the bill was about to pass without debate, when Mr. Fernando Wood, of New York, rose and offered the following curious amendment: "But no part of the sum [appropriated] shall be paid to Alexander Dunbar for his alleged discovery of the mode of treatment of horses' feet." There had been no mention of the said Dunbar in the clause, nor of his mode of treating horses' feet, nor of any other system of treatment; and the very name of the man was evidently unknown to the House.

Mr. Wood proceeded to explain that the Secretary of War, General Schofield, had made a contract (authorized by act of Congress) with Alexander Dunbar, by which the latter was to receive twenty-five thousand dollars for imparting his system of horse-shoeing and hoof-treatment to the veterinary surgeons and cavalry blacksmiths of the army. "And I am advised," continued the member from New York, "by those who are judges of that subject, that the man is totally ignorant, that he knows nothing about the diseases of horses' feet, and that he rather perpetrates injury upon the poor animals than produces any benefit to them."

Fernando Wood, in his air and demeanor, is one of the most dignified and impressive members of the House. He attends carefully to his dress; and, as to his "deportment," Mr. Turveydrop would contemplate him with approval. For such a personage to rise in his place, and, in a measured, serene manner, discourse thus upon a subject of which no man on the floor knew anything whatever, could not fail to produce some effect. Mr. Blaine could only say, that he had never heard the name of Alexander Dunbar before; but that he thought the amendment cast a severe reflection upon the Secretary of War. Mr. Wood insisting, the amendment was finally amended so as to make the exclusion apply to the whole Appropriation Bill, and thus cut off the unknown Dunbar entirely; and in this form, I believe, it passed the Committee of the Whole, and was prepared for submission to the House; at least, Mr. Wood agreed to withdraw his amendment in order to amend it in the way described.

It did so happen that there was a person sitting in a commodious corner of the reporters' gallery, who, though a stranger to Mr. Dunbar, and singularly ignorant of horses, yet knew all about the Dunbar system and its discoverer. That person, strange to relate, was myself; and, if it had not been a little out of order, I should have shouted a few

words of explanation over the vast expanse below. Rising superior to this temptation, and thus avoiding the attention of the sergeant-at-arms, I constituted myself a Dunbar lobby, and imparted to as many members as possible some of the facts which I am now about to communicate to the reader. Some years since, the mysterious Alexander Dunbar, an honest, observant farmer and contractor, of Canada, was driving a lame horse on a hilly road. He noticed that the horse was lamest when going down hill, but not lame at all going up hill. Having observed this peculiarity for several miles, he began to speculate upon the cause; and, by carefully examining the action of the horse's feet, he discovered it. The blacksmith had pared the hoof on the wrong principle, — cutting it close where it ought to have been left thick, and leaving it unpared where nature constantly produces a redundancy. He tried his hand at remedying the mistake. He cut boldly at the parts that were in excess, and the lameness was cured! A few judicious cuts with a sharp knife, and a shoe adapted to the natural growth of the hoof, — this is all there is of the Dunbar system, which was elaborated by the mystical Alexander after some years of observation and experiment, suggested by this incident. He found that many cases of lameness of years' standing could be cured radically and almost instantly by simply paring the hoof aright and altering the shoe.

We have in New York an enthusiast on the structure of the horse, — Mr. Robert Bonner, whose stable contains six of the fastest trotting-horses in the world. He was led to study the anatomy of the horse by endeavoring to get at the reason why some horses can trot in 2:20 farther than an ordinary nag can in five minutes. He was curious to know just where the trotting talent lies; and this led to other inquiries. Hearing by chance of Mr. Dunbar's discovery, he investigated it most thoroughly, and came to the conclusion that the Dunbar system was

founded in the eternal nature of things. I suppose that, during the last three years, Mr. Bonner has, with his own hands, pared the hoofs of fifty horses on the Dunbar plan, and thereby cured a dozen cases of lameness supposed to be incurable. In his great desire to test the discovery, he has travelled a hundred miles sometimes for the sole purpose of having a lame horse shod in the Dunbar style, very frequently paring the hoofs himself. Recently the discoverer has been among us, and his system, after having been adopted in several of the largest stables in the United States, was introduced into the army. But, as usual, his success was damage to other men; particularly to the proprietors of a patent horse-shoe, which Mr. Dunbar was compelled to say was *not* made in accordance with the eternal nature of things. Hence, a patent-horse-shoe lobby! Hence, Mr. Fernando Wood's strange amendment! Mr. Dunbar's friends, however, rallied in time to enlighten the House, and no harm was done; but the occurrence shows how a member of Congress may be misled, unless he makes it a principle and a point of honor never to act upon an *ex parte* statement.

On this point the late investigating committee of the Massachusetts legislature offers some excellent remarks. It seems that the strikers of the Boston lobby have made such an outcry with regard to the alleged corruption of the legislature during the last year or two, that a committee was appointed to find out how much fire there was beneath all this smoke. They report, as might have been expected, that there is no fire at all,—not a smouldering ember, not a spark. After my investigations at Washington, I am fully prepared to believe this, and I do entirely believe it. They add, that a lobby has no legitimate place except in a committee-room, where both sides can be heard and testimony recorded.*

* The following is an extract from this interesting report, much of which is as true of Washington as it is of Boston: "The committee are satisfied that

It were much to be desired, that the lobby at Washington were as insignificant and impotent as the lobby at Boston. The *hired* lobby is. The fellows who lay themselves alongside of green new-comers, and pretend to have "a twist" on this member, and an unbounded influence over that, and give out that they correspond with seven papers, all daily, are about as influential in one place as they are in the other. This is not the kind of lobby from which danger is to be feared. The lobby that carries its measures has exceedingly little to do with such.

The lobby which is to be feared is that which sends members to Congress, which has millions of acres and dollars at command, and is engaged in schemes dear to the pride and important to the interests of the nation. It is to be regretted that Mr. Jefferson's advice was not acted upon, to amend the Constitution so as to empower Congress to do everything for the country in the way of internal improvements, which no State or combination of States, or company of individuals, could be reasonably expected to accomplish. The idea of the system established in 1787 was, that the general government should do whatever the interests or the honor of

the influence of the lobby (so called) is greatly over-estimated. A certain number of persons, known as lobby members, receive very considerable sums of money from corporations and other parties having business before the legislature. In the opinion of the committee, this influence is not legitimate in matters of legislation. Committees are provided by the legislature, to whom all matters are referred and before whom all matters are legitimately heard. Whoever desires to present testimony or statements can do so before these committees, and this testimony legitimately reaches both branches of the legislature through these several committees. The parties referred to as lobby-men are not lawyers, and have no legitimate professional calling at the Capitol, but are supposed to have more or less influence in private talks and conversations by partial presentation of matters to individual members. The committee believe money expended in the employment of these men is wasted by the parties who expend it, and that the influence of such expenditure has a tendency to demoralize legislation and create suspicions of integrity of members where suspicion should never rest. The committee, in all their examinations, have had no reason to suppose that any member either of this or any previous legislature has been influenced by any improper or dishonorable motives."

the whole country required to be done, and which the separate States could not do for themselves. The time is not distant, perhaps, when we shall deplore that Congress did not regard a railroad across the continent as a "post-road," or as a measure essential to the "common defence" of sections so widely separated, and build the road outright with the public money. We might thus have saved a tract of land nearly as large as France, and kept out of the Capitol a lobby that may in time become formidable indeed. The directors of the Pacific Railroad can already, if they choose, enrich a member of Congress, or a hundred members, by merely investing a trifling sum of money for them in the sites of future Chicagos. It is no joke to have half a dozen men in the lobby, wielding such an engine and directing such an estate.

The subsidy system originated in the acute mind of the late Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois and the first railroad aided by a grant of land was the Illinois Central, in 1850. Mr. Douglas, Senator though he was, was the chief of the Illinois Central lobby, and his management of the bill was the most ingenious, audacious, complicated piece of log-rolling that has ever been placed on record. It was his boast, too, that this "pioneer bill," as he styled it, "went through without a dollar, pure, uncorrupt." Without a dollar,—yes; pure and uncorrupt,—no.

His first exploit was to get rid of Mr. Holbrooke, who, as far back as 1835, had conceived the project of connecting Chicago and Cairo by a railroad, and to whom had been granted a charter for its construction by the Illinois legislature. On the strength of this charter, and in the fullest confidence that the road would one day be built, Holbrooke had invested his whole fortune in Cairo lots, lands, and projects. Here was Holbrooke's weakness and Douglas's opportunity; for these two able and not over-scrupulous men had become antagonists on this railroad scheme, and it was a question which of the two should confer the boon on the State.

Holbrooke wanted the millions, and Douglas the glory, that would result from success. After years of manoeuvring at home, where Holbrooke had the advantage, the scene of strife was transferred to Washington, where Douglas was then all-powerful. Douglas had already applied for a grant of land in aid of the road; but Holbrooke had procured the passage of an act through the legislature (or, as Douglas charged, had a clause fraudulently inserted in an act), conveying to *his* company whatever lands Congress might grant. Upon this, the Little Giant introduced a new bill, terminating the road at a different point on the Ohio, and thus reducing Cairo to its original condition of utter worthlessness.

This brought the redoubtable Holbrooke to his knees. "*Spare my Cairo!*" was his imploring cry. "With pleasure," replied the Senator, "provided you surrender your charters and leave Illinois Central to me." Holbrooke surrendered the charters, and Douglas brought in his bill granting alternate sections of land along the line of the projected road.

Such was his preliminary performance. His next step was less difficult, but more striking. The Senators and Members from Alabama and Georgia were opposed to the bill, on the old ground that grants of land for such a purpose—internal improvement of a single State—were unconstitutional. As a Democrat, Mr. Douglas should have respected, should have shared, this scruple. Perhaps he did, but he overcame it; and he addressed himself to the task of overcoming theirs in a manner that was business-like at least. While visiting his children's plantation in Mississippi, he found it convenient to go to Mobile, where he at once inquired the way to the office of the Mobile Railroad, recently suspended for want of money. He was lucky enough to catch the president and directors at the office, just as they had concluded the business which had called them together. The champion of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy did not stop

to argue the constitutional question with these gentlemen, but proposed to them a game of log-rolling. He offered to tack to his bill a clause giving *their* suspended road a grant of lands, provided the Senators and Representatives of Alabama and Mississippi would vote for the bill. The president and directors, rejoicing in this unlooked-for prospect of relief, instantly gave their assent, disposing of the votes of their absent Senators and Members as though they owned them. But, no, said the cool-headed Senator from Illinois; your Senators and Members have already voted against my bill, and it is necessary for your legislatures to instruct them to vote for it. This presented no difficulty to that knot of railroad directors, and the compact was concluded on the spot; one director saying, that if Senator Foote did not vote for the grant he should never be re-elected to the Senate. Cautioning them all to keep secret *his* connection with the affair, Douglas took his leave, and went straight to Washington, "being afraid to be seen in those parts."

In due time the legislative instructions reached Washington, as per agreement. Mr. Douglas then had occasion to exert his histrionic talents. Senator King of Alabama, and Davis of Mississippi, who had been most decided in their opposition to the bill, "cursed their legislatures," and could scarcely believe their eyes. In their perplexity, they consulted Douglas, and asked his aid in drawing the clause which was to include the Mobile Road in the grant. With all the dignity of a man who felt himself aggrieved, Mr. Douglas declined their offered support, saying that he felt sure of being able to carry his bill without their aid; but feigned to be softened at length, and agreed, as a favor to *them*, to admit the clause which they desired. The solemn farce was maintained to the end. The Southern Senators, as Douglas anticipated, were in no haste to comply with disagreeable instructions, and, consequently, when he sent them word one day that he was about to call

up his Illinois Central Bill, they came hurrying to the chamber, with no amendment ready, and begged him to draw one for them. He had had an amendment carefully drawn by one of the best lawyers in Congress, which he handed to Mr. King of Alabama, and immediately moved to proceed with the bill. Mr. King then rose, in his usual dignified manner, and asked the Senator from Illinois to accept an amendment. The Senator from Illinois was obliging enough to do so. The Senators from Alabama and Mississippi all voted for the bill, and it passed the Senate, with the additional clause.

This was an essential point gained; but the decisive battle was to be fought in the House of Representatives. And here Mr. Douglas performed feats of log-rolling which, I think, have never been equalled in any legislative body. The log-rolling art, begun in 1790 by Hamilton and Jefferson, made marvellous progress in the short space of sixty years.

When the bill stood at the head of the Speaker's list, and Douglas could count in the House a majority of fifteen "pledged" to support it, Mr. Harris of Illinois moved to proceed with the business on the Speaker's table. This called up the bill, and roused the dormant opposition. By the adroit management of that opposition, a test motion was precipitated upon the House, which left the bill in a minority of one; and this, notwithstanding weeks of previous log-rolling, and the fifteen pledged majority. "*We had gained votes,*" says Mr. Douglas, "*by lending our support to many local measures.*" But, at the important moment, you see, some of the "pledged" votes were not forthcoming, which is often the case in Washington. Let Mr. Douglas relate what followed:—

"I was standing in the lobby, paying eager attention, and would have given the world to be at Harris's side, but was too far off to get there in time; and it was all in an instant, and the next moment a motion would have been made, which would have brought on a

decided vote, and have defeated the bill. Harris, quick as thought, pale and white as a sheet, jumped to his feet, and moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the slavery question. There were fifty members ready with speeches on this subject, and the motion was carried. Harris came to me in the lobby, and asked me if he had made the right motion. I said, 'Yes,' and asked him if he knew what was the effect of his motion. He replied it placed the bill at the foot of the calendar. I asked him how long it would be before it came up again. He said, 'It would not come up this session; it was impossible; there were ninety-seven bills ahead of it.'"^{*}

But the Little Giant would not give it up. For many days and "nights" he racked his brain for an expedient. It occurred to his mathematical mind, at last, that the same tactics applied to the ninety-seven bills would place *them* also, one after the other, at the bottom of the calendar, and his own bill, finally, at the top. The plan was adopted. Ninety-seven times Mr. Harris, or else some member not supposed to have any particular interest in the Illinois Bill, moved to clear the Speaker's table; ninety-seven times a certain other member moved to go into Committee of the Whole on the slavery question; ninety-seven times this always welcome motion was carried. Sometimes these tactics would be employed twice in the same day, and send two bills tumbling to the bottom of the ladder. And the Illinois Bill constantly gained friends by the process; for was not Harris, who had it in charge, continually moving to call up bills in alliance with it? The odium all fell upon the member who continually frustrated Harris's benevolent intentions. "All praised *us*," says Mr. Douglas; "said we were acting nobly in supporting them. We replied, 'Yes, having defeated our bill, we thought we would be generous, and assist you.' All cursed Mr. —. Some asked me if I had not influence

enough to prevent his motion. I replied he was an ardent antagonist, *and that I had nothing to do with him, to the truth of which they assented.*" That member was, indeed, a political opponent of Mr. Douglas, but he was a personal friend, and was acting in this matter in pursuance of an express agreement with the Senator from Illinois. The Illinois Bill gradually worked its way to the top of the list once more, when it was passed by a majority of three. It cost Douglas two years of hard work, in and out of Congress, to accomplish this result.

I have dwelt upon this masterpiece, because it includes almost every known device and trick of the log-rolling art. The ease with which the legislatures of Illinois, Alabama, and Mississippi were handled by a few railroad chiefs; the manner in which a lobbyist with a mathematical head converted the just rules of the House of Representatives into an engine of injustice; the unblushing audacity with which an honorable Senator, and candidate for the Presidency, could first lie, and then boast that he had lied; — these are among the points that should excite reflection. But neither those three legislatures nor Congress could have been wielded in this manner by one man, if there had not been in those bodies, and in many of the people whom they represented, an impatient desire to have the works executed in aid of which a principality was granted. The three interested States were, of course, well pleased to have railroads completed which for fifteen years they had in vain been trying to execute for themselves; and the rest of the country was absorbed in the great public questions of the time. This feat was performed in the very heat and tempest of the slavery debates of 1850.

Presidents and directors are the lords of the world at present. There have always been rich men; but in former times great capital was dead or torpid, — invested in vast landed estates, — and the revenue spent in luxury and ostentation. But the steam-

^{*} A Brief Treatise on Constitutional and Party Questions, by J. Madison Cutts, p. 196.

engine has generated a new kind of capitalists, — men of brain, ambition, and industry, wielding millions of *active* capital, and controlling thousands of human beings, — men capable of everything except the tranquil enjoyment of life, and who rest only when they lie down to rest forever. These are the children of the steam-engine, which compels everything to be done on the great scale, — manufacturing, travelling, and finally agriculture, — and has called into being a class of men capable of directing immense enterprises and of wielding enormous sums. In England these men generally get into the small circle of the ruling class, marry into ruling families, get themselves elected to Parliament, govern the British empire, as we may say, legitimately; and hence, their power is not absolute, but limited. In the United States they have usually found it more convenient to govern in the lobby, and their power threatens to become unlimited, through their easy control of law-making bodies. If, just now, they are turning their thoughts toward getting within the bar, and some have found their way thither, it is that they may operate the more effectually as log-rolling lobbyists.

It is startling to hear these people talk of legislatures, and their *complete* subserviency. My eye was caught the other day by this passage in an affidavit of Mr. Daniel Drew of New York: "We" (directors of the Erie Railroad) "went over to New Jersey; we stayed over there some weeks; *we got a law passed by the New Jersey Legislature* to enable us to transact the business of the company over there, so that we might not be plagued by the courts of New York," *alias* Fisk, Jr. The off-hand, matter-of-course manner in which the fact is mentioned would be remarkable, if we were not so familiar with the state of things at Trenton. Probably it cost Mr. Drew little more than the writing of a letter, to get the law passed. Usually, however, legislatures are managed by log-rolling, or, as Mr. Washburne of Illinois styles it, ring legislation, — "combinations of

different and distinct interests for the purpose of forcing legislation upon subjects grouped together, when not one of them could stand separately," — a system, he observes, which is "becoming the curse of the country."*

Mr. Washburne declined to state whether anything of this kind is done in Congress, because it would not have been "in order." But there is another gentleman in the House of Representatives, of similar name, General C. C. Washburn of Wisconsin, who, in the most nonchalant way, in the course of the same debate, let the cat out of the bag. "Every intelligent member of Congress knows," said he, "that any company representing a capital of one hundred millions of dollars can defeat any legislation that ever may be sought here in the interest of the public." Many years had passed since a sentence had so impressed and puzzled me as this; and, after brooding over it for eleven months, I went to Washington purposely to see what it meant. There is something in the phraseology of it which causes it to lay violent hold of the mind. "Every *intelligent* member!" Greenhorns may think that Congress is the supreme power in this land; but intelligent members know that the lobby can defeat *any* legislation that can *ever* be sought in Washington in the interest of the public. It is a truly tremendous statement, and, for one, I think it is much too sweeping. It may, at length, become true; but, up to this time, potent as the lobby is, and skilled as it is in log-rolling, it has won signal triumphs in Washington only when it has been

* "I say it with shame," added Mr. Washburne, "it has prevailed in my own State, Illinois. It was by this 'ring legislation' that our last legislature got through that series of acts, the new State House, the Agricultural College, the Southern Penitentiary, and perhaps some others, which, if not promptly repealed, will entail millions and millions of public debt on our people, already groaning under a load of taxation almost too grievous to be borne. It is this 'ring legislation' that threatens particularly to fasten upon the people of our State the new State House, one of the most monstrous schemes ever thrust through a legislative body, and which has met with almost universal execration from all parties." — *Speech on the Pacific Railroad, March 19, 1868.*

supported by a strong and wide-spread feeling out of doors. The Pacific Railroad, for example,—was ever a public work so vehemently desired as that? Congress made a hard bargain for the country in subsidizing the road so lavishly; but, at the time the bargain was made, it did not seem so unreasonable, and the public was in a mood to submit to any conditions, provided the road were hurried forward.

The millionaires in the lobby, however, are most powerful in Washington, and their power seems likely to increase with their rapidly augmenting wealth.

Think of the mere amount of money which a man, or a small number of men, can now control. "I can check for fifteen millions," is the boast of a person who but yesterday drove a pedler's wagon. Two or three men, styled, The Erie Railway Company, receive fifteen millions of dollars a year from that road, employ twelve thousand men, lease hundreds of miles of other and connecting railroads, own twenty steamboats on the Great Lakes, control lines of steamboats on Long Island Sound, expend twenty-five millions a year, run a New York court, keep a judge, and can have what they wish at Albany, even to being endowed with absolute power over all this property for five years. One gentleman, past the time of life when our forefathers used to retire from business, deliberately selected as the amusement of his old age (he really regards it in that light) the getting control of all the railroads connecting New York with the Western country. He began the pastime by buying one road a hundred and sixty miles long outright, with his own money; for this gentleman can check for much more than fifteen millions. Old as he is, he may live long enough to accomplish his purpose; and he certainly would, if he were fifty years of age instead of seventy-five. Another able, untiring man has a dry-goods store in New York which contains precisely the space of two hundred dry-goods stores of average size,

and does about the amount of business that two hundred average stores would do, and does it at less than half the average expense. Two great houses, the Capulets and Montagues of Rhode Island, are said (falsely, no doubt, but with some show of truth) to divide that pleasant, busy, thriving little State between them; and New Jersey does really appear to have abdicated her political being in favor of Camden and Amboy.

We must bear in mind also that this massing tendency is a law of nature, which the steam-engine has only stimulated and aggravated. In every pond the strong-coarse devour the weak-fine. The savage pickerel grows great by gobbling up myriads of gentle perch and tender trout. In every age the same problem presents itself in a changed form, How the weak-fine are to keep the strong-coarse a little within bounds. In one age the pickerel is the feudal system; again, it is a priestly hierarchy; or it is both these in alliance. At another time it is Philip II., or Louis XIV., or Napoleon Bonaparte. In England, at present, it is what that intelligent English newspaper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, calls the "Inevitable Landlord." This paper, a few weeks ago, had a noticeable article upon the all-devouring British pickerel, in the course of which it said: "Almost every economical improvement which can be suggested, every saving in cost of production, every relief from inconvenient incumbrances, every measure designed for the improvement of the condition of the toiling classes of society, ends by putting more money into the pockets of that order which certainly does not suffer from the lack of it. Let science apply her novel resources to the cultivation of the land, and up goes the rent. Let sanitary improvements in towns be carried out at great cost to the public in general, the final benefit (in a pecuniary sense) is reaped by the house-owner. Let railways and telegraphs bring the most distant parts of the productive area of our soil into immediate competition with those previ-

ously more available, and the territorial proprietors of the regions thus rendered more accessible, after a short time, make their bargains with the tenant according to the raised value of the land."

This is merely the present English form of the universal difficulty, which form we have not yet reached, and may never reach. *We* have to contemplate the time, not distant, when all our towns will be Lowells, all industry a mill, all land model farms ploughed by steam, and all the resources of the country wielded by presidents and boards. With us it is the inevitable DIRECTOR who looms up, formidable and menacing.

It is to be observed, also, of these check-drawing magnates, that they have learned, of late years, how much better it pays to unite, and prey upon the public, than it does to fight, and prey upon one another. They will fight long enough to ascertain whether one *can* devour another; but when they have discovered that this cannot be conveniently done, then they are apt to unite, and rush hungry upon mankind. I have quoted a few words, above, from an affidavit of Mr. Daniel Drew, founder of a theological seminary. The same affidavit concludes with the following passage: "Gould and Fisk have recently been engaged in locking up money; they told me so; they wanted me to join them in locking up money, and I did to the extent of one million dollars, and refused to lock up any more; I had originally agreed to lock up four million dollars, but when money became very tight I deemed it prudent to decline to go any farther, and unlocked my million. The object of locking up is to make money scarce. They had money enough of the Erie Railway Company to lock up to make money scarce and affect the stock market, — to make stocks fall, because people could n't get the money to carry them; they sent, I have understood, three millions to Canada, to a bank there."

The reader will never know what he lost by skipping those columns upon columns of affidavits in small type,

which darkened the New York newspapers in the early part of the present year, — affidavits shot at one another by directors contending for the control of the Erie Railway. The publishers of the newspapers were right in refusing to insert the affidavits, except as advertisements at so much a line, because no one could rationally be expected to read them. But those who did read them were amused and edified. An attentive reader could see both games played, that of combining to plunder, and that of fighting to devour. The victors succeeded, at length, in getting the unhappy Founder of a Theological Seminary in a position that would have excited pity in any but a director's breast. He came to one of them on a Sunday morning, and simply begged for mercy, but begged in vain. He would not be denied. He pleaded till one o'clock on Monday morning, without producing any effect upon his fellow pickerel, who had him in that terrible Erie corner. Since the world was created, never before did a founder of a theological seminary pass such a Sunday.

Many recent instances in which corporations have first contended for each other's destruction, and then united for the purpose of having the public at their mercy, are familiar to us all, and need not be mentioned. Corporations omnipotent within their range result from these unions; corporations which pay their legal advisers much more money per annum for an occasional hour a day than the public pays its highest servants for exhausting toil the year round. These corporations, huge and powerful as they now are, are capable of uniting again in the lobby at Washington for purposes common to several of them; and we have the opinion of a veteran member of Congress, that they will never exert themselves in that lobby without accomplishing their object.

When this state of things is contemplated, people sometimes reassure themselves by saying that the press is left, to represent, and contend for, the public.

But is it? Who is the controlling man of most of our great newspapers, — the editor, or the stockholder? If any one is in doubt on this point, he has only to ask the co-operation of some of the leading newspapers in urging a reform, which will involve the risk of pecuniary loss. In many cases, he will find that it is the stockholding mind which *decides* questions of that nature. The editor would attack a flagrant abomination; but the man controlling a majority of the stock calls his attention to the fact that the flagrant abomination advertises two or three columns a day, and the flagrant abomination is either not attacked at all, or it is flattered by the kind of attack that advertises it most effectively. The editor is generally man enough to look to the future, and comprehend the policy of forming journalists to fill the places by and by of the present leaders of the press. He would stimulate and reward young ambition, — exulting to compensate able and valiant service liberally; but the stockholder thinks naturally of his *next* dividend, and puts the office upon an allowance. Flourishing as the press is, as a mere business, it is for the moment in a condition of arrested development. The young journalist climbs to a certain height; but when he has done his apprenticeship, and has fitted himself for something of command, he finds that he has attained all that the press now has to bestow upon mere talent and skill. It is only money that can advance him another step. The stockholder blocks the way. The editor is dethroned. The stockholder reigns.

This is no one's fault. It is, after all, only a stage in the march of the press, where, for a brief period, it halts, to perfect new arrangements. Like every other institution and interest of civilized man, the press has to adjust itself to the steam-engine, which first enabled, and now compels, it to be immense, and thus necessitates the stockholder. When the mere presses, that a daily newspaper in a large city must have, cost a hundred thousand dollars, and the telegrams average five hundred

dollars a day, there must be more money invested in a daily paper than an intellectualized man ever possesses except by an accident. The irruption of the moneyed stockholder into the press presents peculiar inconveniences only because newspapers are, in some degree, an intellectual product, — not a mere commodity or manufacture, like screws or flour. An editor is naturally the servant of the public, not the servant of a few men who have raised money enough to buy shares in a newspaper.

The stockholder cannot be expected at once to perceive these truths, and it is his vocation and duty to look to the dividends. He seems, at present, rather disposed to regard the writers for the press very much as managers of theatres used to regard dramatists, — such managers as the one who gave Douglas Jerrold five pounds a week, and made twenty thousand pounds by one of his plays. These men arrested the development of the English stage for sixty years, as the stockholder now arrests the development of the daily press. But, doubtless, a way will be devised by which journalists, pure and simple, without submitting to the nuisance of making money, will be restored to a just share of the power, honor, and safety now enjoyed and abused by the stockholder. Either this will be, or the press will decline and degenerate.

Congress and journalism, then, are in the same boat. Directors and stockholders threaten the independence of both. In the lobby they employ their talents in log-rolling; and when they want important service from the press, they can buy shares. Any newspaper in the country, except perhaps two, could be bought outright for two millions of dollars; and what are two millions to men who control fifteen hundred miles of railroad and have a "greenback mill" in their power, to shoot into Wall Street new stock by the wagon-load? Congress is not corrupt; the press is not corrupt. Both are threatened with paralysis; but neither will be paralyzed. Every age has its difficulty. This is ours, and we shall overcome it.

THE GENIUS OF DORÉ.

A STUDY IN ÆSTHETICS.

DORÉ represents in their intensest degree the chief fundamental characteristics of his nation. Indeed, we must view him as a modern outbreak of the old fecund Gothic invention, which in mediæval times delighted so hugely in the grotesque, especially in sculpture, reckless of purity of thought or fitness of application. In one sense the ancient spirit was a serious one. It did grotesque things because it delighted in them. But Doré does them from levity, scorn, and contempt. He likes them, too, but in another way. His is a strange genius. Mediæval idiosyncrasies of thought and belief are mingled with modern infidelity and jest. In all, however, Doré is thoroughly French. No other nation could have produced him. As well might we look for an Albert Dürer or a Shakespeare from Gallic stock, as a Doré from German or English. In one respect he is antagonistic to his origin. There is no sympathy in him for the pretty. The beautiful he wholly ignores, and with it academic order and rule. His æsthetic sense runs in a dark direction. He has burst upon the world of art with a prodigality of execution that overwhelms it with surprise. It is hazardous to undertake to analyze the gifts of a man who at only thirty-two years of age had made nearly fifty thousand designs and won universal fame, who is cosmopolitan in choice of subjects, as familiar with the great writers of England, Germany, Italy, and Spain, as with those of France, and finally has laid the whole Orient under contribution by illustrating anew for the nineteenth century the Bible. And, moreover, he claims position as a painter.

In this character I will first examine him. By instinct he is a profound colorist, because his nature is profound; but he has not yet won that mastery over materials which comes only from long and steady practice. The qualities of mind and execution which ap-

pear in his designs are reproduced in his paintings. Color echoes his feeling, or want of it, as may be. It is not held fast to local truth, but is made an outlook of his inmost motive. His "Spanish Gypsy" exemplifies his system. We all know Murillo's lousy boys, with their dirt-ingrained skins, rags, and filthy occupations. His coloring was toned to the dirtiness of his subject, and by itself would have been disagreeable. But Murillo made the life-giving sunlight, the Father's gift to rich and poor alike, fall full upon his beggars. It is their saving grace, and all that wins sympathy comes of it. But Doré's proclivities are so intense that his art must run to extremes. His wretched gypsy has no beauty, except a dusky, olive complexion, and that harsh in tone. Her rags are loathsomely gathered about her. Unmitigated vagabondism and pitiless poverty are stamped upon her entire figure, as she leans in hardened endurance upon a stone wall, sunless and companionless. The quality of coloring is literally filthy, as is the subject; coarse beyond description, intensified by an emphatic crimson spot on her bosom,—a bit of red drapery in fact, but signifying the lust of sense or crime at heart. No good comes of such art.

The dominating trait of Doré is fiendish horror. That which devils most enjoy he most heartily depicts. Added to this is a fecundity of invention and a darksome flow of creative power, which places him the foremost of his terrible kind. Even Dante, reared in mediæval notions of theology and politics, finds some springs of tenderness, and always of faith, in his soul; But Doré, in translating his *Inferno* into pictorial French, discards all humanity, and presents the horrors of the *Dantesque* imagery in forms more appalling than the original. Before him we got no entirely adequate conception of diabolism. Other interpreters of Dante had given glimpses of its features in a

grand way, but it was reserved to Doré to let us into its utter horror. He finds in it a satisfaction akin in depth to the ecstasy which prompted the celestial visions of Fra Angelico. It is no coldly studied design, but a spontaneous outflow like seething lava. Alike remarkable is the unceasing activity of his phantom creations: they are supernaturally endowed with vitality. He transforms all nature into demoniacal forces in keeping with the weird scenery evoked by his imagination. In the "Wandering Jew," untrammelled by the necessity of illustrating the ideas of another, he gives his own freer play. The powers of darkness are let loose. Heaven itself catches the vindictive spirit of hell. This is art undergoing the delirium tremens, with ravings as blasphemous as they are foul and hideous. This may seem harsh judgment; but an art that distorts and misrepresents the divine attributes, engendering hate or fear in place of love and charity, is not to be gingerly dealt with. A sensitive imagination cannot look on it without risk of nightmare. In almost every sense it is unwholesome art. Coupled with the cruelty that enjoys human suffering in its most excruciating conditions, and peoples the world with fiends whose bestial grotesqueness of shape and ferocity of torment make one shudder, is a coarse obscenity, a witty licentiousness, the *spiritual* element in its mocking aspect, which comes naturally in such company. The lascivious pretty is not found in his compositions. Doré's intellect is too deep for light sins. With him there is no dainty disguise or tempting display, but plain, outspoken passion, lust, and indifference to virtue. The four hundred and twenty-five cuts of the *Contes Drôlatiques* form a unique monument to his brilliant debauchery of design; a consuming fire to the weak in morals; a wonderful master-work of invention to the well-trained brain which can appreciate its wit and satire without being contaminated by its smut; and an object of disgust to the one-sided pious mind.

Doré seems to have faith of no kind. His mental vision explores behind the material veil of creation as freely as his natural eye sees the moving panorama around it. But the world, seen and unseen, is to him simply a field from which to cull motives for his extraordinary powers. He belongs to no fixed time. The mediæval spirit of the grotesque is as fresh within him as is the sense of modern caricature. The supernatural element annihilates time, making him as much at home in the scenes of Oriental life recorded in the Bible, as if he had passed them in actual review. But there is no religious sentiment with it. Its force is expended in the graphic-realistic or the imaginative-creative of the supernal cast. A fine example of the latter is the seven-headed beast of the Apocalypse rising out of the sea. The Mystical Scriptures are Doré's most fitting sphere of invention. He excels also whenever free to compose wholly from his imagination on its dark side. The Deluge, Crucifixion, the Lives of Moses and the Prophets, are the topics on which his energy, originality, variety, and picturesque largeness of loose-jointed composition are best displayed. He is weak and conventional in those based directly upon the simpler religious sentiments. Fra Angelico could not paint a devil; Doré cannot draw a saint. His illustrations of the Bible are a record of his strongest and weakest qualities. He is not many-sided. But in his own wide field,—including the darker aspect of creation, natural and supernal, and up to a certain point the picturesque and sublime in realistic action,—he is supreme. The most, and almost the sole, human sympathy he exhibits is a certain liking for children; but this only in their dubious sports. He is a pitiless destroyer of the humane and refined in general. His intensest delight is got from terror, suffering, horror, jesting, and dishonor. Perhaps he seeks, by sheer force of caricature and exaggeration, to carry the mind from vice to virtue on the principle that extremes meet. But such a

supposition is a dubious charity towards him at the best ; as this, if meant, would be a crooked way to reach the good. There is too evident pleasure shown in the selfish for its own sake ; too great contempt of mankind ; indulgence in the scornful, indecent, and satirical ; relish of ugliness, and appetite for the loathsomeness of disease, — to be altogether palliated by the usual apologies for misdirected genius. Doré makes love, pity, charity, and faith absurd. Under his influence one feels that honest emotion, or any trait of common humanity, much more piety, is evidence of weakness, and nonsense. The world being an infernal bubble, let us laugh or sneer ; the end will take care of itself.

How incapable he shows himself of estimating rightly the character of Don Quixote except in its ridiculous aspect ! Look at Doré's design of him when wounded and melancholy ! Is there anything of the honest, half-mad gentleman that he was, in that overdrawn, battered face ? There is some pathos in the anatomical refinement of lines expressive of gentle birth, combined with the deplorable condition of the patient sufferer ; and we feel that he is no rightly-served bully, but a true man who has met with misfortune, whether born of his own folly or not, it cannot be told. But Doré twists the pathetic into the ridiculous. The Don Quixote, however, contains much that is very good in individual character ; though that is not the artist's strongest point. His treatment of groups and generalization of movement and effects are most masterly.

As a landscapist, Doré shows qualities of interpretation that place him above all others of his school. Thus far I know it only by designs like those of *Atala*. But these manifest his consciousness of the sublime in a remarkable degree. They are ideal compositions interpenetrated with the gloom and mystery of a Nature torn by her own wrath, terrified by her own mystic solitude, in general dissociated from man, or when associated with him, akin

to his fellest passions, untamed and savage as he was before civilization began. They realize our conceptions of primal creation. There is no caricature in them, but a vast creative or disturbing sense, which makes and destroys with equal facility. Doré grasps the formative idea and shapes his creations to express the animating feeling. It is organic spirit even more than nature that we see in his designs. He thus insists upon the highest triumphs of art. One who does this may not always be, or intend to be, perfect in drawing, or exact in perspective. If like Doré one works immensely, he will often be careless and superficial. We find Doré sometimes blundering in details, weak in consequence of departing from his immediate fields of strength, but almost always making apparent the intended idea and artistic effect. Dealing largely with the supernatural and with caricature, he must exaggerate known forms, or invent new, to create the impressions he has in view. He cannot, therefore, be bound down to the ordinary rules of realistic art. His success depends on his being free of them at will. The grotesque, terrible, and supernatural, or the sublime, have a law unto themselves. An artist who can do what Doré does in this line attains his aims by means at the command only of genius. His deficiencies are those also of genius, and go to prove his intrinsic greatness.

Doré's art is great. Is it good ? It need not be Christian in a nice sense to be this, but it should be natural, truthful, humane. It should also possess the instinct of the beautiful. His art has scarcely a trace of these qualities. Much of it is heartless, sensual, and perverse. It refuses to elevate, instruct, or even amuse, except the mind like the art be given to obscene, cruel, or mocking levity ; preferring to excite emotions which have in them little that is pleasurable or refining. The general tendency is to deepen and strengthen those proclivities of French art which most need pruning and reforming.

A POETICAL LOT.

A COLLECTION of California verse, a scriptural tragedy, a melodrama inspired by the abolition of slavery, two tales in rhyme, a book of comical ballads, two volumes of miscellaneous ditties, — here are variety and abundance enough to have made the mouth water in the inhuman critic of other days, who would have leaped upon the succulent heap before us *como asino en centeno verde*. But, as we have often taught, both by precept and example, this sort of critic no longer exists; or, if he still survives, he is not permitted to exhibit his hideous butcheries in these pages. If a gentler spirit does not reign, at least there is a more refined taste, and nothing is allowed to appear that would shock the nerves of the most delicate female. It is understood, of course, that a rhymester, now and then, has to die; but the reader shall see nothing but what is perfectly decorous and kind. At the most he shall hear a confused shuffling behind the scenes, a blow perhaps, and a faint cry; but the critic will immediately come forward again with a pleasant, reassuring smile, and go on with his general remarks upon the science of æsthetics. And how much better is this than the old manner in which he visibly rioted in an office, beneficial to the public, indeed, but involving horrible anguish to the victim, whose bones were crunched and whose struggles were derided before a sickened or brutalized audience! The time will yet come, believe us, when even the smothered noises behind the scenes will not be heard; when some master of a finer art than ours shall know how to distil from his irony a potent and subtle *acquetta*, which, secretly applied to the doomed poetaster, shall extinguish life instantly, and leave the spectator absolutely ignorant of the transaction. This *acquetta* will of course have no power upon your true poet, whom one cannot

always recognize at first glance, and who may sometimes be subjected to the test; but the critic shall be spared the mortification of a conspicuous failure, whereas in the old days it was not uncommon to see this public friend put to public shame through such a mistake.

We should have no mind, even if we were not adversely principled, to try an open struggle with the seventy-five versifiers represented in Miss May Wentworth's collection of California rhyme,* who have numbers in their favor, to say the least. We must explain, though, that we do not accept Miss Wentworth's compilation as representative of California poetry; for the editor frankly owns that "one or two writers, whose names are familiar to the public, are omitted at their own request," — Mr. Bret Harte, we observe, is one of these, — and even the better sort of California writers who appear here do not appear at their best. If a collection could be held to be quite worthless which contained pieces by Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, Miss Coolbrith, Miss Lawson, and Mr. Webb, we should say that this was so. It is not nearly so good as a volume of California poetry entitled "Outcroppings," which appeared some years ago, — and not altogether because it is not nearly so small. It witnesses to an uncommon talent for rhythmical expression among the heterogeneous population of the Pacific States; and there are both artistic feeling and effect in some of the pieces, with an occasional honesty or reality in choice of subjects and treatment, which promises well for the future; though perhaps all these seventy-five poets — think of the many hindering vicissitudes of busi-

* Poetry of the Pacific. Selections and Original Poems from the Poets of the Pacific States. Edited by May Wentworth. San Francisco: Pacific Publishing Company.

ness, of marriage, and of growing families ! — may not unite in fulfilling the promise. A Mr. E. P. Hingston, of whom we have not heard before, is the author of what is, on the whole, the best poem. It is called "Pictures in Silver-land," and was written in response to a request "from shores Atlantic," that he should paint Washoe as he saw it. We give one of his three pictures : —

"Foreground now, the Second Summit. Snow-clad mountains round me rise,
Amphitheatre majestic ! — God's own rearing to the skies.
Deep, down deep mine eyes are peering, till my senses dizzy grow,
Down the frightful precipices to the gloomy depths below.
Round the hollow of the mountains winds, with serpent twist and twirl,
Granite-hewn, the graded roadway, down which at mad pace we whirl,
Coaches clinging, hanging, dangling to the rugged mountain-side ;
Wagons playing flies and spiders 'gainst the rock-wall as they slide.
Far away a scene discloses, — strangely solemn, — wildly strange !
Lay aside all brilliant colors. Painter, now the palette change ;
Bring meumber, bring me sepias, Vandyke, and all tints of brown, —
Whatsoe'er will best paint Nature where she wears her gloomiest frown.
Like a ruined world it seemeth, — burnt, upturned and scarred by fire, —
Vestige of Almighty vengeance, — record of Almighty ire !
Mountains in amorphous masses, — sea-beds of some earlier sea ;
Land whereon no flower bloometh, — never grows umbrageous tree, —
Dreary hills and drearier valleys, — howling wastes of sage-clad sand, —
Chaos of God's first creation ! — *Picture two in Silver-land.*"

This, even if a little over-bold and tumid, seems to us good and natural ; it is at least an undeniable picture : but there is not enough of this sort of local feeling to give tone to the volume, while there is too much of another sort of feeling "that never was on sea or land," except in "sectional" collections of poetry.

We have praised Mr. Hingston's lines for naturalness, and we will thank the reader to observe that, with the characteristic acuteness of our school of criticism, we did not say simplicity, which is about the most unnatural thing

in the world nowadays, as Mr. Abbey* shall testify for us with some verses from his poem "Blanche," so called because it is a faded copy of "Maud." Blanche is a flower-girl with whom the hero falls in love, and who afterward proves to be the daughter of the erring uncle who has kept the hero out of his property. The young people undergo a good deal of woe before they are finally united by a chance which melts the uncle's heart, and which is thus alluded to : —

"I was walking down the sidewalk,
When up, with flying mane,
Two iron-black steeds came, spurning
The ground in wild disdain ;
I caught them in an instant,
And held them by the rein.
It seems the man had fainted
In his elegant coupé :
I saw his face a moment,
And then I turned away.

It was my uncle's face in the carriage ;
He made regret of the past," etc.

But simplicity is not the only unnatural thing in Mr. Abbey's verse. He has a turn for fanciful and complicated metaphor, which is almost as unlike poetical expression ; and he can say of a Circassian maid, —

"Her eyes were diamond doors of her true soul,
And with their silken latches softly closed,
When, crouched beneath his poppy parachute,
Inactive Sleep came by" ;

and of the States lately in rebellion, —

"O fair, false South ! lo, thy lord, the North,
Loveth thee still, though thou hast gone astray.
In truth's great court vain has thy trial been,
For no divorce could there be granted thee.
The child you bore was bitter shame and curse,
And not the child of your husband the North."

The different "Stories in Verse" abound in such kaleidoscopic effects as this, —

"As to the heliotrope comes fluttering down
The peacock butterfly, who sips and flies,
So each glad day, gold-winged, came to the land,
And sipped its sip of time and fled away" ;

and this, —

"He tarried here until along the hills
The red-lipped whisper of the morning ran" ;

and many others equally discouraging,

* Stories in Verse. By Henry Abbey. New York : A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

with the same preposterously unmeaning color and glitter.

We have imagined, however, in glancing at Mr. Abbey's pretty little book, — call it the defect of judgment or the freak of a mind perturbed by this injurious business of tasting every sort of raw, unfermented rhyme, — that he was not quite just to himself, and that he could do better than he has done here. We are not sure that we expected him to produce anything finer; perhaps, from some absurd confusion of ideas, we had formed hopes of him in the line of "expressive silence." Or, perhaps, it may have been Mr. Michell,* and not Mr. Abbey, — we looked over their books simultaneously, as it were, — of whom we "predicated" a successful reticence; but at any rate we will say now that we believe either of them could achieve something quite pleasing in this vein, which is too little wrought by young poets. Will it be believed that we have hazarded this opinion without reading through "Sybil of Cornwall," or "The Land's End," or even "St. Michael's Mount"? We must confess that we came to our conclusion concerning Mr. Michell after the perusal of the opening stanza of his "Sybil," —

"Day slowly to his ocean couch retires,
Warm with his travel o'er heaven's sultry plains;
His eye is languid, shooting softened fires.
Around, above, the soul of stillness reigns;
The western sky is like a mighty rose,
The clouds, the leaves, unfolding in repose;
And, as they fold, more deeply red they turn,
Till all the broad horizon seems to burn."

A mind like Mr. Michell's offers a very curious study, and the appearance of such books as his is a phenomenon that can never fail to interest and surprise. We suppose that this handsome volume is not the publishers' venture, and that its sale, even in the British Isles, cannot be such as to remunerate the author. It must be printed entirely for the author's pleasure; but when you have arrived at this fact, you have not begun to solve the mystery. Why

* Sybil of Cornwall. *A Poetical Tale. The Land's End, St. Michael's Mount, and other Poems.* By Nicholas Michell. London: Chapman and Hall.

should Mr. Michell take a pleasure in printing it? There is, of course, a comprehensible satisfaction in publishing to the world, through the dedication, that one is the relative of the late Sir Humphrey Davy; but it seems hardly necessary to write three hundred pages of verse in order to make this fact known. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Michell, and many like him, actually find a joy in the production of the material which composes such a book as the present one. Upon the face of things, it would hardly appear probable that any well-educated man in easy circumstances would care to make a Dying Flower-Girl say, —

"O, give me flowers! their rich, soft dyes
Of innocence and virtue speak;
Methinks the angels in yon skies
Are, like earth's flow'rets, pure and meek;
Bright things, they sure might bloom above,
Symbols of peace and holy love."

Or that he should really like to teach, concerning the future, —

"Pause, mortal: though to-day the wine-cup quaffing,
Perchance the morrow
Will close forever all thy feasting, laughing,
In gloom and sorrow."

Or should find it at all amusing thus to apostrophize Love, —

"Source of great bliss and grief, of happy smiles,
And tears which, like slow drops that fall on stone,
Can wear the heart away; thy sparkling wiles
Around some spirits like a summer thrown;
With all thy pains, thy sweets that can decoy,
We hail thee still, a blessing and a joy."

It is conceivable that an unhappy person lost upon a desert island should go almost to such extremes as these in consuming his intolerable leisure, or that a prisoner for life might thus beguile the tedium of solitary confinement; but that a man not shut out from books or society should delight in an exercise of the kind is one of the marvels of the poetaster's nature, which is, after all, one of the most inscrutable things in life. What is its secret spring? What should move Mr. Michell to write? What mysterious impulse drives him along that smooth, dead level of rhyme, the course of which is fairly indicated in the passages we have quoted? How does it happen that he

has no better or worse, — whatever his attitude or mood, whether didactic or amorous, gay or pathetic, epic or lyrical? It is really a very pretty problem, and its solution is quite worthy the attention of science. What causes produce the poetaster; and are they ever to be reached and rendered ineffectual? Is his characteristic a disorder inherited and transmissible, or is it an accident of circumstance and association? In what does he differ from the social bore? It is quite time that some one addressed himself to the serious study of the phenomenon. Criticism has shown itself helpless in dealing with poetastry; and, as a result, men must now concern themselves with prevention.

From Mr. Michell's work we turn to another effort of the British muse, — a work which we can praise with real enthusiasm, — a work of imagination and dramatic force. "Colour"* is a play, of which the object is to "make the popular attractiveness of sensational and romantic incidents subservient to a moral end," though the author will not be dissatisfied if the story should also be found "full of interest for the hour to all who read it or witness its action." Certain slavers and slaveholders are wrecked upon an island inhabited by negroes escaped from bondage, who enslave their former oppressors, and convert them to the emancipation cause by the practical application of proslavery principles to their cases. The whipping, fettering, separation of families, and hunting of fugitives are horrible, and the reader is inexpressibly relieved when, on the arrival of a ship with the news that slavery is abolished in the United States, the blacks liberate their captives, and fraternize with them in one of the noble lyrics interspersing the drama. The persons are all Americans, and of course the national character is painted with those fortunate and discriminating touches which all English writers bestow, and in which Mr. Anthony Trollope has

* Colour, or the Island of Humanity : A Drama in Three Acts. London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

lately so much distinguished himself that we might almost suspect him of the authorship of this anonymous drama. But it is the surprising lyrical power of the author of "Colour" which most commends him to our admiration, and at once signalizes him amid the crowd of Englishmen inspired by American affairs. Listen for a moment to the "Kidnapper's Song," with the poet's explanation of the inarticulate passages: —

"Chorus. — White slave ! t, t, t ! *
Black lord ! Klh, klh, klh ! *
Ha, ha, ha !
Tla, tla, tla, tla ! ‡
Ho, ho, ho !
Klh, klh ! *

"Hark to the tide !
Ksh, wsh, wrh, wlh ! ‡
Steady, stand still !
Tsh, tsh, tsh ! §
Soon as the wave returns,
Wh, wch, wrh, wsh, ksh ! ‡
Run with a will.
Rrrrrh ! ‡
Where the whites lie asleep,
There on them noiseless creep. [Snore.] ||
Wh, wch, wrh, wsh, ksh ! ‡
Wsh, wrh, wlh, wch ! ‡ [Snore.] ||

"Startle their dreams away !
Shout the alarm !
Then, like a lightning-flash,
Snatch at each arm !

"Chorus. — White slave ! t, t, t ! *
Black lord ! klh, klh, klh ! *
Ha, ha, ha !
Tla, tla, tla, tla ! ‡
Ho, ho, ho !
Klh, klh ! *

** Sounds marked * are clicks or suction; t* from the point, klh* from the side of the tongue.

‡ The sound tla ‡ is a loud flap caused by sucking the front of the tongue from the back of the mouth.

‡ The sounds marked ‡ are prolonged sibilations with no vocal sound. Their effect is highly imitative.

§ With very soft and slow staccato utterance.

|| The snore is to be snored, not spoken."

The solicitude of friends, who commonly urge a poet to the publication of his verses and then shamefully abandon him to unloving critics, has apparently not forsaken the Rev. Professor John M. Leavitt, even after his emergence in print. Of a little book, here, one half the pages are given to the tragedy of "The Siege of Babylon,"* and the other half to "notices," by

* The Siege of Babylon. A Tragedy. By the Author of "Afranius," etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

sist the impression that she is a very pleasant writer of rhymed prose. The story which she has here taken from Boccaccio is in the last degree romantic, and Miss Evans is too good an artist not to feel that it can only be treated with a certain conventional simplicity; though here again we do not say that simplicity is at all natural in people of this time. But there are old-established forms that stand for a simplicity quite different from Mr. Abbey's, which is of too recent a pattern; and these sometimes please better than the real thing, just as the conventional flowers and frondage of architecture—to which they answer in literature—please better than flowers and frondage copied from life. The easy, somewhat monotonous rhythm of our heroic verse, so long used in poetic narration, also represents something agreeably quaint and old; and Miss Evans has the advantage of its association, in the reader's mind, with poetry. Yet her work here, as in all her rhythmical ventures, is one of poetical sympathy rather than of poetical conception. In "Lisa" we see, not how the strained and extravagant yet charming romance affects a true poet, but how it would have affected the refined and fanciful reader of such a poet: it is in itself a negative and secondary result, and when it reaches a third mind, as it were, the feeling it excites is a sense of no harm done; it is received with the smiling equanimity with which men listen to a tasteful person's praises and explanations of an admired book. It is the reverse of a disagreeable emotion, but it is not exactly delight.

It is, after all, however, of no great moment to the mass of this suffering humanity whether one is or is not a poet: it is enough if one pleases; and so the question whether one is or is not a humorist is to be solved by the feeling of amusement or boredom with which one's comical intention is received. If a man does not make you smile, it is pretty certain that he is no humorist—for you; and if he does, there is no arguing him down: funny

he is, beyond all cavil. The quality of his fun is another matter. Mr. Daniel Rice advertises himself upon the bills which show him in his professional motley and white paint, as *The Great American Humorist*; and such he is to great numbers of the American people, though some might pretend that this judgment did not so much honor him as it dispraised them. His is not a difficult case to deal with, however. It is the humorist like Artemus Ward, and the humorists of his school, who perplex and mystify the judgment-seat. The rogues make you laugh, in defiance of every good principle of taste and art; their jokes are exported, and are amazingly relished by the English, who pronounce them true samples of American humor. And now, to add to the troubles of criticism in this particular, behold Mr. Charles G. Leland, in his famous impersonation of Hans Breitmann,* setting both hemispheres upon the grin! Time was when the good opinion of the London press would have settled the matter for us; but of late—the confession is wrong from us—we are beginning to be very shy of the Englishman "who reads an American book" and praises it. We suspect—seeing that most American books are praised nowadays in England—that there is a conspiracy among the English critics to lure our authors to their ruin,—to make them write worse and worse, till they become absolutely intolerable and mankind calls aloud for their extinction; when our hereditary enemies will have the whole literary field to themselves.

These remarks are not intended to apply unqualifiedly to Mr. Leland, who has merit enough to have excited the jealousy of at least one of our foes, and provoked him to the open expression of a doubt whether, in spite of his English popularity, Mr. Leland is a humorist. His beer-drinking, blundering, sentimentalizing Dutchman has been turned by this critic into a person with a command of good English, and we are pre-

* Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

sented with a version of Hans Breitmann's Party without the erring labials and gutturals. It is not funny in this respectable guise, of course; but neither is the idea of a Hans Breitmann, with a good accent and strict temperance principles, droll; and we can think of few comical figures in literature which could wholly dispense with their educational defects or local peculiarities. But it is not so much in what Hans Breitmann says, — we have expressed on a former occasion a modest estimate of many of his sayings, — as in what he is, that the fun lies; and it is not surprising that one unfamiliar with the type should doubt its value. A thousand years hence, we suppose, when the genus is extinct in cold water and a universal language, it will be quite incomprehensible that anybody should ever have been amused by such a grotesque and absurd figure as Hans; but in humorous effects ever so much depends upon temporary conditions and circumstances; and at present we are just in that state when we find such a poem as the following not only very laughable, but excellently artistic in conception and execution: —

“WEIN-GEIST.

“I stoompied oud ov a dafern,
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de Strassen,
Like a derruple Eberschwein.

“Und like a lordly boar-big,
I doompied de soper folk;
Und I trowed a shitone droo a shdreed lamp,
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

“Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',
Und giss her like afery dings.

“Und denn mit an board und a shdore-box,
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbours shkream 'deat' !' und 'murder' !
Und holley aloudt 'bolice' !

“Und when der crim night-wachter
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oombrella,
Und schlog him ober de kop.

“I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlight und tisdand musik
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

“Und I sits all oonder de linden,
De hearts-leaf linden tree;
Und I dink of de quick ge-vanisht lofe
Dat vent like the vind from me.
Und I voonders in mine dipsyhood,
If a damsel or dream vas she !

“Dis life ish all a lindens
Mit holes dat show de Plue;
Und pedween de finite pranches
Cooms Himmel light shinin' troo.

“De blaetter are rauslin' o'er me,
Und efery leaf ish a fay,
Und dey wait dill de Windsbraut comet,
To pear dem in Fall afay.

Und I look at a rock py de rifer,
Where a stein ish of harpe form,
— Year dausend in, oud, it shtandet —
Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

“Here vonce on a dimes a vitches
Soom melodies here peginned;
De harp ward all zu steine,
Die melodie ward zu wind.

“Und so mit dis tox-i-cation,
Vitch hardens de outer Me;
Ueber stein und schwein, de weine
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

“Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet,
Ober stein und wein und svines,
Dill it endet where all peginnnet,
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
Which unites de Nichts und Seyns.”

This is laughable, we say; but is it — will it always be — humor, — Humour with its mystical great H, its archaic small *u* in the last syllable, its inscrutable difference from Wit, its secret depth of Pathos? We have reserved till now, in reply to this question, a confession for which the reader will have been prepared by the foregoing observations: —

We don't know.